



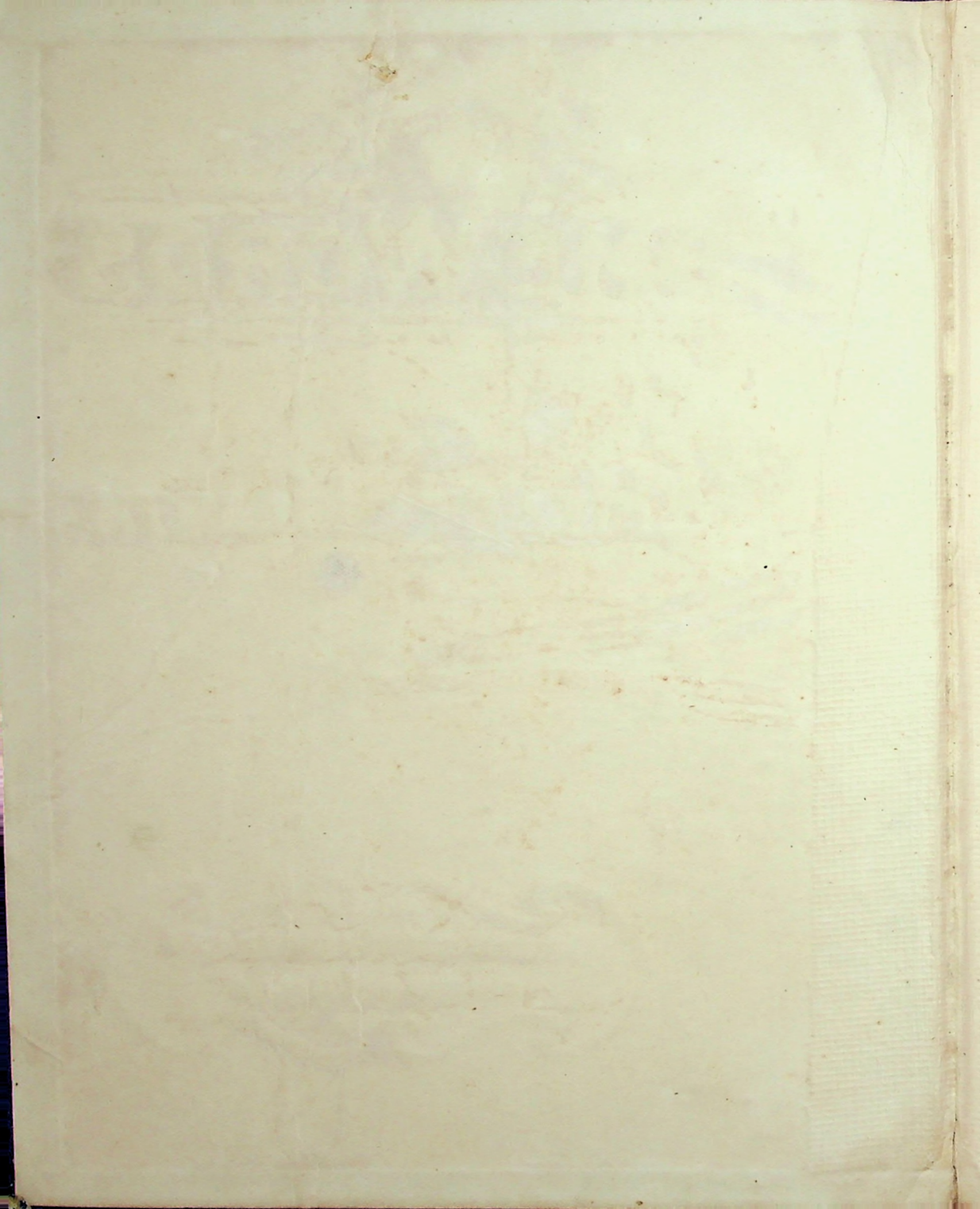
HOME WORDS

FOR
HEART & HEARTH

REDENHALL, HARLESTON & WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE



THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING PLACE
BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME

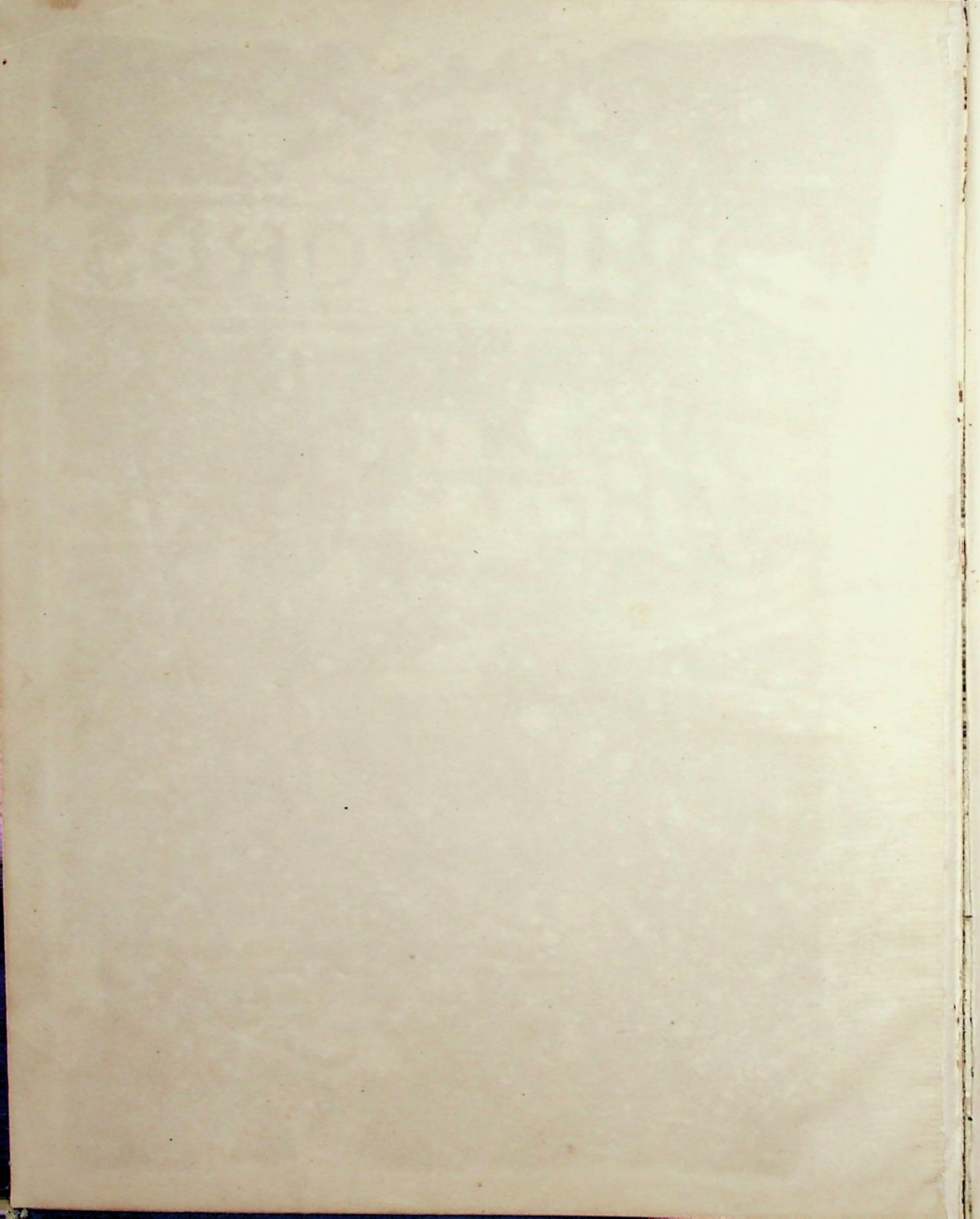


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THE WORDS

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M: Davey

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Hymn for the New Century



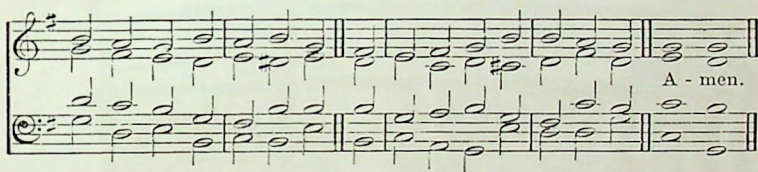
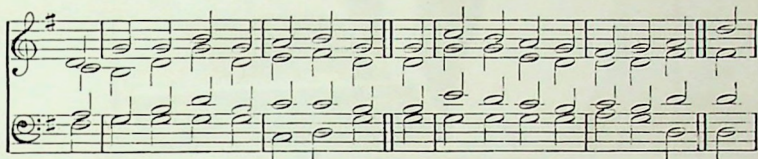
GREAT GOD OF ALL THE AGES PAST.

Words and Music by

MRS. ARTHUR GOODEVE,

AUTHOR AND COMPOSER OF

"AS A NATION WE IMPLORE," ETC., ETC.



GREAT God of all the ages past,
Whose word is sure, and love sted-
fast,
Through all the ages yet to come,
We pray Thee, bless each heart, each
home.

God of stupendous pow'r sublime,
With Thee there is no "space," no
"time"—

A thousand years are but a day,
An hour! so quickly passed away.

Thy fields of labour are immense,
This century we now commence,
We must account for all to Thee,
Oh! may each year more fruitful be.

Increase our usefulness, our pow'r,
Our faith, however short the hour;
Protect our land, our home, from foes,
Defend our souls from harm and
woes.

Direct our paths, and warm each
heart,
That ev'ry one may do his part;
This century shall blessed be
If rich the harvest, Lord, for Thee.

Great God of all the ages past,
Whose word is sure, and love sted-
fast,
We'll sing on ev'ry land and sea
All praise, Eternal Lord, to Thee.





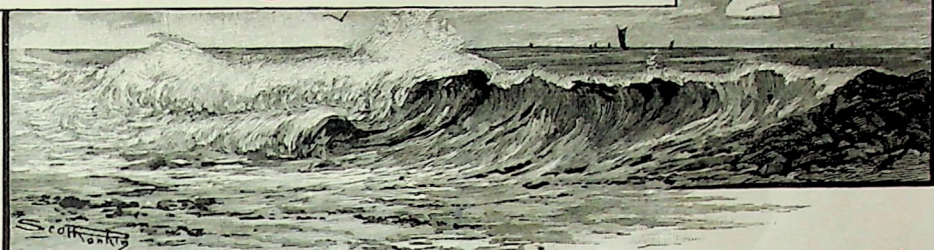
THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL, D.D.

[Artist: WILL MORGAN.]

See "The First Cathedral of the XXth Century."

Preaching in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, Liverpool.

HOME WORDS



On the Shore of the Twentieth Century.

For His Name's Sake.

A SERIAL TALE BY SYDNEY C. GRIER,
AUTHOR OF "IN FARTHEST IND," "THE KINGS OF THE EAST," ETC.

CHAPTER I. CALLED TO GO OUT.

"ISN'T your father back yet, Rose?"
"No, mamma; but he had a long way to ride. The Wilsons' baby is ill, and he was going to baptize it."
"I know; and he will never remember that the Duploits are coming to supper. He's sure to be late. Can you see him in the distance?"

"No," answered Rose from the *stoep*, or verandah, shading her eyes with her hand as she looked down the valley. Then she laughed. "Why, mamma, he has come home. I see him under the mulberry trees. Shall I fetch him?"

"Yes, do; and make him change his coat. He will be all dusty with riding."

Rose ran lightly down the steps, and across the rough grass to the end of the garden, where a row of mulberry trees cast a pleasant shade. Her father stood under the furthest, gazing into the distance. He did not seem to hear her, and she slid her arm into his. He turned to her with a sad smile.

"It's a pretty view, isn't it, Rose?" He waved his hand over the fair prospect which spread before them—cornfields, vineyards, orange-groves, and blossoming orchards, among which there peeped out here and there the steep thatched roof of a white farmhouse. "And how different I remember it! When we came, the Duploits' was the only house to be seen, and all the slopes were covered with bush. That first waggon-journey from Algoa Bay—how strange everything seemed! And when we reached the valley, we left the women with the waggons, and set out to explore. We followed an elephant-track, I remember. I was holding you, Rose, in front of me on the saddle. When we came to this ridge you clapped your little hands and cried out, 'Pretty place! oh, pretty place! Is this where we are to live, papa?' Oom Arend was delighted,

and would not hear of our giving the settlement any name but Mooiplaats."

"And I never knew before how it got its name!" said Rose.

"You would not remember how the lions used to terrify us at night," her father went on, "or how heart-rending it was when the elephants destroyed our plantations. We have gone through so much here: the two Caffre raids—the one when the Curtises were killed, and the one when the church was burnt—the drought, the famine, the rinderpest, the Emancipation troubles—and how it has bound us together! Such kindness and neighbourly feeling between Dutch and English—"

Mr. Hildyard talked on quietly and thoughtfully, but his daughter's attention had wandered. Her eyes were fixed on the dark pinnacle of rock which gave the name of Swarteberg to the farm where Will Curtis, the only survivor of the family massacred by the Caffres, worked early and late, and always, as it appeared, in vain. Nothing seemed to prosper with Will. His farm was always the one to be visited by raiding bands of Caffres or thievish Bushmen; and fire and flood, locusts and rust, had swept away the fruits of his labour again and again. Try as he might, he could not succeed in lodging in the bank at Port Elizabeth the sum sufficient to carry him through two bad seasons, which was to justify him in asking Mr. Hildyard for Rose, and until he had it he would not speak. He himself could live on mealies like the Hottentots, eked out by the game which he shot, he told himself, but he would not ask a woman to share his privations; and thus the old understanding which had subsisted between the two from childhood did not ripen into anything more definite. What Rose thought of his silence no one knew, but it was significant that her eyes glanced swiftly over all the prosperous farms in the valley to rest upon the



"I was holding you, Rose."—Page 3

one which no labour seemed to render profitable. She turned with a start when her father addressed her by name.

"Rose," he was saying, "I wonder whether one could tear oneself away from this place if a call came. What do you think?"

Naturally enough, considering the direction of her thoughts, Rose took the question as referring to herself. Had Will decided to sell his farm and try his fortunes somewhere else, and had he asked her father's leave to take her with him? There was a happy flush on her face, under the shadow of her sun-bonnet, as she answered softly that it was not so hard to leave a place, unless one's friends were left behind too.

"But if they must be left?" said her father. "The call I mean is such as came to Abraham—to leave land and friends, and all one has been enabled to do in fifteen years, and go out into a strange country. Can it be obeyed?"

"I suppose if it is God's call it must be obeyed," said Rose shyly.

She was puzzled; and it was a relief to remember the errand on which she had come, and to bring her father into the house and supply him with his well-worn best black coat. Then she slipped into the kitchen, where her mother was superintending the labours of the Hottentot girl, Sannie.

"Mamma, is papa thinking of going home?" she cried eagerly.

"Home—England? Not that I know of. Why should he? my dear Rose! As if he were likely to be promoted! Your father has not been like himself since that journey to Cape Town; it must

have unsettled him. Perhaps he is thinking of taking a church there."

"Baas Duploits waggon coming up the hill, missy," said Kobus, the old Hottentot servant, putting his woolly head in at the kitchen door, and Rose ran out to the stoep to welcome the expected guests. Arend Duploits would drive his wife and daughter in the light waggon, she knew; but who were the three horsemen who rode beside it? Andries and Stephanus Duploits had been invited with their parents, of course; but why should they be accompanied by Groot Willem (Big William), as all the Dutch called Will Curtis? Rose's surprise only deepened when Karen Duploits whispered to her, as they entered the house, that Will had joined them on the road, saying that Mr. Hildyard, in passing his farm, had asked him particularly to come over that evening.

To the Duploits there was nothing strange in this invitation, for after the murder of his parents Will had spent three years at the Parsonage, and was considered as a son of the house, but Rose could not help connecting it with her father's mysterious words to her. Nothing was said during supper, however, and afterwards the two families gathered, as usual, on the stoep, where Arend Duploits discussed the crops and the affairs of the settlement with his host, and Mrs. Hildyard and Tant' Aleida, as the Juffrouw Duploits was styled, condoled with each other on the faults of their respective Hottentot handmaidens.

Years ago Arend Duploits had acted as guide, philosopher, and friend to a forlorn little band of English settlers, dumped down with hundreds of others on the beach at Algoa Bay, and turned adrift with a grant of land and a few months' rations to make their way in the new country. Those whose lines fell in the district now called Mooiplaats were happy indeed. The Duploits had lately lost a little Rosa of their own, and the three-year-old daughter of the clergyman who was in charge of this particular party of emigrants found her way to the hearts of both. For Rose's sake the newcomers received a rough but kindly tuition, which saved them from many of the mistakes of their fellow-settlers, and made their location the admiration of the colony. In gratitude for this kindness Mr. Hildyard invited the young Duploits to share the lessons which he found time to give Rose. Andries, the eldest son, who could do no more than write his own name

(his father always signed with his mark), was a man already, in his own estimation, at thirteen, and refused the offer with scorn, to the delight of his brother and sister and the secret relief of their teacher. Stephanus, however, who was small and weak for his age, gave his parents no peace until they allowed him to accompany Karen, who had struck up an eternal friendship with Rose at first sight; and the three, joined occasionally by Will Curtis, worked happily together until Tant' Aleida refused peremptorily to let her children waste any more time on lessons. Their friendship did not cease, however, and the

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Hildyard, "but I shall not be here to see the improvement."

"Not here?" cried his guest. "Why, have you had a warning?"

"Not a warning of approaching death," said Mr. Hildyard, "but a call to leave this place, and go out into a land that God shall show me."

"And where may that be?" asked Tant' Aleida sharply.

"To the north of the colony. There are natives there begging for a missionary, and no one will go."

"But what has that to do with you, preacher?" asked Arend Duploitt.



"They sat on the stoep."—Page 5.

young people had plenty to talk about as they sat on the stoep this evening, Andries, now a heavy-looking young man of twenty-eight, listening to them with contemptuous amusement, and rarely uttering a word. It was during a pause in their merry conversation that Rose realized suddenly that the moment had come to which she had been looking forward all the evening. Her father had remarked once more that the drift below the church was dangerous, and that the approach to it must be improved for the sake of churchgoers on the further bank of the river, and Arend Duploitt had made the usual reply that something should be done to it after harvest.

"That is what I have been saying to myself for three months, ever since Dirck Muller told me of this tribe and their longing to be taught. He visited them on his last hunting expedition, and, knowing that he often acts as guide to new missionaries, they sent a message by him entreating that teachers might come to them. The tribe is one of the largest among the Bechuanas, and much looked up to by the rest; but though Dirck mentioned their appeal at every mission station he passed, there was no one to respond to it. All the missionaries were fully occupied already. When he told me this, I was horrified. It seemed incredible that a nation of heathens should be ask-



"Baas Duploits waggon coming up the hill."—Page 4.

ing for a teacher, and that among all the Christians in South Africa there should be no one to go to them. I suppose I spoke strongly when my last effort proved fruitless, for the man to whom I appealed turned upon me and said, 'Then why not go yourself?' Then I knew that I had been trying to answer that question in every way but one. I was anxious to send some one else to these people; I did not want to go myself. But there is no one else to go."

"But your parish, uncle? your work here?" broke in Will Curtis.

"That is easily provided for. The Governor knows of a clergyman who will be very glad to take the parish."

"Why not send him to these niggers of yours?" asked Arend Duploits.

"He is only just out from home, and knows nothing of the country or the language. I have picked up something of it, purely out of curiosity, from my man Saart, who is a Bechuana from the Griqualand border. Don't think I am anxious to go. It is only that all seems to point to me. When I first came out, my honoured friend Mr. Simeon said to me that my taste for languages would give me many opportunities for work among the blacks. All these years I have been content with working among the Hottentots here, leaving others to bear the hardships and dangers

of the regions beyond. But now I must go. My dear friends, do you think it is easy for me to leave you and the people who came out with me from home? My heart fails me when I look at the children I have baptized and taught, the church and parsonage I helped to build,—everything that has made Mooiplaats our home for fifteen years. But the call has come, and I must go."

"Cousin," said Tant' Aleida solemnly to Mrs. Hildyard, "the dear Lord has been pleased to visit you with a heavy affliction. Your good man is undoubtedly mad."

"No, no," said Arend Duploits hurriedly, "it is only the wandering spirit which is in all the English. See, the preacher will go and teach these heathen as he feels the dear Lord has called him to do, and we will look after Tant' Anna and Rosje while he is gone, and give them a hand at harvest-time, and see that the Hottentots don't shirk."

"But my wife and Rose will come with me, of course," said Mr. Hild-

yard. "I never thought of anything else. Why, it was a word of Rose's which decided me this very evening, when I was wavering again. 'If it is God's call it must be obeyed,' she said."

"Have you asked them whether they will go?" growled Andries, speaking for the first time.

"My husband knows that he has no need to ask me," said Mrs. Hildyard with dignity. "Where he goes, I go."

"And so do I, of course," said Rose, glancing severely at Karen, who had begun to cry.

Tant' Aleida sighed impressively. "It is indeed a sad affliction!" she remarked. "They are all mad together."

"Well, well!" said Arend Duploits. "If you are set upon it, preacher, I suppose you must go; but whether you are back again in a month or a year there will always be a welcome for you all at Buffelskloof, and help to get your place in order."

"But we shall not come back," said Mr. Hildyard. "This is not a matter of a mere visit to the tribe. We must settle down among them. We cannot expect any success for a long time. Think of that splendid fellow Moffat, how long he has worked among the Buchuanas, with next to no encouragement as yet. My wife and I are growing old, and it may be we shall not be allowed to see any result of our labours. But if the young will not go, the old must."

His eye fell on Will Curtis, but met no answering glance. Will's face wore the look of sullen resolution which Mr. Hildyard had seen on it when he found the boy among the ruins of his desolated home, vowing vengeance on the Caffres over the bodies of his parents. It was Stephanus who sprang up in answer to the mute appeal.

"Take me with you, Oom Jan. I could not go alone, but I might be able to help you a little."

"Let me hear you say that again, Stephanus!" said Tant' Aleida, looking up from her knitting, and Stephanus dropped back into his chair in silence. At this point Karen's feelings overcame her, and she broke into loud sobs, which displeased her mother highly.

"Take her away, Rosje," said the old lady with stern solemnity. "When she is my age, she will expect to be disappointed in her friends."

Rose obeyed, and led Karen away to her own room, where the Dutch girl indulged in many dark forebodings between her sobs. The Hildyards would all be killed and eaten by the Bechuanas, or at the very least Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard would be made slaves, and Rose forcibly married to a savage chief with ten or twelve wives already. Karen imagined horrors until she was tired, and then, finding that Rose was not turned from her purpose, she too became angry.

"Oh, come back to the rest!" she said pettishly, drying her tears. "As my mother says, you are all mad."

They stepped out on the *stoep*, but here a dark figure confronted them. It was Will Curtis.

"Run away, Karen," he said, with an authority which his old playfellow resented. "I want to speak to Rose."

"I suppose you think she will listen to you when she won't to me," said Karen sharply. "I only wish she might, but I know better."

"Now, Rose," said Will, as Karen disappeared, "you must know this scheme is absurd, but I suppose we can't expect Uncle John to see it. It's bad enough for him and Aunt Anne to go off in this way, but for you it's impossible. Will you

marry me and stay here? At least I can give you a roof over your head, and a Hottentot or two to do the rough work. Swarteberg may be an unlucky house, but it's better than a hut among savages, where even your life isn't safe."

It must have been hard, Rose knew, for Will to curb his pride so far as to say this, and her voice was very gentle as she replied:—

"Why, Will, how could I leave my father and mother to go by themselves? They are growing old, and they will want me more than ever."

"Nonsense, Rose; you don't know what it means. I saw this very tribe when I went up-country with Dirck, and I tell you I wouldn't afflict a decent woman with the sight of them. No words can describe their horrible state. I stayed with the Moffats, whom your father mentioned, and saw all that was done for the people,

without even gratitude in return."

"All the more need to teach them," said Rose.

"But you can't teach them—it's not fit for you. Rose, have you no feeling at all for me? Can you think quite calmly of going off on this expedition, knowing that I shall be in perpetual anxiety—agony—about you?"

"What can I do, Will? I can't

let papa and mamma go alone. If I was engaged to you, it would be different, but as it is—"

"You have no duty to me?" he asked bitterly. "I didn't think you would taunt me with my persistent ill-luck."

"I don't, Will. How can you be so unkind? Only—only—if you could give up the farm, and come with us—?"

She made the suggestion shyly, but with restrained eagerness. The hard look returned to Will's face.

"No; I've vowed to stick to the farm and make it pay, whatever happens, and I'll do it. But look here, Rose; I'll leave Kok in charge and come with you for a year, provided your father will give up his plan if it isn't successful by that time."

Rose shook her head. "You would be making papa miserable all the time by pointing out the



"I saw him ride away."—Page 8.

difficulties. A year doesn't allow fair trial. You would get him to come back out of consideration for mamma and me, and he would never be happy because he would have disobeyed his conscience."

"It seems there's no way of pleasing you," said Will angrily. "Well, go; and I hope you'll enjoy yourself. If you should ever happen to think of me, you will know where to look for me."

He strode away, meeting Andries Duplois at the corner of the house, and went straight to the stable, where he saddled his horse and rode home. Andries looked after him curiously.

"So!" he said slowly to himself, and presently opened his mind to his brother Stephanus.

"Do you really want to go with Oom Jan to preach to the niggers, Stephanus? I shouldn't have thought you had the pluck."

"Of course I wish to go. I have said it," returned Stephanus.

"Well, I will persuade our mother to let you go, if you will keep your eyes open to do me a good turn with Rosje."

"Rosje? She would never look at us. She is as

(To be continued).

good as betrothed to Groot Willem."

"Us?" cried Andries, facing round angrily. "You have not dared to lift your eyes to her, Stephanus? You poor little—"

"Stop, Andries. I have no hope, for I know she would never think of me. But who could know her without loving her?"

"That's true," said Andries, his good humour restored. "But if you are content with that, you may as well do what you can to help me. See, she has quarrelled with Groot Willem. I saw him ride away just now, looking savage, and when we said good-night she had been crying. Now when she is away among the savages she will feel lonely, and Groot Willem will be too proud to go after her. Also there will be many things you can do to help and cheer her, and when she is pleased with you, you can put in a word for me. Hint that I shall be taking a journey up-country in the spring; then she will learn to watch for me, and will be glad when I come."

"But why don't you go with them yourself?" demanded Stephanus.

Sunday in the Twentieth Century.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE."

1. SUNDAY A GIFT.



HOW may we best make the world happier in the Twentieth

Century? It is a question worth asking; and perhaps it may suggest to us some New Century thoughts, and a New Century Mission for our Church.

It often seems to me that there is one thought of God more bright than any other in this busy working world of ours—the thought of Sunday as His GIFT. It is a good old proverb of a famous man who lived many years ago,—

"A Sunday well spent brings a week of content."

If we take care of the Sundays, the weeks will take care of themselves.

Of course we know there are many other precious gifts beside Sunday. Our New Year's gifts, and gifts "new every morning" in the New Year, will far exceed our power even to number them. If any are asking "For what shall we praise our God and our King?" the question might rather be, "For what shall we *not* praise Him?" Praise Him for the "Open Hand filling all things living with plenteousness." Praise Him for the daily food, which so mysteriously springs out of the

earth—food which millions of money could not purchase, food which could have no existence unless the sun shone and the rain of heaven fell, and gave the bountiful harvest to the tiny seed which is equally our Father's gift. Praise Him for the common gift of Home, in palace or cottage affection, knitting hearts as one, and making all akin. Yes, the true wealth is Home wealth. What mother, what father, would part from the cradle treasure for a millionaire's possessions? It is never said that the love of little children is the root of all evil, but it *is* said of unhallowed wealth: and therefore the home is better than the bank. Then thank God for another common gift—the gift of Health—the bright joy of painless existence, when all things round us are "bright and beautiful," and life seems one long holiday. Aye, and thank Him too for "gathering clouds" which sometimes bring the sunshine of Christian hope and promise nearer—when "darkness shows us worlds of light we never saw by day,"—and which always have their own "silver lining" to the eye of faith and trust.

But I am forgetting what I have called the brightest thought of the Loving Giver of all good gifts,—*"THE DAY OF GOD, most calm, most bright, The first and best of Days."*

I am, I confess, at a loss to present, in words that will fitly express to others, the thought which has increasingly seized upon my own mind, as to "Sunday in the New Century," and the *Mission*

we all may aim to discharge in commending this wonderful Gift to others. It seems to me as if each Sunday morning we should wake with open hearts to welcome a Heavenly Guest. As George Herbert sings,—

"Heaven's door stands ope:
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope!"

All we need do is to let the blessing enter our own hearts, and then aim ourselves to be blessings to others.

Happy Century if the bells of Heaven ring on earth to greet each dawning Day of Blessing! Toil of hand, and anxiety of heart, and reproof of conscience, give place to-day to communion and sympathy with the Divine Giver and Worker, Whose labour is "Love Divine all love excelling." As the day breaks, it seems again to sing its new song of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," and prompts in every heart the carol of praise—"Thanks be unto God for His Unspeakable Gift"—the Gift of Infinite Grace, in the Gift of His Son, and the Gift of His Spirit, that we too may be "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day."

I. As God's great Gift Day Sunday should begin with joy and gladness in every heart.

There is, there can be, no real Sunday-keeping without this. Sunday is no Day of Brightness when it is a day of negatives and prohibitions. If these are needed we want the Sunday spirit before we can keep the day at all. The day is one which the Lord hath blessed, that He may bless us on the day. He meets us at the threshold of the dawn. He seems to say to each, as morning decks the sky and night shadows flee away—"I am the Light of the world: Look unto Me and be lightened. Let Me take your sins and your burdens and your sorrows to-day: or rather, by pardon and grace and comfort, enrich you with My saving grace. Come into My House with the voice of thanksgiving. Ask with the

Psalmist, 'What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits to me?' and then reply with him, 'I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord.'"

Remember "thou art a King's guest,"

"Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring."

"Ask, and ye shall receive." Do not leave your Father's House without a blessing. Do not go empty away: there is "bread enough and to spare" at the Divine Table of Bounty. And then return to your homes with hearts full of peace and love and joy: so that your children shall dream that "Home is Heaven," and be prepared with you at last to find that "Heaven is Home."

II. A second thought is this: If we have "freely received" the Heaven-sent Gift of Happy Sunday in our own hearts we must take care that we "freely give" in our mission effort to commend the Day to others.

It is true Sunday is our Rest Day, as well as God's Rest Day; and rest from daily toil is a great blessing: but even daily toil itself would be better than Sunday idleness and Sunday selfishness! "Blessed, to be a blessing," is God's eternal rule of benediction. "Be happy, make happy," is an inevitable cause and effect. "Do something for somebody quick," would cure half the ills and miseries of idle people.

Some one sweetly sings—"The mind is happy still that is intent on good": and "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," was the testimony of our Lord Himself—uttered, too, on a Sabbath Day. What we really need is to share, in some faint but true measure, in God's work and Christ's work on Sundays. There would be no weary or dull Sundays then. We should get into a higher altitude. "We should run and not be weary": we should "mount up on wings as eagles." "The joy of the Lord," on the Lord's Day, would be our "strength" for blissful labour.

Our Sunday in the New Century.

BY THE BISHOPS OF DURHAM, OSSORY, AND MEATH, AND LORD KINNAIRD.

I BELIEVE that England owes her stability and greatness to the general observance of the Day of Rest and the study of Holy Scripture."

The Bishop of Durham.

"Theseventh day is not a burden imposed on man to bear, but a blessed

Gift to him of one day each week, rescued for his bodily and spiritual needs from the worry and waste of daily toil."

The Bishop of Ossory.

"To rob us of the love of Sunday would be an incalculable loss to the home life and the social life as well as the religious life of the people."

The Bishop of Meath.

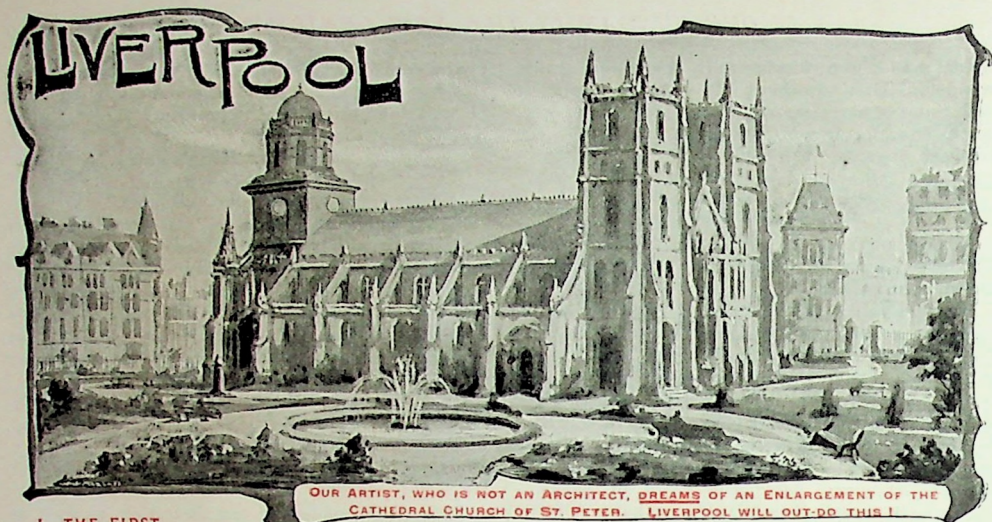
"Comparing our enjoyment of Sunday and the advantages flowing to our people from the Sunday's rest and quiet with those of other countries where such quiet does not exist, we are not encouraged to try new experiments in increasing Sunday labour."

Lord Kinnaird.



Photo by
Elliott & Fry

THE
BISHOP OF DURHAM.



LIVERPOOL

I. THE FIRST CATHEDRAL OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON MADDEN, LIVERPOOL.

THE first Cathedral of the Twentieth Century! The thought is not only aspiring, but inspiring. It fires the imagination. It kindles enthusiasm. What diocese will claim the honour?

To me there is but one diocese, one city, that ought to claim the honour—LIVERPOOL.

In the first year of the new century Liverpool will have attained its Episcopal majority. How could we more fittingly celebrate our "coming of age" than by erecting a Cathedral to the glory of God?

In days that are past Liverpool churchmen sought to build them a Cathedral worthy of the second city of the empire, but their efforts came to naught. The scheme probably failed because Liverpool was attempting too much. It had founded a Bishopric, it had established a new University College, and it had rebuilt at great cost the Royal Infirmary. Large sums of money had been raised in a few years for these purposes. Another fact we must not forget. The years following the launching of the Cathedral scheme were years of commercial depression, and the shipping trade of Liverpool greatly suffered.

The hour had not yet come. The diocese had not felt the need; the necessity, therefore, of building an House unto the Lord was not laid, as a burden, upon its heart. The hour has now come. Trade is prosperous. No other great enterprise blocks the way. And time and city improvements have narrowed down the question of possible sites. Of these I will name only two: (1) the truly magnificent one at the top of London Road (possibly there is no finer site in the whole city); (2) and the site on which at present stands the Parish Church (and Cathedral Church) of St. Peter, Church Street.

The latter site would probably be a gift. The patronage of the parish of Liverpool is now in the hands of the Gladstone family. When we remember that, in his last visit to his native city, Mr. Gladstone made

an eloquent appeal for a Cathedral, it is almost certain his sons would be prepared to further their father's wishes by helping forward a Cathedral scheme as far as it is possible for them so to do.

The site is also central; and, above all, we are told that it is possible to build upon it a Cathedral Church, at a cost of £100,000, to seat 3,000 worshippers. The chief objection is, that the space is too limited.

Whatever the site, the sum needed should not stagger the faith, or the generosity of the *diocese* of Liverpool? At the outside it would only be the price of one ironclad; it would be less than one half-year's Drink Bill for the city.

In the days of our diocesan youth we dreamed dreams of a Cathedral towering above the city by the Mersey. In vision, we beheld from the deck of some great ship, sailing proudly into port, the spires of Liverpool's Cathedral flashing in the light of the morning sun, or bathed in the golden mists of eventide.

Now, in our sober manhood, we have grown less poetical and more practical. We have outgrown our youthful "vain imaginings," and, as becomes the wisdom of our twenty-one years, the business aspect of a Cathedral appeals to us more than the artistic.

But whatever vision has come to us of a twentieth century Cathedral, a modern Cathedral ought to meet the necessities of the diocesan life and organization of our own day.

I know there are many plans and designs in existence for a Liverpool Cathedral. My object is not to start a discussion on the style of architecture, or to give preference to any one site over another (all have their advantages), but to try and get Liverpool men to see that a Cathedral is both a possible and a practicable scheme. If Lancashire men once realize that this will make for a vigorous spiritual life in the diocese, then the money will be forthcoming for its erection.

There is no lack of wealth, there is no lack of generous hearts; then let the first decade of the new century see the *foundation stone* of Liverpool's Cathedral laid amidst the shoutings of the people of God.

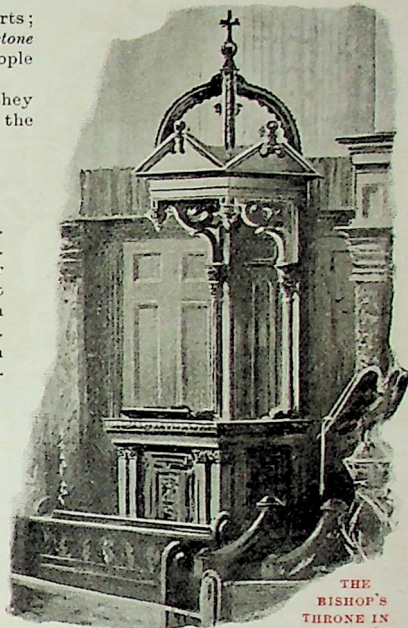
"And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the House of the Lord was laid."

II. THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

BY OUR OWN COMMISSIONER.

LIVERPOOL has cause, indeed, to be thankful for its Bishop, Dr. Chavasse, and the more he is known the more will he be valued.

His power to influence men has been proved over and over again. The son of a Birmingham physician, he was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and distinguished himself in honours. His love of work led him to accept the curacy of St. Paul's, Preston, with the Rev. W. Miles Myres, who describes him "as ever a loyal and affectionate fellow-helper, diligent in visiting, attractive in preaching, earnest in loving care, exercising an influence for good, social and religious, over the young men under his charge, and by his own self-denying devotion stimulating others to undertake work. One special sphere of his labour was a district round an old stable, where a congregation was gathered together which afterwards found a place of meeting in a suitable mission room." What qualifications could possibly be more fitting for a future bishop? As Vicar of St. Paul's, Holloway, and Rector of St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford, Mr. Chavasse won all hearts by his special gifts, his kindness, his faithful teaching, and his quiet courage and perseverance in overcoming difficulties. From every point of view, as a parish pastor, he "purchased to himself a good degree," though perhaps his "stable" experience in his first curacy will be the strongest recommendation to the clergy in Liverpool, many of whom are now sharing a similar experience. "A fellow-feeling" will make the Bishop "wondrous kind" in his sympathy with these hard workers who are now treading in his former steps.



THE
BISHOP'S
THRONE IN
ST. PETER'S.

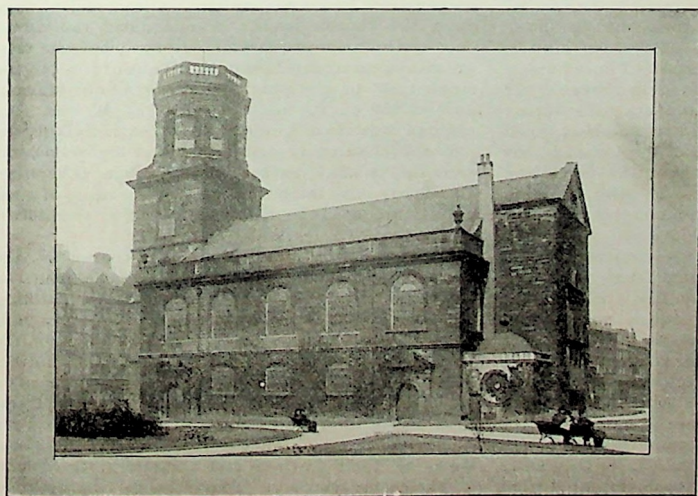
Of his work, as Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, in training other men for our Church, it may truly be said, his services were so great that even a bishopric and its openings seemed to many hardly to balance the loss to Oxford.

In Liverpool Dr. Chavasse has been welcomed most warmly and—as he came in his first touching letter

to the diocese—prayerfully. "Give me," he wrote, "your prayers. One far stronger and more able might well shrink from the oversight of such a diocese as Liverpool. But 'He that calleth is faithful,' and prayer links man's weakness to God's almightiness. And then, be patient with me. Confidence and sympathy are not the creation of a day; but the growth of months or years. I do not ask for them at first. I shall make mistakes. 'A man who never makes mistakes seldom makes anything.' But till confidence and sympathy come, give me a patient trial."

We are sure, we may add, that "confidence and sympathy" have already come in full measure to the Bishop.

R. L. M.



THE PRESENT CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. PETER.

A Sketch by the Rev. John Isabell, F.E.S.
author of "Wonderland Wonders," Etc.



ILLUSTRATED BY SCOTT RANKEN
AND W. EVANS.

BIRDS and beasts, for it is of these I am thinking, have had by long prescription a right to shelter in the courts of the Tabernacle, if not within its walls, and may, perhaps, even claim to join in its hymns of praise. The BENEDICTE, at all events, calls upon them to praise the LORD; and lays stress upon the fact that they are all expected to be choristers.

A word first about the casual use of a church. A turkey once took advantage of an open church to set up housekeeping in the squire's pew; and a goose actually made its way into the pulpit in the absence of the caretaker. Dogs dislike the word church, not because they are weary of the service, but by reason of the fact that they are not permitted to enter the building with the rest of the family. They are patterns to human beings, since the latter are not always anxious to be near their Master. Occasionally persistence is rewarded. I once knew a dog which regularly attended Morning Prayer at the Parish Church, and made a point of standing during the singing of the Psalms and hymns. How much more creditable was this conduct than that of the cat, which chose an inopportune time for inspecting the old-fashioned organ bellows, thereby bringing about the use of a stop not contemplated by the builder of the instrument.

Certain animals have from time immemorial used churches as dwelling-places and for refuge in time of stress. At their head stand those fine creatures, the White or Barn Owls. These sedate, wise-looking birds select the tower or some convenient hole under the eaves, and there prepare their rough cradle nest, lay three or four white eggs, hatch their young, and feed them until they are able to earn their own living. Unhappily, much offence is caused by the behaviour of the owlets. They snore in church, and they have no excuse for their conduct, for they snore most when widest awake. Owlets do not mind what part of the service they snore in, but are specially demonstrative at the time of Evening Prayer. The reason is simple. The snoring is really the call of

the owlets for their food; and as they have been duly fed with mice soon after daybreak, their mornings are spent in snoreless sleep, whereas in the evening they are again ready for a meal, and take care to say so.

Jackdaws, if they go to church at all, copy the bad example of certain ringers one sees sometimes, and confine themselves to the belfry. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that while the church shelters them they contribute to the church little but noise and litter. They are clamorous, pushing, and impudent, and when they want a thing take it without asking. But even jackdaws have their good points. They pull the wool out of the sheep's back to make their nests, but pay for it afterwards by feeding their half-dozen young with the insects they gather from the same animal. Occasionally they enter the church itself. A misguided individual once spoiled an entire service. It disturbed the congregation, contributed its mite, all out of tune, to the singing, sat on the pulpit steps during the sermon, and left the church with a "caw" at the end. An attempt was made to eject it at an earlier stage, the officials pursuing it with sticks and umbrellas, but this the jackdaw rather enjoyed than otherwise. Until they have learned at least the elements of good behaviour, jackdaws had better confine themselves to the tower.

Those untiring, fleet-winged birds, the swifts, use our churches during their short summer sojourn in the north. They prefer country churches, disliking the noise and bustle of towns, and place their rude nests of grass and feathers in the crannies of the tower or in some secluded part of the main building.

House-martins build their clay, cup-like nests under the eaves; and often, when the time of migration comes, use the roof and tower of the church for their rendezvous. They settle in large numbers, preening their feathers and arranging the details of their long journey. They love to return to the place of their birth; and if they once take a "sitting," in a church become regular attendants during the rest of their lives.

The pigeons which haunt St. Mark's, at Venice, have long been celebrated, but one can see "clouds" of these birds within the precincts of our great English Cathedrals. The doves which, in countless numbers, fly to their Master's windows at St. Paul's, and come without fear at the call of their many friends, are a great delight to all who love the feathered subjects of the Lord of the Temple.

That beautiful bird the starling sometimes uses the church as a sanctuary or city of refuge. During a severe winter, when I was Rector of the Land's End, immense flocks of starlings sheltered themselves from the cold, and from human persecution, by spending the long nights in the church tower; and, for my part, I was glad to be able to entertain such deserving strangers.

Church people in furs are few in number, only bats and mice having any claim to be mentioned.

Bats establish themselves in crannies of the sacred building, and sometimes in such numbers, and with such unclean results, that drastic measures have to be taken for their removal. Unhappily, moved by the heat of the building or by natural restlessness, they sometimes trouble themselves to fly to and fro during the service, to the great distraction of the worshippers, who, old or young, cannot keep their

eyes off the "flitter-mice."

Sparrows are often abused for blocking up the roof water-drains of the church with their untidy nests of straw, hay, and feathers, but they do not always choose undesirable sites. Before me as I write are a young couple who have made their first home in the east wall of the chancel. Happy would it be if all married people began life under such sacred conditions.



Drawn by]

THE PIGEONS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

WILL EVANS.



BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES," ETC.

L you please, can you tell me the way to Sorrento?"

I looked down at the small figure beside me. Such a quaint little thing it was. Not five foot high, with a thin shawl drawn tightly over a pair of slender shoulders. A rusty bonnet crowning a grey head, and a pair of china blue eyes looking up out of an apple-cheeked old face.

"It's over there—across the bay," I answered. "It's a three mile walk, and if you want to get there, I advise you to take the train. It will only cost one penny halfpenny."

The blue eyes followed my index finger a little undecidedly. "But my feet are so wet, my dear," she explained. "And the train isn't due yet."

"Just half an hour to wait," I said encouragingly. "And you can dry your boots in the waiting-room. It's a dreadfully long walk to Sorrento, and you look too frail to face this north wind."

"Well, honey, I'll take your advice. I'm not as young as I once was. An' now I come to think of it, I'm main weary."

My way lay towards Ballycoona Station: so together we turned our backs on the beautiful view of Tetly. The little woman kept up an animated conversation as we picked our steps through the mud. Another little woman, aged four, walked demurely beside her.

"When I looks at your little girl, ma'am," said the old thing tremulously, "I wishes I was young again. But that can niver be! I'm eighty-three years old, honey, eighty-three years old! But I haven't done my work yet. The Lord save me till I've done my work."

I waited until the old voice was strong enough to take up its parable. Such a story it was too! Full of unconscious heroism and commonplace pathos.

'Lisbeth Farrell had spent eighty-three years in toiling and moiling for others. She had been a laundress. "Look at my wrist, ma'am; 'tis growed out of shape wi' the houl't of an iron," until weakness obliged her to drop it. But, by washing other folk's clothes, she had managed to support an aged father and mother, until God took both from her. "I didn't fret for 'em, ma'am. I was past frettin' or workin' for them; and they had gone home. Besides, I had Bridget to keep. She never could do much, poor thing, with her head and liver troublin' her all her life. But she redded the house fair tidy, whilst I chared an' washed. Till—till—her mind went; an' I've just bin visiting her. An' *that's* the real sorrow, ma'am."

Poor old 'Lisbeth hesitated. Should she put a bold face on it and confess?

"She's—she's in the union, ma'am, though I lives to say it. I kep' her as long as I could. But what wi' her contrary ways (all along of her liver, ma'am), and her wastefulness (all along of her silliness, ma'am), God bless her! I couldn't keep her out of the workus. An' *that's* the real throuble, ma'am."

I glanced away, as trembling hands stole up softly to wipe away some tears that dimmed the china eyes. Then 'Lisbeth went on:—

"I walked from Sorrento to Hackets-town Union, ma'am, and then I walked down to Ballycoona Station to find a train just gone, an' not another for an hour. That's what has broke me down."

I listened to this excuse for shaking hand and tremulous voice. But I knew instinctively that it was sight of Bridget in the workhouse on the rock that had been too much for 'Lisbeth. Not the walk. She continued,—

"I'm wonderfully sthrong. I goes to a house every morning to clean boots, and to another to wash up after dinner."



"Aye, but it's Gould!"—Page 15.

Miss Hammond—God bless her!—lets me help in that way. She and four other ladies pays my rent for me, and that is all I can do for them in return."

There was a lump in my throat as I looked down at the brave little woman. Eighty-three years of age, and nothing but a kitchen-maid's assistant.

"I've always been respectable," went on the tired garrulous voice. "Always kept to myself, and God hasn't forsaken me. If ever you comes to Tetly, ma'am, I hope you will give me a call."

By this time we had reached Ballycoona, and I piloted my old friend to the third class waiting-room.

"Now, Elisabeth Farrell," I said, "pull off your boots and dry your feet. There's no one here to see you, and it will prevent your taking cold."

"I thank yez kindly, ma'am, but I think not," she explained briskly. "I'm that rheumatic I'd never get down to button 'em on again."

I am convinced there were no stockings between the hard wet leather and the poor benumbed feet.

"Now I must be going," I said, nodding good-bye to 'Lisbeth. "If ever I am in Sorrento I'll not forget that call."

"Thank ye kindly, ma'am," was the answer, as I hurried from the station.

"Molly," I whispered, "I find I have no purse in my pocket. If we climb to the top of the hill, and get down again before her train is due, you shall give 'Lisbeth half a crown."

A pair of sturdy legs kept up with my eager steps as we ran home. We were in good time, and Molly slipped some silver into the wrinkled, *unready* palm, and, not waiting for the surprised gratitude which followed, we ran off.

Outside the gate, my little girl said to me breathlessly, "Will our poor old woman find the penny you dropped, mother?"

"Which penny, Molly?" I not unnaturally queried. "Did I drop one, girlie?"

"Yes, when you gave me the other penny to give to her," Molly nodded gravely. "It was a yellow penny, too, and it rolled right under the old woman's legs."

Greatly vexed (was my *protégée* going to prove worthless?), I unclasped my purse and counted over its contents. It was minus a half-sovereign.

"Come, Molly mavourneen!" I cried, "we must trot down to the station again."

For the third time that afternoon we went into the dusty waiting-room. 'Lisbeth was alone, drying her toes. A damp steam exuded from the poor paper soles as they neared the blaze, and I noticed the boots were riddled with holes.

"My little girl tells me I dropped some money when I opened my purse just now," I explained to 'Lisbeth and a police sergeant, who was hovering outside.

Immediately the poor old figure was on its knees, peering with filmed eyes into the cracks of the floor. Molly was down, too, and so was the policeman.

'Lisbeth it was who found it after all, poking it out from under a seat with the point of her crazy umbrella.

"Here is the sixpence, ma'am," she said. "Let me wipe it for you; it's covered with dust."

The operation took some time, for 'Lisbeth's handkerchief (such a white and clean one!) was not easily comeatable.

"Aye! but it's Gould!" she exclaimed as the coin emerged from its sheath of dirt. "It's *months* since I held such a darlint in my hand."

I was almost afraid to look at the old face gloating over the half-sovereign. But there was neither greed nor covetousness in the clear eye.

"May the blessin' of God go wid it," she said, handing it back to me tenderly. "I'm so glad I found it for you, ma'am!"

So was I; though I did not offer to give it to her. Such a gift would have spoiled the transaction. Only, as Molly and I retraced our steps up the hill, we laid a plan how it might eventually find its way into the pocket alongside that clean handkerchief.

A few days after, I was cycling past Sorrento, when a bowed figure met my eye at the door of a humble tenement.



"I haven't done my work yet."—Page 14.

"Is that you, 'Lisbeth?" I queried. "Washing, too! Then you did not catch cold on Thursday?"

"Ah, ma'am, honey! I've been wearying to see ye!" was the joyful reply. "Miss Hammond was *that* surprised at your kindness, an' I've been wondering ever since if God sent yez with the crown I wanted so badly."

'Lisbeth's room was just as neat and tidy as possible. But, oh, so bare! The place of plates on a snow white dresser was supplied with paper, cut in fantastic vandykes. Want of a pillow on the bed was hidden by a piece of chintz cunningly doubled over it. Need of a carpet was almost forgotten in the warm reflection of a twig fire on the hearth.

Evidently 'Lisbeth's heart was full of pride in her little room. It was here she hoped to spend her latter days. So she informed me.

"Ma'am, honey," she said confidentially, "I'll be laying my bones in Glasnevin. By thin 'tis past minding I'll be. But, please God, I'll go off quiet in my own bed. I couldn't abear strangers thrashing round when I was called."

I knew this was in reference to her sister. Bridget, poor soul, would have to die in public!

"I've me nice things made up for that day, ma'am. Don't let the parish have anny thing to do wi' it," says I to Miss Hammond. "'Lisbeth!' says she, 'don't you fear! I'll not let the parish come nigh yez!' So I trusts and am happy: for I'll sleep in Jesus."

Influenza laid me aside for several weeks after my call on 'Lisbeth. One of the first visits I paid, after convalescence, was to Hacketstown, to see what kind of person Bridget might be.

"Just the most troublesome, quarrelsome old thing

that ever was," quoth our matron. "But she is better behaved since her sister came in."

Her sister! Oh, my poor 'Lisbeth! had it come to that? I was almost afraid of looking for the figure I thought would be hiding away from shame. I need not have feared. In front of the wired-off furnace sat 'Lisbeth, clad in the uniform of the place. Never had I seen a check gown, coarse apron, and rough cap so neatly worn. Beside her, in the best armchair, reclined Bridget.

"It was the 'fluency, ma'am, honey!" explained 'Lisbeth. "Just the 'fluency that brought me in—havin' no one to see after me, as you may say. Miss Hammond couldn't abide to let me be. 'It's throublin' me greatly,' 'Lisbeth,' she says, says she: 'an' I don't see my way to gettin' any wan to live wid yez,' says she. 'Miss, darlint,' says I, 'don't you worry! I'll go to Bridget and look after her, an' that 'ull be the best

thing to do.' I don't deny it's hard, ma'am, honey, seein' as I have always worked to keep myself respectable. But Bridget is better for havin' me, and it won't be long, any ways."

The brave old face trembled and quivered as she spoke. 'Lisbeth certainly took it hard, in spite of protestations.

I have a small fund laid by in order to help such cases as this; and I left the Union determined

to get Elisabeth out of it as soon as possible. Strange to say, I found the old woman herself the only one averse to my plan.

"'Twould just be heaven, my dear," she said, her face lighting up, "if it weren't for Bridget, poor thing. You see, she's cranky, all along of her liver, ma'am, an' that dotty that no wan likes her in here. I can't say but what they are polite and nice enough to me. Miss Brennan there often shares her cup of tay wi' me. An' ould Biddy Carroll lets me sit closer to the fire than any one else these windy nights. But they don't like my poor Bridget, God bless her! They push an' grumble at her. When I'm by, it's



"Is that you, 'Lisbeth?" —Page 16.



"She and Bridget need never part again."—Page 17.

No. 7 ward. She makes the tea, and washes up the cups, and divides the snuff, and sits with the sick! Her sister Bridget has been more cantankerous than usual these last few days; but Elisabeth acts as a buffer, and none of the other inmates feel her whims and fancies now. Bridget is always gentler, too, when Elisabeth is by."

Eagerly, expectantly, I entered the ward on my message of hope. 'Lisbeth was kneeling by Bridget's bed, with her arms round her sister's neck.

"Don't be long over the leavetaking, 'Lisbeth," I called gaily, as I trod between the cots. "You can come to see after Bridget as often as you like."

There was something about the quiet figure, in its thin shawl and plain bonnet ('Lisbeth had put off uniform), which awed me as I approached nearer. Something drooping and helpless about the way in which one grey head rested against the other greyer one on a blay bolster.

I called to the matron, and lifted

those encircling arms from her unheeding sister's neck.

'Lisbeth's work was done. She and Bridget need never part again. Both of them were dead.

* * * * *

Had God forgotten to be gracious? I asked myself this question as I sat in the dim mortuary, waiting for Miss Hammond and a certain glass-panelled coach I had sent for.

A calm, rapt look on the quiet face, encircled with its neatly-plaited cap frill, was sufficient answer. She knew the love of Him who had laid down His life for us; and His love had won her to live for others. The last few days of her long life she had poured forth a willing sacrifice for sister Bridget. We had planned to give her a good thing in her little home. God had given her a better.

better for the crathure. So thank yez kindly, ma'am, I can't leave awhile."

I looked from the pretty, frail old face to the sad, vacant one beside it. No wonder the inmates of Hacketstown preferred 'Lisbeth.

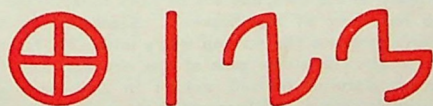
After a short time, however, it was plain that life in a ward was growing unbearable to the dainty spirit that had always kept respectable and to itself. 'Lisbeth consented to leave her sister.

It was a lovely morning when I drove to carry her back to her tiny cottage. She would hardly know it with its new furniture, and I longed to see the sweet face brighten as I led her in.

"I don't know what I shall do without Elisabeth Farrell," grumbled the matron, as I announced my errand. "She does everything for everybody in

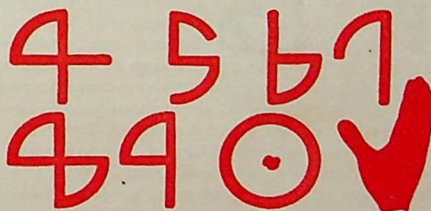
1901: How We Got Our Numbers.

BY JAMES SCOTT.



A CROSS within a circle! In this simple sign all our figures may be traced. The first three numbers are clear enough, 5 and 3 have suffered some distortion, but popular usage has often done worse in maiming words. It will be seen that with 9 the possible constructions of lines from this original symbol are exhausted, and 0 (the whole circle) was employed to represent 10, the unit preceding the 0 signifying one ten. In the same way 20 means two tens. As to Roman numerals many people wonder

why IIII appears on clock faces. It is correct. One raised finger meant one, two fingers two, three fingers three, four fingers four. Then five was formed by the four fingers closed and the thumb pointing away from them, and for X we have two Vs—thus: V, A



THE QUEEN'S CHAPLAINS

BY SARAH TOOLEY.



Photo by Russell & Sons.

THE VERY REV. P. F. ELIOT, D.D.,
DEAN OF WINDSOR.

THE deep, religious feeling which distinguishes our beloved Sovereign, gives to the office of Queen's Chaplain a deeper significance than it had in former reigns, when the attendance of the monarch at public worship was little more than a state ceremonial. A few

words may be said regarding Her Majesty's religious preferences. The Queen prefers a simple service and an extempore sermon, about twenty minutes long, devoted to Gospel truths, and does not favour the introduction of political or controversial subjects. All preachers before the Queen, as in the University pulpits, must wear a black gown. The text of the sermon is supplied beforehand, and written out and placed on the cushion of the royal pew along with the Queen's service books. All texts of sermons preached before the Queen are filed. Her Majesty invariably "commands" the preacher of the day to dinner. These regulations will serve to show that the Queen admits those who minister to her in things spiritual into the more private circle of Court life.

The Chaplains to the Queen, which are divided into Honorary, Ordinary, and Scottish, number in all some seventy-three, and nearly all belong officially to the Chapel Royal, St. James's, where they take their "waits," or periods of duty, according to fixed regulation. Since the early years of her reign, the Queen has not worshipped at the Chapel Royal, as her predecessors did, preferring to have Divine service in the private chapels which are attached to each of her residences. At Osborne and Balmoral she frequently, in years gone by, attended her parish church. The Chaplains are summoned to preach before the Queen in her private chapels at Her Majesty's pleasure. I am told that this is by no means the trying ordeal to a novice which would at first appear, as the Queen is such a very sympathetic listener.

The late Rev. Arthur Robins, the well-known Chaplain to the Household Troops at Windsor, used to tell the story that when first summoned to preach before the Queen, he went through an agony of dread, but all fear vanished when he entered the pulpit and saw the kind, benignant face of his Sovereign. It was when Dr. Wellesley was Dean of Windsor, and Mr. Robins not having brought a black gown, was

obliged to borrow Dean Wellesley's, in order to conform to the Queen's regulation. When Mr. Robins disrobed, the Dean said, "Your sermon was just the kind Her Majesty likes. I hope you have left some inspiration behind in the gown."

It is impossible in a short article to enumerate even the names of all the Queen's Chaplains; those who have held the office longest are Canon the Hon. Douglas Hamilton Gordon, appointed in 1857, and the Rev. John Edward Kempe, in 1858. Dr. Creighton, as Bishop of London, heads the Court preachers, being Dean of the Chapel Royal. The Rev. Edgar Sheppard, author of *Memorials of St. James's Palace*, in which much interesting information is given regarding the doings of monarchs and preachers at the Chapel Royal, is the Sub-Dean. Dr. Davidson, Bishop of Winchester, is Clerk of the Queen's Closet, and Dean Farrar, Canon Dalton, and the Rev. W. R. Jolley are Deputy Clerks.

Dean Farrar has been a Queen's Chaplain for thirty-one years, and in view of the many times he has officiated before Her Majesty, it will be of interest to recall the very first sermon which he preached. I have heard the Dean tell the story in his own inimitable style. He was ordained on Christmas Day, 1851, and on the same afternoon preached in the Infirmary Chapel of Salisbury Workhouse. The clergyman who asked him to take this duty thoughtfully provided him with a suitable homily to read, but the newly-ordained Deacon determined that the first sermon he preached should at least be his own, and set to work to write one in the half-hour at his disposal. According to the Dean's estimate the sermon was a miserable failure. He recalls the stony gaze of the old men and the vacant stare of the old women in that bare and miserable chapel, and how, as he proceeded with the reading of his discourse on "The Angels' Song," one after another got up and hobbled off in disgust. One may imagine the freely expressed sentiments of those ancient paupers, had they been told that the despised young preacher was destined to delight the ears of the Queen, and have multitudes hanging upon his words in the years to come.

Canon Duckworth, the well-known Vicar of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, has also, like Dean Farrar,



Photo by W. U. Kirk & Sons, Colver.

THE REV. CLEMENT SMITH, RECTOR
OF WHIPPINGHAM.

been a Queen's Chaplain for thirty years, and received both appointments in recognition of his services as private tutor to the late Duke of Albany.

Archdeacon Sinclair has held the office of Queen's Chaplain for ten years, and when in 1894 he was made Archdeacon of London, he became also Grand Chaplain of England. The Archdeacon is a most interesting personality: a tall, fine man, descended through his grandmother from the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles. The rooms of his house, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, are hung with portraits of his ancestors, a long line of notable men and beautiful women. His grandfather was the Rt. Hon. Sir John Sinclair, the philanthropist, and the founder of the Board of Agriculture. If, as Lord Salisbury once said, the Bishop of London is the hardest worked man in the country, con must run him Sinclair some-himself as camp of the presides



THE VEN.
ARCHDEACON
SINCLAIR, D.D.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

adviser of the young clergy, and, in short, embodies the idea of "muscular" Christianity. He takes a keen interest in the musical part of the services at St. Paul's, and on Sundays has two of the choir boys to breakfast with him, and four men from the choir to dinner, after which they sing choral music together. The Archdeacon delights in out-door exercises, and is an advocate for cyclists' services in the church districts frequented by riders. A few years ago he made a little record himself, riding on his tricycle from London to the seat of his family, Thurso Castle, on Pentland Firth, a distance of 730 miles, in 16 days. I cannot here do more than touch the fringe of the intensely busy life of Archdeacon Sinclair, nor attempt to enumerate his offices and duties.

Dean Eliot, of Windsor, holds the very honoured position of Domestic Chaplain to the Queen, in which

office he succeeded Dr. Davidson, the present Bishop of Winchester.

He lives within the precincts of Windsor Castle, officiates at the daily services for the household, and is brought into very close touch with the religious life of the Queen, and is the adviser and dispenser of the royal charities in the Borough. Dean Eliot shuns publicity, and by his discretion stands in high favour.

He is a charming man, and very much a courtier.

The Rev. Clement Smith, the Rector of Whippingham, and in this respect the Queen's parish minister, is brought into very intimate touch with the Court at Osborne, and frequently officiates in the Queen's private prayer room. He was appointed a royal chaplain six years ago. Her Majesty has not attended public worship at Whippingham Church for many years now, but the rector frequently numbers Princess Henry of her children, members of the in his congregation, and he and Mrs. Clement Smith are sometimes honoured by a call at the Rectory from the Queen.

In Scotland, the Queen attends the pretty little granite Church of Craithie by the Dee. Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Chapel Royal, Scotland, and Dr. Macgregor, of St. Cuthbert's, are distinguished amongst the Queen's Chaplains for Scotland.



Photo by Russell & Sons.

THE VERY REV.
DEAN
FARRAR, D.D.



THE VERY
REV. DEAN
BRADLEY.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

YEARS OF MISSIONARY PROGRESS

BY THE REV. CANON SUTTON, M.A.

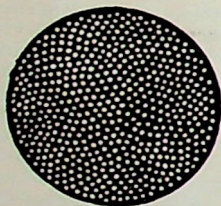
"The Missionaries and their wives," says a leading secular weekly, "go forth to face all that may come to them in the path of duty—discomfort, danger, even martyrdom and death by torture. All over the earth they go without a quail, so that in the deepest recesses of tropical forests, or the most dangerous quarters of overflowing river cities, there is always a missionary, teaching, preaching, guiding a small flock, and keeping alive a lamp whose brightness the very savages clearly recognise."

From this remarkable testimony it may be judged how impossible it would be to give the romantic story of hazard and adventure, of devotion and duty which might be told of the dark continents. We have, however, induced a recognised expert on missionary work to put plainly before our readers what has been done by one great Society, whose birth almost exactly synchronizes with the opening of the nineteenth century.—EDITOR.



THE birthday of the Church Missionary Society, in 1799, stirred the missionary spirit of our country. What blame may be attributable to other periods of the Church's history for indifference to the Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to

441 Stations in 1900.



46 Mission Stations in 1833.



One Mission Station in 1808.



These dots represent the increase in Mission Stations from 1808-1900.

every creature," is not for us to say. The Revival of Religion in the latter part of the eighteenth century held within it the germ of the missionary spirit. Love is an expansive quality. Love for the Saviour means love for souls for which the Saviour died. It followed, "as the day the night," that when men were in some degree awakened to what Christianity meant for our fallen race, they should begin to see that it is intended for the whole world.

Yet how slowly did the light dawn. The first anniversary was held in 1801. Only men attended it: it was thought improper for ladies to attend

public meetings! Now ladies crowd the meetings. There was no collection, even after the annual sermon, for the first three years!

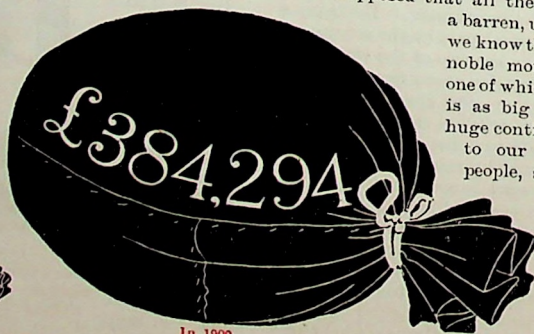
The first Sunday School collection was made at Matlock in 1808. Now Sunday Schools contribute many thousands of pounds every year. It was in 1807 that the British slave trade was abolished. I dare say that fact stirred the hearts of the teachers and scholars.

Let us take a jump from 1808, when the total income was only £1,849—only one station occupied, only four clergymen (and none of them Englishmen) at work as missionaries—to 1833. I will compare that year with 1900.

I was born in 1833, so I like to think about the changes that have happened since then. The report of missionary progress for 1833-4 occupies 65 pages; that for 1900 takes up 491 pages. One report is a thin pamphlet; the other is a thick volume. The income in 1833 was £48,315; in 1900 it was £384,294. There were then 46 missionary stations; there are now 541. Then there were only 5 stations; now there are 62 stations in West Africa alone.

No one knew anything about all that great country which we now call Eastern Equatorial Africa. It was supposed that all the interior of Africa was a barren, uninhabited desert. Now we know that there are fine forests, noble mountains, grand lakes—one of which, the Victoria Nyanza, is as big as all Ireland—in this huge continent; and, what is more to our purpose, thousands of people, some of whom, like the

Waganda, are tall, strong, intelligent, eager to learn, and, when converted to Christ, keen in their longing to bring others to know and love the Saviour. In that then unknown



In 1808.

In 1833.

In 1900.

These bags represent the Income in the different years named.

land—the great Dark Continent—we have now 31 missionary stations.

Like West Africa, East Africa has had its martyrs. Missionaries have been killed, many have died of disease, converts have been done to death in the most horrible and cruel ways. But both East and West bear witness that "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

In India then there were 20 stations; now 204. In Ceylon then 7; now 26.

Nothing was then done in China. Not till 1844 was a beginning made in that vast continent, the same year, by the way, in which Rehmann and Krapf went to East Africa. Now in China we have 40 stations.

Nothing in Japan till 1869; now in "the Land of the Rising Sun" we have 22 stations.

But, after all, these figures only give an idea of extended area of work. It is something to know that in nearly every part of the world the light shines amid the darkness.

Take another test of progress—Converts. No one would say that all who "profess and call themselves Christians" are "bright and shining lights." There was much evil amongst the Christians at Corinth: yet St. Paul addresses them as "the church of God which is at Corinth, them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints" (1 Cor. i. 2).

In 1833, the total number of communicants was 1,352. In 1900 the number was 74,500. There are no statistics in the 1833 report showing the number of baptisms in the year, or the number of baptized persons in the various missions, or the number of catechumens, i.e., persons under instruction but not yet baptized.

In 1900 we find that during the year, 8,478 adults were baptized, and 10,937 children, making a total of 19,415 added to the visible Church in heathen and Mohammedan lands in one year. Altogether, there are now in connection with this one Society 233,013 baptized persons, and 37,587 catechumens; total, 270,600. Now all these persons attend public worship, they all join in prayer and praise, they all listen to the preaching of the Gospel. They are at the very least, even including the catechumens, for the most part on as high a spiritual level as the majority of so-called Christians at home.

Take another test of progress, *European ordained missionaries*. In 1833, 4

missionaries were sent out. In 1900, 25 clergymen were accepted for service, most of whom will soon be at work. Besides these, 13 laymen, some of whom will be ordained shortly, others will act as medical missionaries. Three will be *business agents*, who have been accepted for work in the mission field.

The total number of missionaries in 1833 was—

Clergy (English) . . .	38
(Lutheran) . . .	12
Laymen (English) . . .	48
Women (English) . . .	55

In 1900—

Clergy . . .	408
Laymen . . .	146
(including 44 medical missionaries)	
Women . . .	326
(exclusive of 317 wives)	

If we take native workers we have another test of progress of a very valuable kind.

It is natives, not foreigners, who will establish Churches in foreign lands. The European is the pioneer, the native convert must carry on and complete the work.

In 1833—

Native Clergymen	4
Laymen	440
Women	20

In 1900—

Native Clergymen	365
Laymen	5,050
Women	1,424

The grand total of workers—clerical, lay, European and native—of both sexes was in—

1833	618
1900	8,077

Well may we say, "What hath God wrought?"

Yet little, very little, in comparison with what might have been done had man duly done his part, has been accomplished.

The wage-earning people of a single town in Lancashire withdrew early in August £50,000 for holiday purposes. It is good that people should save for an annual holiday by the sea, near the mountains, on moors, wherever fresh air and beautiful scenery are found. Oh! that in something like a proportionate degree, Christian people would lay aside of their substance that which would enable the Lord's work to be done adequately both at home and abroad.



This figure represents the number of ordained missionaries in 1833.

And this the number to-day.



This ear of corn represents the number 74,500 communicants to-day.

And this represents the number 67 years ago.



M Y YOUNG ADVENTURER; Or, Truth Stranger than Fiction.

BY THE REV. CANON SUTTON, M.A.

Our hero is young—very young—in point of fact he is only four years old. But he has had an adventure which places him on quite a pedestal of romantic interest, not to say of painful importance, in the eyes of a considerable number of persons.

I am sorry not to feel it right to give his real name; nor even to tell exactly where the occurrences I am about to narrate took place. I feel that my story, true as it is in every detail, is so far beyond all ordinary experience as to need the utmost possible amount of corroboration if it is to be accepted as true. Now names of places, and persons, and definite dates are a powerful aid to faith. I must refrain from their use, however, on this occasion, and throw myself on the kindly consideration of my readers. My character for veracity is at stake. No one, I trust, will think so meanly of me as to suppose that I would, even if I could (and I certainly could not), invent such a story as that to which this introduction is the prelude.

"Please, teacher," said a kindly-looking, respectable parent to the mistress of a certain Infant School, "do not let my little boy go home by himself. His sister is a scholar in the Girls' School, and I should like him to come home with her. He's of a daring disposition and might get into danger alone."

A request so natural was readily complied with. But the born adventurer, the man who is to startle his friends and neighbours and school-fellows, who is to frighten his teachers and almost make the hair of his parents "grow white in a single night," is pretty sure to find an opportunity for adventure, however carefully he is kept under watch and ward.

How it happened no one

knows; but one day at noon, when the sister of my four-year-old hero sought her little brother to conduct him home, he was not to be found. The school, the babies' class-room, the play-ground, the precincts of the school were carefully scrutinized, but the child could nowhere be discovered.

"Oh! the little monkey, I dessay he's legged off home by himself. He does love his liberty," remarked the sister, and home she went.

What was her horror to find that her brother had not reached home. In hot indignation at what he deemed careless inattention to his wishes, the good father rushed up to the school to know why the child had been allowed to leave without his sister. Of course he was told no one could account for the disappearance of the boy.

"He's a good little lad—lively as a cricket; but his mother does spoil him so," said the father, and then set off to set the police and others at work to seek for the lost child.

Hitherto events had in them a touch of comedy. Now they became tragic. Hour after hour passed; but the child was not found. The mother, half distracted, went up to the school. She was full of praises of her boy, but she added—"I'm sorry to say his father spoils him dreadful." I have noticed that each parent is apt to think the other spoils a child who is a great pet of both.

Night came on. Still not a sight or sound of the child. The poor parents were almost frantic with grief. The teachers in each school were full of sympathy, but helpless to relieve their anxiety. One shudders to think what might have been the result but for what people are pleased to call "a mere chance." Surely we should say that this was a providential intervention.

"My dear," said the clerk and sexton of the church near to which the schools referred to before are placed, "I wish you would go and fetch me some papers I've left in a cupboard near the west door of the church." The wife went at once. As she was searching for the papers she was startled by the sound of crying. Her own pretty little lad was



"She was startled by the sound of crying."

fond of following her or father to church, so she looked about, thinking he might have done so now without her knowledge.

The sound ceased, but not her anxiety. Whence did the sound proceed? What did it mean?

She looked, but could find no one. She listened. Once more a faint, feeble cry went to her very heart. In hot haste she rushed home. "Come at once—there's a child somewhere about the church. I can hear it crying, but I can't find it."

The husband—as husbands will—began to pooh-pooh her story; but she was in eager earnest, and he knew she would take no denial. Very quickly both were at the church.

At first not a sound was heard—then their hearts almost stood still as a cry came, as it seemed, from beneath their feet. The husband laid down over a deep cellar and listened anxiously. There was no doubt about it; down amongst rubbish and odds and ends in that cellar, a child was just to be distinguished—more by its intermittent and feeble wail than by anything else.

Lying well over the opening—held by his wife lest he should fall in—the sexton, his arm at full stretch, groped about with his hand till he found a child's clothing. Carefully, and not without much difficulty, the little one was dragged up from its position of peril. A few hours more its cries would have been stilled by death.

It is not quite known, but it is surmised that the little one had run out of school, followed the sexton's two young sons to church, and been locked in. Then as it moved about it had found the cellar and fallen in. It may have been stunned by the fall. Then when it became conscious it may have cried itself to sleep. Anyway, for something like twenty-four hours it was in this living grave.

There is a curious little touch of comedy to relieve



"The sexton groped about with his hand."

the grimness of the story. The little chap's right fist was firmly doubled up. He resisted resentfully—stiff, and cold, and frightened as he must have been—any effort to open the hand. When it was opened a sixpence was found in it. "It's mine; I found it in the hole," said the child. Of course it was given back; but if you please, when they were hurrying with the lost little one to his home, he resolutely refused to pass a shop till he had bought something with his sixpence!

There is no need to dwell on the delight of his parents over their lost son restored to life: or the intense relief of teachers and fellow-pupils when the news was conveyed to school that the lost was found. The ending might have been, nay must have been, of a very different sort had not the sexton's wife been sent for the papers inadvertently left in church.

Whether or no this bright little chap is destined to make a sensation in the world in time to come, there can be no doubt that he has provided a good many people with a subject of conversation in his early youth.

Bible Questions (New Series).

BY M.A. CANTAR.

1. **WHERE** in the Psalms do we find these morning thoughts:
 - (a) "In the morning I . . . will look up."
 - (b) "Thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness."
 - (c) "The Lord . . . alway before me."
 - (d) "Thou hast enlarged my steps."
 - (e) "I have trusted also in the Lord; therefore I shall not slide."

2. Write some short notes on the meaning and teaching of (b), (d), and (e).

3. Where in the Old Testament do we read about a prophet and a future king who "arose early . . . about the spring of the day"?

4. Who said that the right men to be rulers were "able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness"?

5. Of whom was it said that "They bind heavy burdens . . . and lay them on men's shoulders"? What is the meaning of the passage?

6. "He shall stand and feed in the strength of the Lord." Where is this prophecy?

ANSWERS (See NOVEMBER No., 1900, p. 263).

1. A "Crown of life" (Jas. i. 12).
2. Confession of sin; spreading out of his need before God; faith in God's mercy.
3. The danger of falling a prey to the "adversary."
4. The assurance that He "careth" for us.
5. Ps. xxii. 28.



Washing Days & Washing Ways.

by
MRS. LINA ORMAN
COOPER.

ILLUSTRATED BY MISS G. M. FOWELL.

MANY wives and housemothers are inclined to echo the advertisement motto, "WON'T WASH CLOTHES." We cook cheerfully; we dust and sew and scrub and sweep, and do all the other hundred and one odd things which lie on our daily path; but we often draw the line at undertaking washing! The reason is, that our unskilled washing ways make our washing days the most wearisome of any in the long week.

It seems to me that washing, like so many ancient and honourable arts, has almost become a lost one. Yet it has been in existence ever since prehistoric days. I will only mention one of the old "Fathers" who thought highly of the art and wisdom of washing. Moses left us the most completely hygienic code of washing laws that was ever formulated. If we enter into the spirit of the Books of Deuteronomy and Leviticus, we shall never speak slightly of washing days or washing ways! Moses inculcated the necessity for personal cleanliness as much in clothes as in everything else. Read Leviticus xi. and see how often he insists on washing clothes too! Now, Moses has been called "A sanitary Reformer before the days of sanitary reform." And if we wish to keep our households in health, we must follow Moses' instructions in this matter.

For a few shillings, instruction in this branch of housework is given by the Schools of Cookery and Hygiene set up everywhere. Classes are held in almost every parish to teach this, as well as more ornamental branches of Housewifery. I myself took out my diploma as a practical laundress after attending a class in a tiny country parish. We paid only 2s. 6d. each, and had various demonstration as well as practice lectures given us. How useful it has been to me all my life I will not undertake to say. Let every young girl try for herself.

What things are absolutely indispensable in a Home Laundry? First of all, one must have some way of getting a supply of pure soft water. If the pipes which supply your house are filled with only hard limey stuff, you must buy (for a few pence) some disused paraffin barrels. These must be scraped and then thoroughly fumigated by burning brown paper inside. Then set up these barrels under the eaves of your house. Attach a piece of drain piping to the shoots which run under the roof, and direct the end towards your cask. This will gather for use in your laundry every drop of surface rainwater which falls from heaven.

The first two or three fillings must be thrown away. They will be foul and odorous. But after two soakings the aqueous fluid will be sweet and colourless. The barrels should be covered. This will prevent contamination by smuts, dust, etc. In addition to the barrels, you will need other receptacles for holding water. Zinc baths are the most enduring kind to get. Three of these will be necessary; sizes to be regulated by the size of the wash to be undertaken. One of these baths is for soaking linen; another for sousing flannels; the third for the washing proper.

Water, pure and soft, is our first need. Next to it comes tubs.

Then soap. Now in the choice of soap lies a great deal of the good results we hope to produce by our washing ways. Do not think that cheap soap is the cheapest. It is no such thing. Good crown tallow is what is most economical in the long run. If you are prudent you will buy this by the hundredweight, and months before it is wanted. One knows how fresh and cheap soap runs away in the water. But soap kept for twelve months almost lasts for ever!! One piece of dried crown washing soap will do a wash for you!! This soap any respectable oilman or grocer will cut up into blocks on being asked to do so. If he refuses, cut it up yourself. Not with a knife—it will ruin the best blade—but with a piece of twine. Or, better still, with an instrument like the one drawn in illustration.

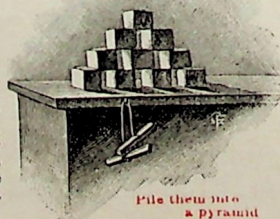
This is simply a length of fine wire attached to two handles, made (if nothing else be handy) of two pieces of kindling wood! This you will find saves all waste in cutting, and keeps your hands from being messed and dirtied. Do not cut the blocks too large. Cubes of about three inches every way are the handiest and neatest. Pile them, when cut, into a pyramid. This allows of air reaching all points.

Soda is our next necessity. This is far cheaper bought by the hundredweight. For about 4s. a large sack of soda can be procured. If kept from damp this will almost last a life-time.

But I have said science makes washing-day easy. So now science must step in and show us how to get rid of dirt after a scientific fashion. We shall need several cookies for this. First and foremost, a quart bottle of strong liquid ammonia.

This costs 1s. 8d. at any co-operative stores. Keep this out of the children's reach on a high shelf. Beside it a tiny whiff of oxalic acid for taking out stains, marked with an orange poison label. Some borax (3d. a lb.). A packet of the best starch. A small bottle of white vinegar, for washing our stockings. A can of paraffin oil, for use in cleansing kitchen rubbers. Some pinches of chloride of lime. A few ounces of best gum arabic. Some powdered chalk, for absorbing mildew. A bottle of turpentine, for removing paint. A jar of bran, for fixing colour in blouse and overall.

Besides these, we ought to have a tin of knife-powder, for polishing irons; a small 3d. watering-can, for sprinkling clothes; a candle, for blending with starch; a big bottle of Sanitas, for disinfecting; a few yards of rope; some dozen white wood "pegs"; and a dram of salt.



Pile them into
a pyramid



"Daily
shall He
be praised."
—Ps. lxxii. 15.

PRAISE
YE
THE LORD.

"With my
song will
I praise Him."
—Ps. xxviii. 7.

Lead the Ages On.

A HYMN FOR THE NEW CENTURY.

Words by FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Music by A. H. MANN, Mus. Doc.

MM. 100 = ♩

f

ff *Pia*

f *Org.*

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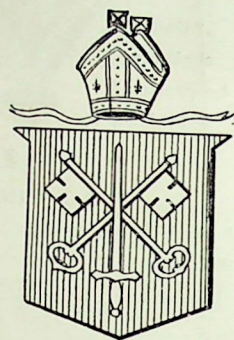
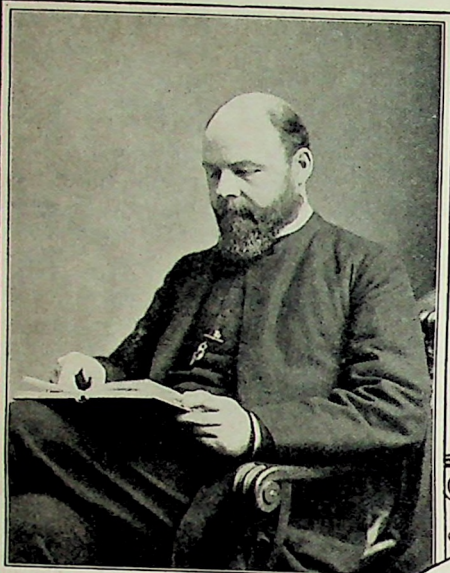
1 **T**IME is old and weary,
Man is weary too;
Faith is always cheery,
Heaven is always new.
Cleave our gloom asunder,
Teach us gladder ways;

Make the stars a wonder,
Make the flowers a praise.
Thou whose hand was o'er us
In the years agone,
Be a lamp before us,
Lead the ages on.

2 Binding all the ages,
Lo, Thy purpose clings;
Mould the thought of sages,
Touch the deeds of kings.
When, in dark conceiving,
Wrong its threads would twine,
Mingle with the weaving,
Let the web be Thine.
Thou whose hand was o'er us.

3 Make our science humble,
Make our knowledge true;
Out of thoughts that crumble
Build our faith anew.
When our wisdom fails us,
When our lights decay,
Be a dawn to hail us,
Break in larger day.
Thou whose hand was o'er us.

4 O the long contentions,
O the conquered spheres,
O the wild inventions
Of the thronging years!
Lord, Thy saving heaven
Blend with all we be:
Mingle earth and heaven,
Gather all to Thee.
Thou whose hand was o'er us.

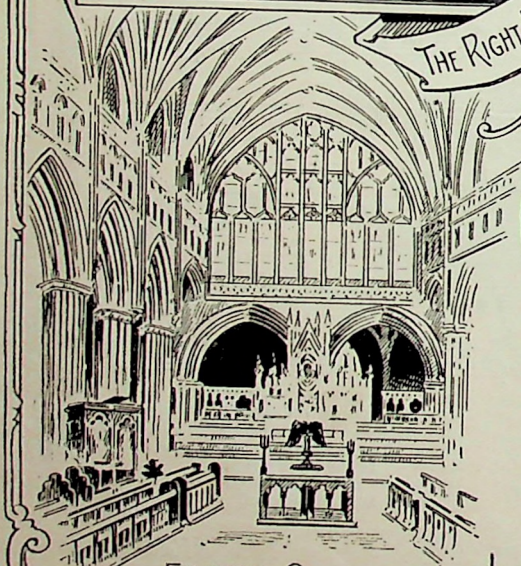


THE RIGHT REV. H. E. RYLE, D.D. LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.



THE RIGHT REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D.

LATE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.



EXETER CATHEDRAL INTERIOR.



"Stephanus, whom they had found insensible."—Page 32.

SOME WORDS

For His Name's Sake.

A SERIAL TALE BY SYDNEY C. GRIER,
AUTHOR OF "IN FURTHEST IND,"
ETC.

on the camp-fire, and sending up a flight of sparks. It was under protest that the hunter was acting as guide, for he disapproved vigorously of the step Mr. Hildyard had taken.

"Yes," he said again, "I know what you're letting yourselves in for, and that's more than you do, preacher, or your good lady, or Rosje, and what makes it worse is that it's my fault. I brought that message from the Batau chief thinking it would be a bit of a joke to show that not a single man from any of the Churches could be spared to a tribe asking for teachers. But if I'd guessed you would take it into your head to go, I'd have let it alone."

"It's a little late to say so," said Stephanus, whose mother, urged on by Andries, had given a reluctant consent to his going.

"I know that, nephew, but it's not too late yet. Come, preacher, there's still time to turn back. The wilderness is in front of you, but there's all the Colony behind, with houses and farms not a day's journey away. Let me give the word to trek back again when we inspan to-morrow morning, and then I shan't feel that I have the blood of all of you on my head."

"Don't trouble yourself, cousin," said Mr. Hildyard. "You brought the message, but the call was God's. He is sending us out, and are we to say He cannot protect us?"

"Now that's what I can't make out!" cried Dirck. "Mission-stations are destroyed pretty often, and the missionaries murdered, and yet you go on saying that the dear Lord will protect you."

"I said He could, not that He would. If He chooses to be glorified by our deaths rather than our lives, we know that it is for the best. His work is safe in His hands."

"I'm not talking about the work, preacher, but about you and Tant' Anna and Rosje, who used to say she loved Oom Dirck when he brought her pretty skins and ostrich-feathers from his journeys. What do I care about the work if anything happens to you? But I know it's no good talking. Have you guessed that I was trying to put you off

CHAPTER II.

IN PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS.

"WHY should I make myself a Hottentot to please her?" asked Andries. "Why give myself the trouble of building huts for Oom Jan to live in? But if you wish to go, I will speak to our mother for you; otherwise you will stay here."

"I will do what I can if you will get her to let me go," said Stephanus in a low voice, not knowing that his mother was congratulating herself at the moment on Rose's approaching departure.

"I won't have Andries marry her," she said to her husband. "Have you noticed how she always sits as far as she can from the meat hanging up in the corner when she comes to see us? Such fastidiousness—to object to the smell of the good meat the Lord has made! I wonder how much meat their Hottentots steal from that out-house of theirs in a year! And their calico ceilings to hide the good rafters, and the fuss they make about washing! She's no wife for a son of mine."

"But surely she will marry Groot Willem," said Arend.

"If Groot Willem waits so long he will find he is too late. Any woman would be proud to marry my Andries."

"You should have let Stephanus go," said Karen. "Perhaps he might have married her then."

"I have a better opinion of Rosje than that," said Tant' Aleida conclusively.

"And now we have really left civilization behind us!" said Rose.

"Yes, and got all your troubles before you," growled Dirck Muller, giving a vicious kick to the pile of brushwood which had just been thrown

this job ever since we left Mooiplaats? I brought you by the roughest tracks, and out-spanned o' nights at the dirtiest farmhouses I knew of, hoping you'd be disheartened. It was no use, but there'll be no shamming about things in future. This is the third dry year in the parts you're going to, and only the deepest pools have any water left. And there's a lion about now. I came on his spoor when it was too dark to track him, and you see how uneasy the oxen are."

"Do you think I need discouraging, cousin?" asked Mr. Hildyard. "But it was hardly necessary to frighten the ladies, was it? Stephanus and I will gladly take our guns and watch with you if you really anticipate any danger."

"You are always more ready to study a beast's habits than to shoot him, preacher, and as for Stephanus, he would go hungry six days in the week if his dinner depended on his gun. My bush-boy and I will keep watch to-night. And now, if you like to have worship at once, and get the ladies safely into their waggon, my mind will be easier."

A word to the girl Sannie, whom Mrs. Hildyard had brought with her because she was too faithful to be left behind, though she could never succeed in doing anything right, sent her to the second camp-fire to summon the men. Old Kobus had insisted on accompanying his master, and under him were Saart the Bechuana and two Hottentot waggon-drivers, called Kees and Klaas. Stephanus had brought a black servant named Jantje, and three Hottentots of Dirck Muller's made up the party. The three waggons had been placed end to end in a semicircle, the straight side of which

was protected by the fires, and in the space thus enclosed Mr. Hildyard assembled his followers for evening prayers. The service was conducted in Dutch, which all understood, and Dirck Muller felt that the preacher was taking an unfair advantage of him when he heard him read the account of Abraham's call, and that of St. Paul's vision of the Man of Macedonia. The hunter was somewhat surly afterwards, hurrying Mrs. Hildyard and Rose into their waggon, and displaying an unflattering eagerness to get rid of Mr. Hildyard and Stephanus as well. When they had said

good-night, he went round the camp, strengthening the gaps between the waggons with thorny branches,

and seeing that the oxen were safely fastened to the wheels by their horns. Having replenished the fires from a good store of brushwood that had been got together, he climbed into his own waggon, which was nearest to the pool beside which the halt had been

made, and waited, the black boy just behind him holding his second gun.

The missionary party had afterwards only a confused impression of the events of the night. They were

awakened by a tremendous roar, such as Rose, at any rate, never remembered hearing before, or could even have imagined, and almost at the same moment there was what seemed like the tumultuous rush of an army. The waggons shook and creaked, the terrified Hottentots yelled, there was a shot or two, and then every other sound was drowned by the wild howling of the oxen. Rose, peeping out, could see nothing in the moonlight but a confused mass of cattle, trying, as it seemed, to climb over one another and the waggons in their efforts to escape



"He replenished the fires from a good store of brushwood."—Page 23.

from something. The angry voice of Dirck Muller, calling to the servants, who were hiding under the waggons, to come out and drive off the cattle, reassured her, as he forced his way into the throng, cracking the huge whip he had caught up. Mr. Hildyard and Stephanus went to his help, and presently the camp was cleared of the oxen, which had broken loose and charged straight through the fires in their mad panic.

"I've made a pretty fool of myself!" cried Dirck. "There I sat, thinking to get a shot at the lion when he went down to the water, and there was he, stalking the oxen on the other side of the laager all the time! When he sprang, they broke away, and I never had a chance, though I fired three times. I think I must have got him once, though, for there's blood on the ground, and in the morning we'll follow up his spoor."

The night passed without further alarm, but in the morning the panic-stricken cattle were found to have scattered far and wide. Mr. Hildyard, Dirck, and Stephanus, each taking one of the Hottentots with him, set out in different directions to look for them, while the rest of the servants were bidden to be on the watch to secure any that might wander back. Some few did return of their own accord, and the others were driven in by degrees, with the exception of one of Dirck Muller's—the best of his team, he said angrily—the half-devoured remains of which were discovered by its owner. To allow the lion to escape scot-free after this was out of the question, and the hunter sent his Hottentot back to the camp to fetch his second gun, with a message that he might not be back all night. Long before anything more was heard of Dirck, Stephanus returned with the cattle he had managed to collect, but looking so pale and ill that his friends were shocked. The sun and the fatigue must have been too much for him, Mrs. Hildyard declared, and she sent him to lie down while she prepared a decoction of dried herbs, highly approved by Tant' Aleida. While doing this, she saw old Kobus, who had been the patient's companion, lingering near the waggon, as if he had something to say.

"What is the matter with Baas Stephanus, Kobus?" she asked him. "Did he eat anything poisonous while you were out?"

"Meffrouw asks me what ails the young Baas?" grinned the old man.

"Yes, didn't you hear me?"

"It was this way, Meffrouw. Baas Stephanus and I were following the spoor of two of the oxen over some broken ground, when we saw some vultures sitting on a kopje before us, and I fired at them. I thought I had hit one, and was climbing up to see, when I happened to turn round. There stood the young Baas in front of a bush, and be-

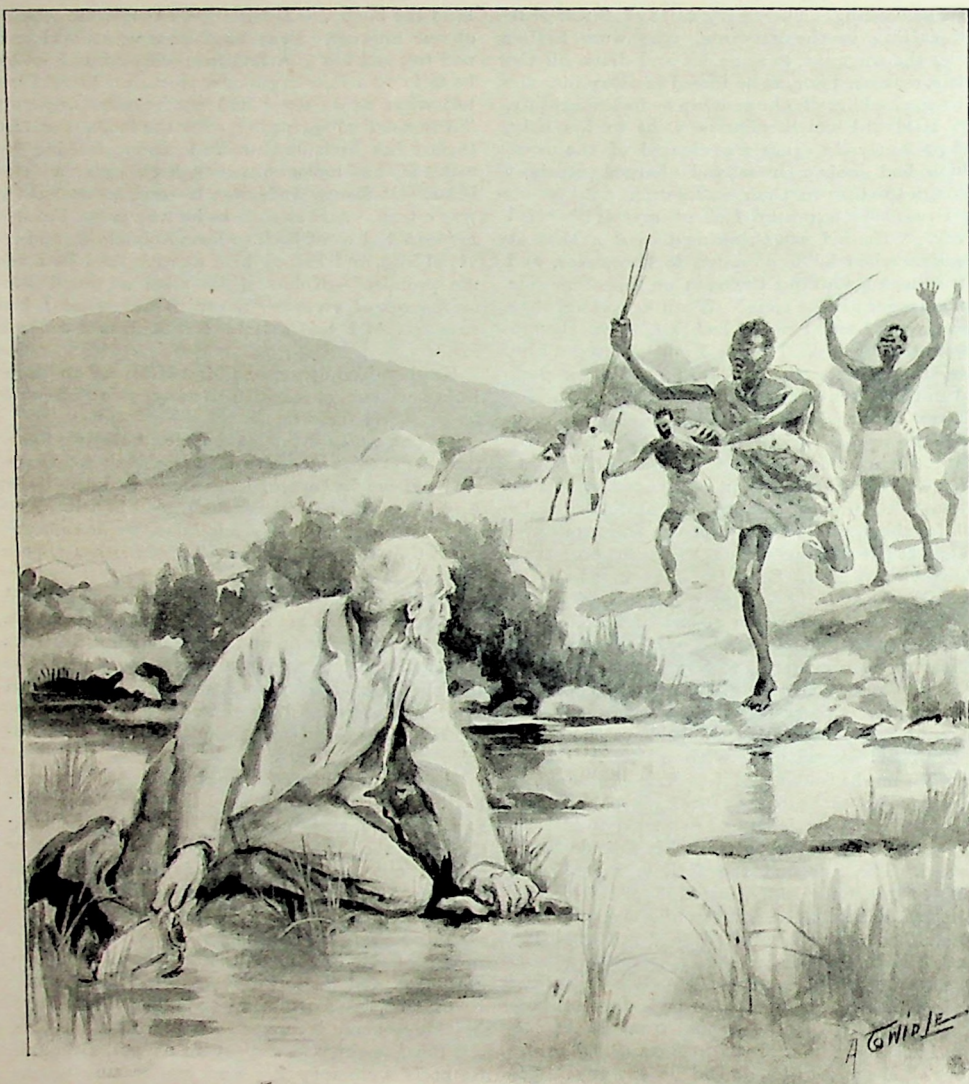
hind the bush was the lion, and they were looking at one another. Baas Stephanus was shaking to and fro, and his gun had dropped, and as I looked he fell down fainting like a woman. I could not tell what to do, for I had not reloaded my gun, but instead of springing over the bush, the lion turned his back and walked away, lashing his tail. He had never seen such a thing as a faint before—Meffrouw understands—and he thought it was a trap. And as soon as he was gone, I loaded my gun and went back to Baas Stephanus, and revived him, and helped him away. And he made me promise"—Kobus spoke with a proud consciousness of virtue—"never to tell what I had seen unless I was asked. But Meffrouw did ask me."

He shambled away, and Mrs. Hildyard and Rose looked at one another in dismay, mingled with irrepressible amusement.

"What a pity it is!" said Rose. "But we knew that Stephanus was not a hero, didn't we, mamma? If we had wanted some one to hunt lions, Andries would have been the person to ask. And we must never let Stephanus know we have heard about this, never! It would break his heart, poor fellow."

Happily for Stephanus, attention was diverted from him by the return of Mr. Hildyard with a large number of oxen, and again by Dirck Muller's coming back late at night in triumph with the lion's skin, which he fastened outside his waggon to dry. Rose was to have it as soon as it was fit for use, he said, as a memento of her first encounter with a lion.

The journey was continued the next day, and, to the great satisfaction of the travellers, they saw no more lions close at hand, only hearing them in the distance at night. Dirck Muller pointed out, however, that this was due to the abundance of game in the district they were now traversing. The springboks and other antelopes, forsaking their usual haunts on account of the drought, had migrated to the south-east to escape starvation, and were so numerous that it was not worth the lion's while to endanger himself by attacking human beings or their property. In this part the drought was not severe as yet, although the pools were very low, and one or two much-dreaded rivers were crossed almost without difficulty: but the hunter was never tired of warning his companions that there was a patch of country immediately in front of them which they might be thankful to cross without losing their lives. Every day he insisted on carrying a certain amount of water with the waggons; and more than once the benefit of this was seen, when arrival at a pool disclosed only a puddle of evil-smelling liquid, which nothing but extreme thirst could induce even the weary oxen to drink.



"As he unfastened the water-bottle, intending to fill it, loud shouts fell on his ear."—Page 32.

But now the aspect of the country changed. Instead of the dusty, whity-brown stubble, crackling under the wheels of the waggons, which showed that in the rainy season there were grass and bushes even here, a tract of absolutely barren land lay ahead. Every vessel the waggons contained was filled with the muddy water of the last pool, and Dirk Muller led his company into the sandy

desert. He had calculated that the water they had with them could be made to last until they reached a range of hills that could be seen far in front, where there was a spring which he had never known to fail; but the heat was tremendous, and the long hours of weary plodding through the burning sand made every one thirsty. The water, which should have lasted two days and a

half, was exhausted on the morning of the second day, and Dirck turned aside unwillingly from the direct track to a spot where a pool was sometimes to be found. After a weary march the place was reached, but no sign of water was to be seen. Undismayed, Dirck set all the men to dig in the bed of fine sand which marked the site of the pool, and at last the labour of half a day produced a small quantity of brackish water. To supply the oxen it was necessary to dig deeper still, and by the time all had drunk those first supplied were thirsty again, while the difficulty of reaching the water prevented any of them from drinking their fill. Still, it was with renewed cheerfulness that the travellers pressed on towards the hills, in delightful anticipation of the spring of clear running water described by Dirck.

Their water was again exhausted before the hills were reached, and Dirck and his servant rode forward with empty bottles, intending to fill them and return to the rest. But when they were seen riding back their downcast faces told of a worse disappointment than before. The spring was dry. It was impossible to go further that night, and the camp was formed in silence. The dried meat, which was the usual food, could scarcely be swallowed without anything to moisten it, and the white people went supperless to bed, to find their sleep disturbed by the distant laughter of the hyena and the howling of the jackal. To add to the misery of the night, the sleepers were tormented by delightful visions. Their interrupted dreams were of flowing rivers, cool glades, and juicy fruits which mocked their thirst, and even the moaning of the night wind was changed into the pleasant murmur of running water.

"We must get on at once," said Dirck Muller in the morning, looking round at the bloodshot eyes and ghastly faces of the rest.

"Not until we have asked God's help and guidance," said Mr. Hildyard, whose parched lips could scarcely utter the words, and he called the servants together, and struggled through the 63rd Psalm and a short prayer, the hunter listening with something like exasperation. As soon as the prayer was over, he gave the order to yoke the oxen, which had been fastened to the waggons for the night, lest they should try to make their way back to the last halting-place. Up and down the hills the waggons were dragged by their weary teams, until another stretch of desert lay level in front, still without a bush or blade of grass. The white men stumbled along, leading their tired horses, the Hottentots, who, like Dirck Muller, obtained some little relief from smoking, cracked their long whips and urged the oxen on, and Rose and her mother lay helpless but uncomplaining on their beds in the waggon, resolved not to make

things worse for the men by showing how much they were suffering.

At last the oxen could go no further. First one and then another dropped in the yoke and could not be dragged to its feet, and it was clear that a halt must be made. The waggons stopped short just where they happened to be, and the teams were loosed. Even the oxen were at fault now, and made no attempt to wander in search of water. Leaving the burning sand, into which their hoofs sank as if into hot ashes, they collected together on a piece of rocky ground, and sought to obtain a little shelter from each other's bodies, those on the outside of the ring trying continually to force their way into the middle for the sake of the shade. The Hottentots threw themselves listlessly on the sand, all but old Kobus, who wandered off to some sandhills a short distance away. Presently he came shambling back, stumbling every now and then as he walked, but carrying something in his arms with which he rushed up to Rose, who was sitting in the shade of the waggon, trying to take some interest in the struggles of the oxen.

"There, missy! Eat him. Plenty more left."

"A water-melon! Oh, Kobus, you have saved us all!"

Almost before Kobus could explain that he had found quite a bed of the melons in a spot which in the rainy season must be a marsh, the other men were rushing off in the direction he had taken, only to be recalled to the waggons by a cry of disappointment. The melon was as bitter as gall, and poor old Kobus almost wept with mortification when it proved that his find was useless, belonging as it did to a variety that cannot be eaten. When this had been discovered, Dirck Muller called Mr. Hildyard and Stephanus aside for a consultation.

"We must do something," he said. "The oxen can go no further, and we cannot get the women on without them; but if we stay here we shall all die. Let us three go on, leaving the Totties in charge of the waggons. There is no danger here, for what enemy could live in this desert? If we find water, we can bring some back and save Tant' Anna and Rosje. If not, we and they can but die—as we shall certainly do if we stay."

Mr. Hildyard nodded, unable to speak, and made signs to his wife that they were going on in advance to look for water. Her parched lips gave a mute assent, and the three men started, each taking an empty water-bottle, but leaving behind their useless guns, which they could not have carried in their present state. As they stumbled through the sand their failing eyes were dazzled by a succession of mirages, the counterpart of those they had seen in their dreams. Rivers with tree-shaded banks, quiet lakes, harbours thronged



"Not until we have asked God's help and guidance."—Page 31.

with shipping—every picture in turn showed them the water which they needed so much, but could not obtain. Strange illusions beset them. Mr. Hildyard saw the figures of his companions like pillars of cloud forty or fifty feet high, wavering curiously about, and sometimes lifted up from the ground. Then he became aware that Dirk Muller was shaking him and saying something, and he realized that they had reached another range of sandhills, and that he was to go straight on, Dirk and Stephanus turning to the right and left respectively. How far he went, or how long he wandered on, Mr. Hildyard never knew, but at last he came to a dead stop. In front of him, at his very feet, was a pool of water, surrounded by a kind of rude fence of bushes.

"It is a mirage, of course," he murmured thickly, and waited for it to fade away, but it remained. Still incredulous, he pushed through the bushes and dropped down beside the pool. He touched the surface, and looked stupidly at the drops on his finger. Was the finger really wet? Suddenly he realized what this meant. It was water, and he and all the rest were saved! He bent down to the pool and took a long draught, only noticing as he lifted his head again that the water had a very peculiar taste. As he unfastened the water-

bottle, intending to fill it, loud shouts fell on his ear, and for the first time he saw that there was a Bushman kraal on the opposite bank. The inhabitants were standing in front of their huts gazing at him in apparent consternation, and two or three of them were running towards him, calling out wildly.

"They can't mean to refuse us water!" thought Mr. Hildyard, as the little dark men ran up, their skin cloaks flying wildly behind them. They were all armed with bows and arrows, but they made no attempt to use them, merely pointing first at the pool and then at the water-bottle, and jabbering loudly in their own tongue. Thinking they might mean that he would defile their pool if he drank from it, the missionary tried to explain by signs that he had drunk already, and only wished to fill the bottle; but this served merely to increase their excitement. Pushing between him and the water, they made frantic signs to him to go away, and he was glad enough to do so. His veins were throbbing fiercely, his head seemed to be bursting; he was too giddy to stand, and he dropped down helplessly outside the fence of bushes, while the Bushmen stood round looking at him with every appearance of grief. Women

and children now came running from the kraal, and added their lamentations to those of the men, while Mr. Hildyard tried in vain to make them understand that he was in torments for want of more water. At last a shout was heard, and Dirk Muller, guided by another Bushman, burst into the group. A glance at the pool and a few painfully uttered words from Mr. Hildyard told him what had happened, and two or three sharp orders in their own language sent the little people flying in all directions.

"They had poisoned the pool to trap game," said the hunter, speaking loudly to reach Mr. Hildyard's dulled ear; "but there's a fruit which will set you right if we can only find it."

Presently, however, the Bushmen began to come back with downcast faces. In the famine caused by the drought, every possible root and fruit had been eaten. One party brought in Stephanus, whom they had found insensible under a rock; but no one seemed able to suggest any restorative either for him or for Mr. Hildyard. Dirk Muller was equal to the situation, however.

"See," he said, "you have nearly killed the preacher with your poisoned water, but I know you have a good pool for yourselves. Bring water at once—plenty of it."

(To be continued.)

Sunday in the Twentieth Century.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE," ETC.



II. SUNDAY A GAIN.

THE century that has gone saw England hold fast by her Sundays, while many Continental nations loosened their grasp of God's gift to mankind. "England," says a French paper, "owes much of her energy and character to the religious keeping of Sunday. Why cannot France follow her, as the Sabbath was made for all men, and we need its blessing?"

Will the twentieth century herald a new command, of man's invention:—

"Seven days shalt thou labour for gain and pleasure, and not rest at all?"

It is our national Sunday which saves us from seven days' work a week. "How much we all owe to the observance of Sunday, it would," said the *Times* on one occasion, "be difficult to estimate. It is probably the only institution which prevents work from becoming continuous. Such are the increasing demands of labour, that, to men without this enforced break, life would become one perpetual whirl of occupation." There is only one word we object to in the above extract, and that is "enforced." It is a Divine right of working men to claim as God's great gift to all, one day's rest in seven. There are those who seem to find pleasure in decrying the Divine gift as if it were really only a prohibition. Let us be sure such a thought can only be traced to one source, our enemy and God's enemy. Every thoughtful man, whether he claims to be religious or not, knows well that "Sunday is God's special present to the working man": and, even for temporal ends alone, it is "the savings bank of human existence."

Let me suggest two thoughts associated with Sunday as *God's Gift*.

Giving and asking are both Divine ways of getting—in fact they are the only ways there are.

"That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives and nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, Creation's blank."

If we have asked and received: if God has made us happy in His love: then let us spread the blessing far and wide.

"No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawnlight gladness voicing:
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing."

One of our national poets tells us—

"Absence of occupation is not rest:
A mind quite absent is a mind distressed."

This is true on all days, and especially on Sundays. On Sundays, as well as on other days, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." The truest recreation at all times, as Lord Shaftesbury used to say, is found not in idleness, but in *change* of occupation: and the special recreation of Sunday is found not in time wasted or selfishly employed, but in higher, happier, holier, and more loving work than we can find to do on the busy week days.

But where shall we find our sphere of Sunday labour?

I would say, rise on Sunday morning with the prayerful purpose in your mind: "I have higher, happier work to-day than on any day of the week—work for the King, work for my brother who needs my help!" Ask for a richer dower of "the same mind that was in Christ Jesus": and then let the one aim of the Day be to make the world—*your* world—happier than it would or could be without you.

"When one who holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
Descends and dwells amongst us meaner things,
It is as if an angel shook his wings."

Be as an angel of comfort to some poor shadowed one: seek out the sorrowing and the sad—in whatever home they dwell—and visit the hospital, the workhouse, the prison. Go to the widowed and smitten ones. Your words of heavenly peace and tenderest love—an echo of the Divine love—may cause the flowers of patience, and hope, and even joy—"joy in tribulation"—to unfold in God's garden of discipline, in which He is training plants for the Paradise above, where—

"Everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

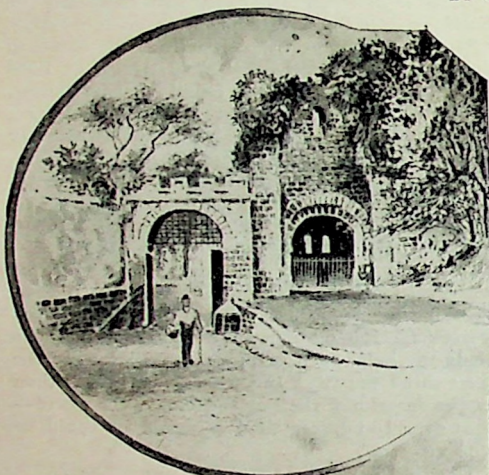
Be as an angel of brightness to the little ones, of whom the Saviour said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Help in the Sunday School. Think of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools, and tread in his steps. He might have done *nothing* on "the Lord's Day." But God seemed to say to him, "Try," and he lived to

testify in old age, "I did try, and see what God hath wrought." What would he say if he could now witness the results of what he called "botanising" amongst the neglected children, in the millions who are taught and welcomed every Sunday by hundreds of thousands of loving teachers? Gather the children round you. Be sure you interest them, as Jesus did. You need not do much to succeed in this. Get love in your heart, and there will soon be smiles on their faces—smiles which the angels in Heaven must delight to see.

And then make home, your own home especially, the centre of Sunday joy. Be an angel of love there! Welcome the King to-day. Draw all hearts nearer to Him as their common centre. Cultivate "bright thoughts of God," as the God of your Home, as well as the Giver of His Day. And the flowers of Heaven—"love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance"—shall spring up as "plants of the Lord's planting," and Sunday shall be "one of the Days of God upon earth"—the earnest of the eternal Rest Day above!

The First Bishop of the New Century.

BY SIGMA.



ROUGEMONT CASTLE RUINS, EXETER.



HE names of Bickersteth and Ryle will long live in the remembrance of Churchmen as "household words." The Rev. Edward Bickersteth, of Watton, the father of Bishop Bickersteth who has just resigned the bishopric of Exeter, was known and loved all over England fifty or sixty years ago. He did much to rouse throughout the country the missionary zeal which has made the C.M.S. the brightest and most hopeful feature of our Church. "Why," we remember his exclaiming once at a missionary meeting, "a mere tax on a single luxury—tobacco and snuff—far exceeds the entire sum given by Christians in England for the God-commanded work of missions." "Bickersteth's Hymnal" and "Bickersteth's Companion to the Lord's Supper" were springs of religious life in those days, just as "Bickersteth's Hymnal Companion" is now our Poet-Bishop's richest contribution to the devotional hymnody of thousands of our Churches.

It is needless to say the missionary interest of Bishop Bickersteth has been exceptional. Again and

again his earnest, inspiring pleading has called forth the largest offerings ever made to the Church Missionary Society. The Bishop's own hymns are some of them worth more than millions to our Church and to the world. Who will estimate the worth of the influence exercised by those two exquisite hymns—"Peace, perfect peace," and "Till He come"!

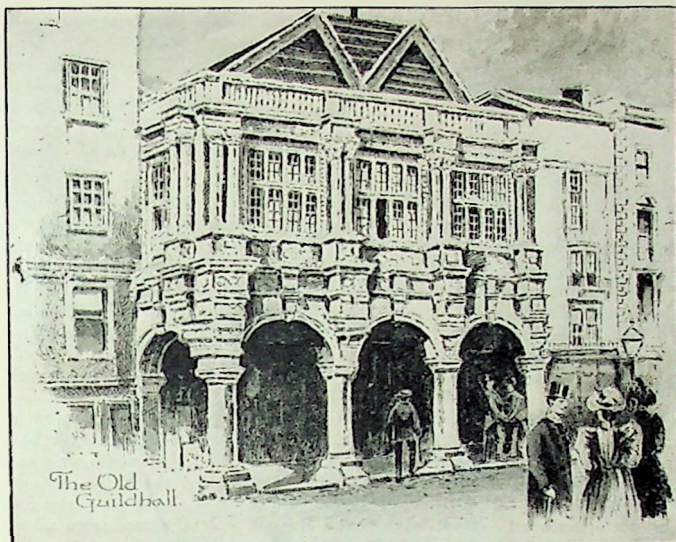
Bishop Bickersteth long since gained the love of the diocese which he has now vacated at the age of seventy-five; and we hope relief from episcopal work may give him fresh strength to enrich the Church still more by the efforts of his gifted pen.

The successor of Bishop Bickersteth—Dr. Ryle—is a son of "the Prince of Tract Writers," who perhaps utilized the Printing Press for the highest purposes more than any Bishop before him. Professor Ryle was born in 1856, and was educated at Eton, and King's College, Cambridge. He took many prizes, and became a Fellow of King's. He was afterwards Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter, for five years. Returning to Cambridge in 1888 he was appointed Hulsean Professor of Divinity, and in 1896 President of Queen's College. He is one of our most distinguished scholars, and has always been held in the highest esteem by the undergraduates at Cambridge.

In an address given at the Islington Clerical Meeting last year the new Bishop gave a full and eloquent vindication of the position of our Church, as secured at the Reformation—"fraught," as Bishop Lightfoot said, "with incomparably great blessings, religious, social, intellectual, political, to England and to the world." Two or three sentences from this address may indicate how thoroughly Dr. Ryle echoes the outspoken testimony of the late Bishop of Liverpool:—

"The strength of the Protestant is his personal faith in Christ as the only Sacrifice for sin, as the one Mediator, as the one Saviour, as the one High Priest. And any teaching which interposes any other mediator—by priest, or Church, by rite or sacrament—is, according to the Protestant interpretation of Holy Scripture, a departure from the truth and simplicity of the Gospel."

"The power and the spirit of Protestantism have been absorbed into the life of the country: I had al-



Jesus,' was the cry of inquiring Europe, and the answer came in the gift of the open Bible, rendered into the language of each country, that all might see Him for themselves."

"The principle of our Church remains unshaken. The Books which are able to make men wise unto salvation—these declare the Revelation of God in the love of our adored Saviour. They have brought down to us the work of Christ and of His Apostles. They are to us the Word of God.

"It is often made a reproach that we are Bible Christians and our theology a Biblical theology. Long may a reproach, which should be its glory, be levelled against our Church. Nay, when the Bible in the vernacular ceases to hold its paramount position in our Church, then, and not till then, will her candlestick be taken from her."

most said been burned into the conscience of the English race."

"As to the position assigned to Holy Scripture, as the one absolute standard of Christian doctrine and conduct, I might quote the words of Archbishop Benson: 'At the heart of the Reformation lay the one conviction that the Word of God was the shrine of Christianity' ('Christ and His Times,' p. 190); or I might quote Froude's striking paragraph: 'The Bible, as the old saying went, was the religion of Protestants. Luther's translation became the text of it for the German nation. Twenty years later came the English version, equally admirable, to spread over the globe, and mould the character of the Anglo-Saxon mind.'"

"We would see



Religion in the Home.

A TALK WITH OUR MOTHERS.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES."

"THE loveliest thing to be found in a woman," says Milton, "is the care, the study, of household good." Now, this study is never complete until we bring religion into our daily life and bid it be the ruling principle therein. "It is the Divine presence and favour that makes every place happy and comfortable," wrote John Howard.

I wish we all realized that it is "possible to turn a young heart against God by the ideas of Him sometimes imbibed in the nursery." In fact, it requires most careful thought, infinite patience, and great tact, to make religion the visible centre of home life.

We know how some households seem to have "Holiness to the Lord" engraved on the daily bells which ring in the home. How can you and I likewise have the common pots and kettles and spoons and basins overlaid with this fine gold of unostentatious religion?

I will tell you. First of all, the housemother must look to herself. Our influence depends, primarily, more on what we *are* than upon what we say or do. A beautiful Jewish legend exactly illustrates this. It is said that wherever Jesus of Nazareth went, there went with Him a luminous atmosphere, which those around Him shared. It was not what He said only, though all wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth. It was not what He did, though His miracles made even His enemies say, "Surely this is the Son of God." It was something behind and above the deeds and the words. It was something from which they all came. It was His Personality which impressed them.

It is this personality which will create a luminous atmosphere round every earnest, striving, true mother and mistress. It is necessary that our children should see that religion with us is no Sunday garment, put on and off at will, but the work-a-day attire of all the year round. Young eyes are so quick to mark a difference between profession and practice. Yet they are just as quick to know that mother's purpose may be right, though her practice sometimes falls short of it. It is useless to tell our families that trust in God's over-ruling Providence sweetens the cares and sorrows of life, if we let every little difficulty worry and fret us. It is equally futile to insist on daily prayer from them unless we, too, have our special times for communion with God. It is far easier to tell the children to "say their prayers" than it is to get up five minutes earlier in order to lay the day's work before our Heavenly Father.

"At Thy feet, O Lord, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day"

ought to be the keynote of each morning's duties.

"Doubt of what it holds in store
Bids us trust Thee more and more;
Only, as its hours begin,
Help us keep them pure from sin."

Nothing is more easily given up than the habit of quiet intercourse with God. The busy, bustling, over-driven woman is so apt to put off those essential moments of self-communion! Let me advise the readers of this paper to have a certain time set apart for private devotions, and let nothing interfere with it. I fancy we are far more likely to see golden lettering on the page of prayer, than to find an angel writing in that metal across our fulfilled household duties! If anything *must* slide in the daily calendar, do not let private prayer be that thing.

Reverence is the second point we must practise and insist upon. If possible, let family prayer be a little service. Do not let breakfast come first and prayers afterwards. Do not rest the Bible amongst a litter of breadcrumbs. Use the best parlour to meet with God. Have a special stand from which His Word may be read to His little ones. See that the very volume itself is treated with care as something different from other books. Tell the story of young Edward the Sixth, who would not use the ponderous tome as a footstool, but who dusted and minded the precious book as his best earthly treasure.



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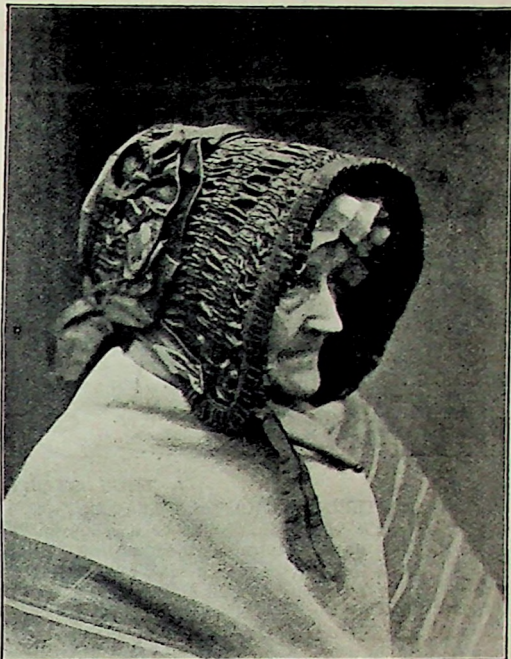
[F. MOLLEV.]

FINISHING HER WORK ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

Never let the leaves of an old Bible be used to wrap up butter or sandwiches or wisps of tea. Occasionally, God's Word has been known to arouse thought even when so used. But it is far better to let it work in any other way. When the brown, leather-backed Bibles which our children carry to school with their other lesson books are too ragged for further use, let the child see you carefully burn the leaves as something holy still. There is much to be said for the Mahomedan method of reverential treatment of his Koran. We would do well never to trample any portion of God's Word under foot.

Regular attendance at the House of God is another necessity, if we wish religion to take its proper place in the home. "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." We should see that household duties are made to interfere as little as possible with our attendance at church. Dinner may be prepared for on Saturday night, instead of the house-mistress finding it necessary to stay at home on Sunday morning to cook it. I quite sympathise with the thought that the goodman must have a treat on Sunday! But a pie can be made beforehand, and then it only needs heating up. Vegetables are often *better* for being cooked a day before and just warmed up again. In big hotels and restaurants "potatoes sautees" are considered the tit-bits of a dinner. And every Saturday vegetable can be tossed in butter and browned in a few minutes. Soup is good when re-warmed, milk puddings none the worse. Anyway, anything is better than letting our households see that we make dinner our first object, and worship our second! Do not let the mother's chair be always vacant at family prayers in order that the young fry may have hot bacon! Or rather, let them have bacon crisped in the oven, rather than miss mother from the little service in the best parlour! Do not let them walk alone to Sunday duties, in order that their appetites may be tickled by some dainty we have stayed at home to prepare. A mother is of as much account in the sight of God as her children are. We are so apt to forget this!

The outward observances I have touched on are but indications of the more hidden work that is going on in our sweet homes. But here I must pause and utter some words of warning. It is the tendency of the present day to look for fruit before the time of figs! We expect our children to make profession before they have felt. Now, though precocity of every kind is much to be discouraged, I think precocity in religion is much to be dreaded. "Moral precocity has detrimental results" very often. It is fatal to growth to rake up the seeds of early promise by probing too closely the heart of a little child. Real seed grows silently and unseen. In darkness the tiny germ puts forth rootlets and branches. If we dig it up we kill the vital principle. Take it for granted that there is Divine life in your children. Faith we know is there. It is as



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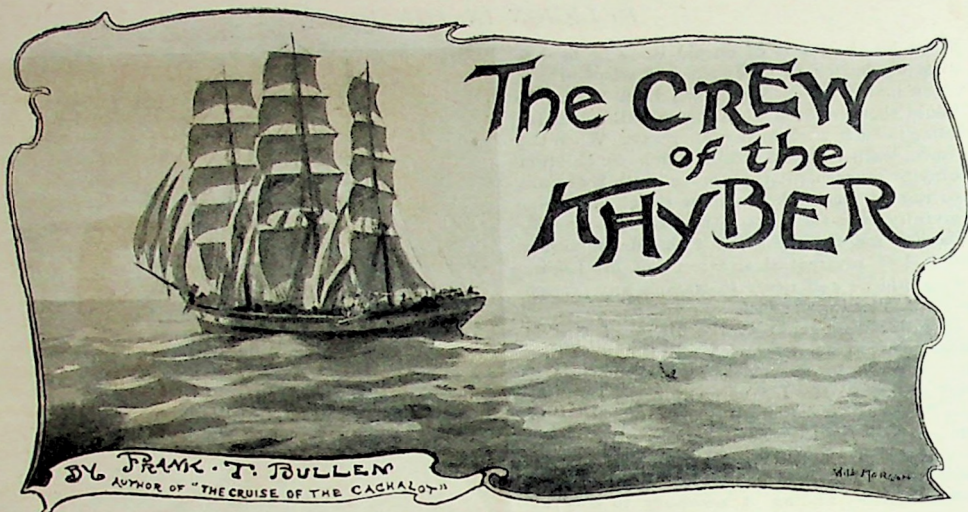
[F. MOLLOY.

READY FOR MORNING SERVICE.

strong an instinct as appetite! Love is there. For "love and faith lie at the root of every child's morality." They are the two essentials of all true religion.

A child is generally very reticent about the things he feels most deeply. A certain mystery enshrouds all profound religious emotion. We must not try to lift the veil roughly or prematurely. Now and then it will lift of itself. Perhaps in the quiet hour, when our sons are first going out into the great world of work, or into the smaller world of school. Or when some deep sorrow or vivid joy makes our daughters lift their faces Godwards as a helianthus lifts its face, openly and unashamed, to the sun. It is far better that our children "should receive a few vital ideas, than a great deal of indefinite teaching." For vital ideas will live. Sentiment dies easily. Teach the children the words and facts of the Bible. Write them upon the tables of their hearts. Then you will have given them a goodly heritage. Let them observe the formularies of the Church in which they were born. They will be greatly safeguarded by the habits thus contracted. Habit is more than second nature. It is equal to ten natures!

What more can I say? Much, much more! But I have laid wide principles before you, and must leave each reader to work out details for themselves. God's service is perfect freedom. And His service demands a thinking interpretation of His laws.



A TRUE STORY OF THE SEA.

WILLIE NORMAN of Whitechapel was a young sailor-man of a somewhat unusual type. He had succeeded by God's grace, as he said, in not only educating himself sufficiently to obtain a second mate's certificate, but through all the moral darkness of a ship's fo'c'sle he had still retained the reputation of being a consistent follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Not that he was ever persecuted for righteousness' sake—there is very little of that kind of thing on board ship, even with the most rowdy crew—but in the absence of Christian fellowship and the presence of practical paganism, the temptation to relax the vigilant watch, to neglect the continued communion with the only Source of all strength, is as great as it is subtle.

Perhaps the very fact that he was not actively persecuted made the temptation to slack off harder to resist. The one thing that he found hard to bear was the unfairness with which he was treated by his various officers. They were not long in finding out that the quiet, willing seaman was never likely to growl, no matter what job they gave him to do, while the ordinary foremast hand sent about work that he dislikes or considers uncalled for is very apt to cut up rough, and make himself generally a nuisance.

Therefore, Willie, in spite of the fact that he was always one of the smartest seamen in the ship, invariably found himself before long selected for all the worst bits of work, for the simple reason that in so doing the officers were following the line of least resistance. And as he had a passionate love for justice, the injustice of this treatment galled him and made it no easy matter for him to hold his peace.

So that when he "passed" for second mate he gave a great sigh of relief, foreseeing deliverance, first from the tainted atmosphere of the fo'c'sle, where the

Names he most had in reverence were rarely used, except in blasphemy or to give weight to some oath, and next from the arbitrary injustice which seemed to be inevitable.

Unable to get a berth as second mate in London, where, in spite of its being his native place, he was utterly friendless and unknown, he again shipped as an A.B., with his second mate's certificate in his pocket, and sailed for the Colonies. There, without the slightest difficulty, save the forfeiting of four months' wages, he obtained a berth as second mate. And to his intense delight, his new skipper was a sincere Christian.

The mate too, his next superior, was, although old and soured by disappointment, also a Christian man, and not given to imposing upon his juniors because they were young. So for a few months Willie was indeed happy. His sunny nature expanded under these genial influences like a flower under the combined forces of sunshine and shower in spring.

But these pleasant days were short. The ship was sold, and Willie must needs go seeking again. By the kindly recommendation of his late skipper, he became second mate of a magnificent clipper ship carrying passengers home, and his heart swelled with pride when he took his first watch in charge of the most splendid ship he had ever seen.

His brief experience as an officer had given him that confidence that comes only by practice, and he felt none of the trepidation common to the young officer on his first trial, knowing that upon his success or failure then depends the whole of his future career.

In due time the ship reached London, and Willie, with the satisfying knowledge that his work was well done, that he had never given occasion for fault-finding, had every right to expect that he would again occupy his present position on the next voyage.

Poor fellow, he did not remember that he had no one at the owners' offices to espouse his cause, to

put in one single word for him to the autocratic ship's-husband. He was rudely awakened from his pleasant expectations. Coming on board when the vessel commenced to load, for the purpose of enquiring when his services would be required, he found his successor already appointed. His place had been filled by a youngster whose people had influence with the ship's husband or overlooker, and he was unemployed.

More weary days of ship-visiting ensued. Climbing with a sick heart over one ship's rail after another until, his pockets empty, he was fain to admit himself beaten, and take his place once more among the foremast hands waiting in sad array for engagement at the shipping office.

And it made his heart sick to find that his quiet life in the comparative solitude of an officer's berth had utterly unfitted him for roughing it among the fo'c'sle hands.

Moreover, in the first flush of his new-found life, he had been courteously invited to visit the homes of Christian folk who were interested in the welfare of seamen. As long as his vessel remained in the port he never missed an opportunity of accepting these invitations. For he had no idea of wearing out his welcome. His simple mind, full of the bright joy that these people had led him into, could not entertain the feeling that perhaps he might only be invited for form's sake, as a better brought-up youngster might have done.

So he went, and was truly happy. Afterwards, when his ship had sailed and he was shut up to the companionship of unsympathetic shipmates in the gloomy den which was their common home, he felt a great hunger for the clean society, bright homes and happy faces he had grown to love so well. But the need was made up to him mysteriously by the presence of his new-found Friend, until, like the little spider in its air-lined nest under water, he moved serenely in an atmosphere of his own which was impenetrable by the miasma all around.

That, however, was years before. Since then he

had several times found himself getting lukewarm and perfunctory in his secret conversations with his only Friend. His human heart, aching for human company, had gone back to the fo'c'sle recreations, and, little by little, he had found himself growing more tolerant of the language, more inclined to laugh at a funny story even if it were couched in terms that ought to have made him burn with shame.

And then, after perhaps weeks of this dallying with danger and neglect of the necessary safeguards, he would awake, startled to find how far he had drifted. In the loneliness of his look-out, or hidden away in some dark corner unobserved, he would again offer

himself for restoration, beg forgiveness, claim peace, while from his softened heart would well up a flood of scalding tears.

As an officer these changes had been less frequent. The privacy of his own room had been very precious to him for study and prayer, a little retreat wherein he was free to cultivate the society of the Master Himself. In fact, he used to tell the Lord that now he was quite happy. There is no doubt that he was; but whether his happiness was fruitful or barren was a question he did not ask himself. Evidently in the sight of the All-Wise One it was not good for him thus to be hugging his solitary joy in the old hermit fashion, when all around him there were those

dear to God who were perishing for lack of light, for want of the example that he might give.

Perhaps that was the reason why Willie was at last driven, with a heart full of dumb grief and shadowy resentment, into the waiting-room at Green's Home Shipping Office.

Here he saw chance after chance of shipping slip by because he could not bring himself to plunge into the fierce struggle made by the wild-eyed men around him whenever the door opened and the official called out for hands. At last he found that this he must do or starve.

I hope I shall not cause my hero to be misunderstood. Though shy and retiring to a degree, he was no weakling: although his heart was soft and his



"His heart swelled with pride when he took his first watch."—Page 33.

manner gentle, his hands were hard and his mind well stored. But he had a positive hatred of thrusting another aside that he might go forward, a perfect loathing of the selfishness manifested in doing so; and I have seen him many times, after waiting long while the crowd swarmed and pushed to get aboard a tramcar at Blackfriars, turn away and walk. Yet his size and strength would at once have secured him a place in that struggle had he chosen to exert it.

He had made up his mind to make his way to the front anyhow the next time a crew was called for, but, strangely enough, he was spared the necessity. It was nearly closing time, four o'clock in the afternoon, and one by one the weary outward-bounders had drifted away until there were only about twenty in the great room. Willie was leaning against the barrier, just exercising that power of patient endurance to which the sailor is so well trained, when the door swung open and the raucous voice of the official tore the heavy air with, "Eight A.B.'s wanted for the *Khyber* to Calcutta." Willie sprang towards him, snatching his discharge from his breast pocket as he did so.

An elderly, nervous-looking man, the master (or captain as he is usually called, although a merchant commander has no right to the title), had taken his place by the official's side, and towards him Willie held his certificate appealingly. He reached forward and took it, first of all the fluttering pieces of paper that were being thrust at him.

For the room was fast filling now, and the crush was becoming heavy. As Willie looked for his answer, a feeble voice whispered in his ear, "For pity's sake shove in mine; I'm starving!" And Willie, without looking round, took the paper that was thrust into his hand, and passed it on. Like his own, it was also taken and kept.

The affair only took about two minutes. The disappointed ones melted away, and those chosen passed in tremblingly to where the ship's articles lay ready, and they signed an agreement to sail in the "said ship *Khyber* to any part of the globe between 60° N. and 60° S., and back to a final port of discharge in the United Kingdom, voyage not to exceed three years."

That part of it interested them little. It was the advance note for which they were all hungering—the slip of paper which promised to pay to the holder thereof, three days after the ship left Gravesend, one month's wages of the seaman named upon it, "providing the said seaman sails in the said ship." For although most of them would have to pay a very heavy discount to some grasping shark who lived by swindling sailors in order to get it converted into money, there would be enough left for present needs. And none thought of the long month's work it represented—work that had yet to be done.

Willie was turning away with a blessed sense of relief at his heart when he was held by some trembling hand.

Looking round he saw an old seaman, whose weather-worn face was pinched, and whose scanty clothes hung loosely upon him.

"Shipmet," said the old fellow, "God bless ye for handin' in my ticket; the skipper 'd never a-took it ef he'd a-seen me. An' I ain't had a bite for the las' two days. If there's anythin' I c'n do fur ye w'en we gets outside, I'm a-goin' ter do it, see. So long fur th' present. I'm a-goin' t' try an' git my note cashed."

And with a kindly word or two from Willie the poor old man tottered away, happy in the knowledge that he would be secure from want for perhaps twelve months, and never giving a thought to the fact that upon his already overburdened shipmates would of necessity fall the share of work which he was physically unfit to perform.

In due time Willie went down and joined his ship.

A feeling of intense disgust came over him as he stepped on board, for she was the very opposite of the beautiful creation he had recently left. She was only two voyages old, but already she looked worn out—a gaunt, ungainly tank, built, as Jack says, like a workhouse chimney, that is, with such close attention to economy that her bareness and poverty-stricken appearance was painfully evident.

She was just taking in the last few baskets of salt, of which her entire cargo consisted. In another two hours she would be ready for sea, but not one of her foremost hands, save Willie, had yet put in an appearance. So Willie went into the dark, close-



"And take his place once more among the foremast hands, waiting in sad array." — Page 39.



"Took the paper that was thrust into his hand, and passed it on."—Page 40.

smelling fore-castle and selected a bunk, made his bed, and changed his clothes for a working rig, his heart eagerly uplifted for courage and patience to endure his return to the fo'c'sle.

One by one the crew arrived, all more or less drunk, except the ancient mariner who had looked

upon Willie as his friend in need. None, however, were incapable of doing a little, so that upon the ship's moving away from the dock-side they were mustered, Willie, of course, being pounced upon at once to help haul in the great wire ropes and hawsers which had confined the vessel to the quay.

(To be continued.)

Beyond the City.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROOKER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "A MODERN PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM."



Our Camping
Pilgrimage
through Galilee.

arrangements made. "What did Domian say about luggage?" asked the Friend.

"He said mules preferred a small carpet bag to anything else," I replied.

"I should like to take all my luggage," said the Stranger. "It is only two portmanteaux, a bundle of rugs, and a hand-bag."

"I don't want any luggage," remarked the Boy.

"My friends," I said, "I knew of an old clergyman—eccentric, I grant, but learned—who set out on a tour through the Continent with a brown paper parcel

and a strong bag. He carried these two pieces of luggage in his pockets. He was wise. I do not want you, I do not expect you, to be so wise as he was; but *one* portmanteau, a rug, and a small handbag ought to be enough luggage for any tour. If you take more you will have regrets."

"What will the mules do if we take more?" asked the Boy.

"Wait till you see the camp loaded up, my son, and you won't ask again. But there's the dinner bell!"

Hotels in Jerusalem are multiplying. In March and April they are full, for visitors are many. In February visitors are few, and you may have your pick of hotels and rooms. I think there were seven visitors in Howard's Hotel that evening, and it can accommodate over 200. We were in good spirits, however, and the doctor who was dining with us kept the party in continuous laughter. A medical missionary is a noble fellow, and medical missions are doing Christ's own work in Jerusalem, and elsewhere. There are difficulties to overcome, and great ones. The dense ignorance of the people is extraordinary, but for a man with humour there are experiences which relieve the monotony of "the daily round."

"I have just come from the hospital," said the doctor. "I love my patients, but they are a funny lot. A man came to me a few days ago with bad pains. I gave him a box with four pills in it, and I gave him directions. He came back in two days. 'Thanks be

I.
GENTLEMEN," said Domian, the dragoman, as he put his head in at the reading-room of Howard's Hotel, Jerusalem, "I hope your luggage will be ready by eight o'clock to-morrow morning. The horses are ordered for eight, and we have a long ride. And, gentlemen," here Domian's voice took a pleading tone, "the mules do not like very much luggage."

The door closed, and Domian vanished. It was Thursday evening, February 9th, in the year of grace 1898. For a week we had been in the Holy City, seeing its sights, telling its towers, and walking round about its walls. I had done this six years previously, and I have already told the tale. But it is a half-told tale. Six years ago I had intended going north to Galilee. Alas! the rains stopped me. I returned to England in sorrow of heart. To travel in Palestine and not see the lake of Galilee is like going to Chatsworth House and missing its garden. I have told of the house, but not of the garden. Through God's favour I had the opportunity of another visit to Jerusalem, with every prospect of seeing the lake I thought was lost, so I take up my pen to complete my tale. There were four of us—the Friend, the Boy, myself, and the Stranger, whom we met at our hotel and who asked to join our camp. The firm of Jamal, Farah & Domian were to cater for us, and Domian, the third partner, was to be our dragoman. Let me here say we were perfectly satisfied with the

to God!' he said, 'you have made me well, but the secret was hard to swallow.' He rubbed his throat expressively. 'I tried once, and twice, but no good. So I rubbed here, and I pushed, and I got it down at last.' I found he had swallowed the box and the four pills all at once.

"A woman came with a headache, and asked for a blister. They don't think anything of you if you only give medicine. You must give them something which produces discomfort or pain; otherwise they say, 'Ah! he is a kind man, but he is not a clever doctor. He never hurts.' Well, I gave this woman two mustard leaves. She came to see me next day and said, 'Praise be to God! I am well. But at first I had no ease. I put your papers on one side of my head, and the pain went to the other side. Then I put them that side, and the pain went to the middle. So I put one of them here' (tapping the end of her nose), 'and it pulled the pain out of my head altogether, and I am well.' It was the first time," added the doctor, "that I had heard of a mustard plaster on the end of the nose."

The funniest story, however, was about the suspicion of the Turks at the telegraph office. A telegram from Keswick, during the Conference there, was sent to a clergyman in Jerusalem, giving the heads of some addresses. The time was during the Turco-Grecian war, I think. The clergyman waited for his telegram, but it did not arrive. He inquired at the telegraph office, and learned there was a telegram for him, but the officials would not deliver it. They were full of mystery.

He, at last, got a friend to see the officials, and they frankly told this gentleman that the telegram was being kept back till the troops were really sent off.

"What troops?" said the friend.

"English troops mentioned in the telegram," says the official.

"Show the telegram to me," says the puzzled friend.

"Here you are," says the Turk, handing the wire.

It read somewhat like this, only I don't vouch for the accuracy of the quotations:—

To Rev. —, etc.

Isaiah 53, Ezekiel 14, Galatians 6. Keswick.

"What does it mean?" queried the Englishman.

"Ah!" smiles the Turk, "we know. Those names are the names of your generals, and those are the number of regiments under their command. You are sending them to help the Greeks; but we will see!"

After a long, long while the clergyman got his tele-



"For a week we had been in the Holy City, seeing its sights, telling its towers, and walking round about its walls."—Page 42.

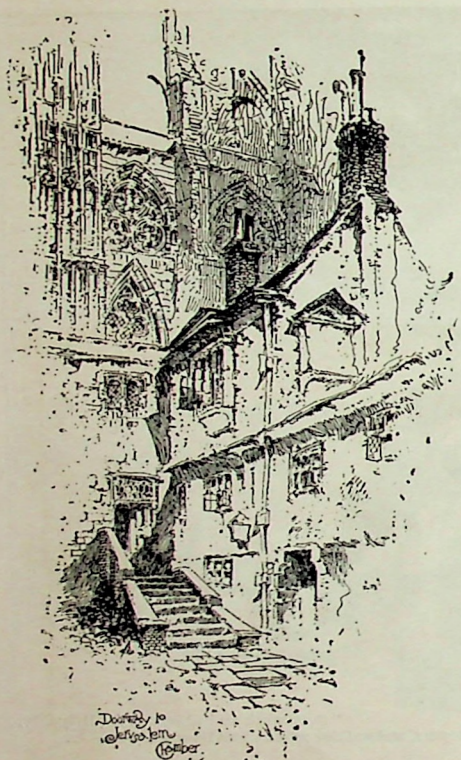
gram, and the Turks agreed to look on Isaiah and the others as—well, harmless people, wherever they might be.

We talked of the more serious side of medical work and its hopefulness. From personal visits to the hospital of the Jews' Society outside the walls, and from watching at the dispensary inside the city, I can truly say a great work is being done. Dr. Wheeler and his staff are worthy followers of the Great Healer. They deserve all the support that they can get. God bless them!

However, all talks come to an end, and at last the doctor went home, and we went to bed.

YEARS OF THE BIBLE. I. The Revised Version of the Nineteenth Century.

BY THE REV. J. PATERSON SMYTH, B.D., LL.D., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, KINGSTON.



"THE Old Testament is sitting, sir!"

It called up rather absurdly reminiscences of the poultry-yard, this statement with which a pompous official barred the entrance to the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey to some visitors of our acquaintance during the days devoted to the revision of the Bible.

Let us, in fancy, put aside the burly janitor from the doorway, and view for a brief moment the "Old Testament sitting."

An ancient chamber, a long table running down the centre, a band of men busily intent on the written and printed sheets spread out before them. For a hundred years past patient scholars have been

toiling in many lands over the masses of ancient Biblical lore, and the results of their toil appear on the revisers' table.

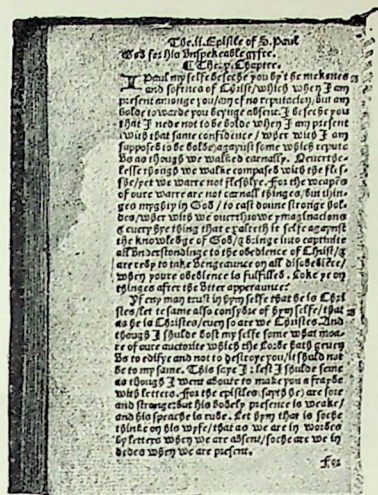
But why, it may be asked, should we have needed a new revision? Let us glance back at the history of the Bible in our own land for an answer. From Tyndale's days onwards it is a record of growth and improvement by means of repeated revisions. Tyndale's first New Testament (1525) was revised by himself in 1534, and again in 1535. In Matthew's Bible it appeared still more improved in 1537. The Great Bible (1539) was the result of a further revision, which was repeated again in the Geneva (1560), the Bishops' (1568), and still more thoroughly in our splendid Authorized Version (1611), which latter is itself one of the best proofs of the value of Bible revision.

The scholars of the nineteenth century had access to a treasury of ancient manuscripts, versions, and quotations such as the students of King James's day never dreamed of. Further, the revisers were better acquainted with the Sacred Languages, and able to distinguish delicate shades of meaning which were quite lost on their predecessors. Lastly, owing to the natural growth of the English language itself, many words in the Authorized Version had become obsolete, and several had completely changed their meaning during the past 300 years.

Thus upon our Biblical scholars was laid the duty which Tyndale, in his first preface, imposed on those of his own day "that if they perceive in any place that the version has not attained unto the very sense of the tongue or the very meaning of Scripture, or have not given the right English word, that they should put to their hands and amend it, remembering that so is their duty to do."

About the beginning of the nineteenth century the appearance of several partial revisions by private individuals indicated the feeling in the minds of scholars that the time for a new Bible Revision was at hand; and it created little surprise when, on the 10th of February, 1870, Bishop Wilberforce proposed that a committee should report on the desirableness of a revision of the Authorized Version. We know the result.

In June, 1870, the revisers met. At the centre of the long table in the Jerusalem Chamber sat the chairman, Bishop Ellicott, and around him the flower of our English scholarship. There were Alford and Stanley and Lightfoot, intently studying the sheets before them on the table. Westcott was



TYNDALE BIBLE, 1534.

there, and Hart and the venerable Archbishop Trench, with many others no less distinguished than they. And across the Atlantic a similarly constituted company worked at the same time, so that nearly a hundred of the ripest scholars of England and America were concerned with the New Revision.

And so the work went on, month after month, and more than ten years had passed when, on the evening of November 11th, 1880, the New Testament company assembled in the church of St. Martin-in-Fields for a special service of prayer and thanksgiving—"of thanksgiving for the happy completion of their labours, of prayer that all that had been wrong in their spirit and action might mercifully be forgiven, and that He Whose glory they had humbly striven to promote might graciously accept this their service and use it for the good of man and the honour of His Holy Name."

Four years afterwards, on May 5th, 1885, the complete Revised Bible was in the hands of the public.

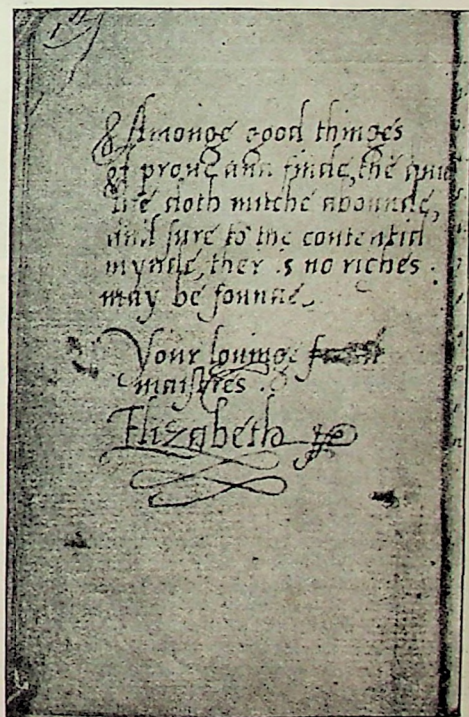
And now a few words about this Revised Bible. It is rather soon yet to pronounce very confidently on its merits or demerits, or to give any judgment as to its ultimate reception. For many years after its first appearance our present grand Old Version had to encounter fierce opposition and severe criticism. Broughton, the greatest Hebrew scholar of the day, wrote to King James that he "would rather be torn asunder by wild horses than allow such a version to be imposed on the Church," and yet in the end it won its way and attained a position that no version before or since in any country has attained.

Whether the New Version will equally succeed, or whether, as is the general opinion, it will need a revision before being fully received, remains yet to be

seen. But in any case let us give it a fair, unprejudiced judgment. Dr. Bickersteth tells of a smart young American deacon who thought to crush it on its first appearance by informing his people that "if the Authorized Version was good enough for St. Paul it was good enough for him": and it is to be feared that with many people who are less ignorant there is sometimes a similar spirit exhibited.

Now let us remember that, whatever the merits or demerits of the book, it is at least entitled to respect as an earnest attempt to get nearer to the truth, and to present to English-speaking people the results of two centuries of study by the most eminent Biblical scholars.

It is not without purpose that God has so wonderfully preserved His message; it is not without purpose that He raised up His workers to search out the precious manuscripts from the dusty libraries of convent and cathedral, to collect and compare them together with such toil and care, and then to render into clear, graceful English for us the very message which He sent to earth thousands of years since to comfort and brighten human life. "Other men, indeed, have laboured, and we have entered into their labours."



THE COVERDALE TESTAMENT.



Specially drawn for this Magazine

IN SCHOOL.

[By S. SHELTON.]

The Young Folks' Page.

A STRANGE BIRD OF THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.R.S.



THE natives of Africa call ostriches "the camels of the desert." They are mentioned in the Bible with reference to their voice, their love of water, their rapid flight, and their habit of leaving their eggs in the sand.

"I will make mourning like the ostriches," says Micah, in his lament over Samaria. The cry of the ostrich is described as a dismal one. "During the lonesome part of the night," says a traveller, "they often make a doleful and piteous noise. I have often heard them groan, as if they were in the greatest agonies." In Isaiah it is written, "The beasts of the field shall honour me, the jackals and the ostriches: because I will give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert." Ostriches can go long without water, but they drink freely and often when it can be obtained.

The ostrich is so fleet of foot that it is more than a match for an antelope, and a swift horse is soon left behind. Job's description is extremely graphic:—

"What time she lifteth up herself on high,
She scorneth the horse and his rider."

But for the singular habit of the bird in running in a circle, pursuit would be almost useless.

In two books of the Old Testament attention is drawn to the absence of the usual care for the eggs and the young often manifested by the ostrich family, and especially by the mother bird. "The daughter of my people is become cruel like the ostriches in the wilderness," says Jeremiah. And in Job is this passage:—

"She leaveth her eggs on the earth,
And warmeth them in the dust,
And forgetteth that the foot may crush them,
Or that the wild beast may trample them."

Usually, the eggs are laid by several hens in the same pit, scooped out of the sand; but many are

also laid singly near the nest, and are in consequence exposed to the risk of being trampled upon, or eaten by the jackals or other wild beasts.

"She is hardened against her young ones as if they were not hers,

Because God hath made her to forget wisdom."

The maternal instinct so strong in birds has not been given to these mothers. The father-bird, on the other hand, undertakes the work of sitting on the eggs and guarding them through the night. When the sun is sufficiently hot, the eggs are left during the day with a covering of sand.

JAPANESE KITES AND BALLOONS.

BY THE REV. WALTER WESTON, M.A.

In the spring the little Japanese boys have rare fun. High above the dull mouse-coloured slate roofs of the closely-packed houses rise forests of tall, graceful bamboos, each flying the figure of a paper fish, the carp, whose hollow body filled out with the spring breezes writhes and twists and turns with all the movements of the living thing. The graceful toy, though its size may vary in length from two feet to twenty, floats and swims against the aerial current in a twofold symbolism—it proclaims to the eyes of the world and his wife that in the home below a boy has been born that year; and at the same time it tells of the hopes that are cherished of his future prosperity, for the carp swimming against the stream is the symbol of successful effort in the battle of life.

Until the time comes for him to go to school, a boy's life is one of almost absolute freedom, spent chiefly in the open air, or in playing about the house where, as there is no furniture to break, he is never punished for breaking it. At length, however, the choice of a school has to be made. His parents having been brought up totally different, know little about modern education, and perhaps less as to the most suitable centres for acquiring it. The matter is thus frequently left to the discretion of young Master Hopeful, who goes here or there, changing his school on occasion, almost at will. Sometimes his notions, too, as to what his studies should consist

of are equally curious. In one large school the teacher of English, who happened to be an American, received this request from his class: "If you please, sir, we don't want to learn any more American history, but we shall be glad if you will kindly teach us *how to make balloons!*"

Generally speaking, however, the greatest respect is paid to learning. The Japanese of the rising generation recognise that "knowledge is power" indeed, and no quotation is so frequently made as that, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

HOW WE GOT OUR NUMBERS.

BY THE REV. E. DAVYS.

"I am sending you another explanation of our numbers," writes the Rev. E. Davys. Our readers will remember that last month we gave Mr. James Scott's idea of their origin. We think that suggested by Mr. Davys may help our young folk who have not yet learnt their figures how to master them:—

Figure One is *One Stroke*.

Figure Two is *Two Strokes*, written rapidly, without taking pen from paper.

Figure Three is *Three Strokes*, similarly connected.

Figure Four is made in the same way.

Figure Five is made with three horizontal and two perpendicular strokes.

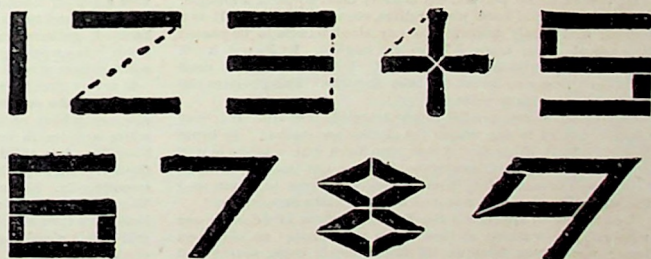
(The Chinese five is 五.)

Figure Six is three horizontal and three perpendicular strokes.

Figure Seven is like the Hebrew "Zain," symbolizing, perhaps, the Sabbath.

Figure Eight is composed of two four-sided figures.

Figure Nine is seven with two added.



Bible Questions (New Series).

BY M.A. CANTAB.

QUESTIONS.

1. How often is Abraham called, in the Old Testament, "The Friend of God"; and by whom?
2. Prove that the Israelites in the wilderness were well acquainted with the Sabbath.
3. The initials of the following name a man whose example we should imitate:—
(a) A brook which was the scene of a miracle.
(b) A city destroyed by fire.
(c) A city where St. Paul worked a miracle.
(d) A man smitten with blindness.
(e) One who befriended a king in adversity.

ANSWERS (See DECEMBER No., 1900, p. 283).

1. Warn. Num. xxiv. 14.
2. St. John xiii. 29.
3. The Galatian.
4. Isa. xlii. 1; xlix. 6; lli. 13; llii. 11; Zech. iii. 8; St. Matt. xii. 13; R.V. of Acts iii. 13, 26; iv. 27, 30.
5. 2 Sam. xii. 9; 1 Kings xxi. 19; Acts iii. 15; 1 Thess. ii. 15.
6. Ps. xviii.
7. "Teach me Thy statutes."—Ps. cxix.
8. St. Luke viii. 41, 42, 49-50.
9. Gen. xxiv. 53.
10. St. Luke viii. 24; Jonah i. 5.



II.

OUR laundry will also need an ironing board, two flat irons—as one must be heating whilst the second is in use. One box iron, standing *edgewise* always, or it will soon rust and spoil. A pair of goffering tongs, and a bright steel polisher, costing 10d. A large folding horse stands against the wall. Above it hang a couple of iron holders, as paper is but a slovenly, sorry makeshift. On the floor, and this ends my list, should always lie two or three small platforms to raise our feet, or our daughter's feet, or the feet of somebody else's daughter, out of the wet. These platforms can be made out of old box lids raised on a couple of slater's laths. Nail on firmly, and much discomfort and suffering from moisture will be averted.

Of course to be perfect, our laundry must boast of a mangle. This, with special hard wood rollers, costs about £2 2s. It is a patent, and easily adjusted to any sized bundle to be passed through it. This mangle is for dry clothes. By its use, much "smoothing" with heaters is avoided. For wet things, we need a rubber wringer to fix on the tubs or baths. This obviates the necessity of a strong wrist.

One thing is not needed in our scientific laundry. It is very much required in one where the clothes are washed "by brute force!" That thing is "A cast iron back with a hinge in it!" I venture to say, if our readers will follow out the simple directions given in succeeding papers, they will cease to groan over the weekly wash. An improved way will make an easy day!

I do not at all approve of the English custom of devoting one whole day to washing clothes. This necessitates an old gown being worn from morning till night, meals being scanty and irregular, the atmosphere redolent of suds and moisture. Far better to spread the washing over several days, and to count it but part of the usual day's routine.

For this reason, preparations for laundry work may be begun on Monday morning. After an early breakfast, gather together all the things used during the past week. Count everything as carefully as if you were going to send them to the Steam Laundry. This is most important. Otherwise sundry small articles are sure to be mislaid. Put everything into a heap by itself. Thus, white things in one place, stockings in another, kitchen rubbers in a third, and so on. Write down each article plainly, and see that each week's things bear distinctive marks. For instance, one set of clean towels, sheets, dusters and handkerchiefs must all have a big red star on them. This must be worked in red in-grain cotton. Last week's soiled clothes must be remarkable for bearing a blue star, thread of that colour having been used in initialing them. By this precaution we can see at a glance if our household linen is being given even wear. It is so tempting

Washing Days and Washing Ways.

BY MRS. LINA ORMAN COOPER.

to use a sheet which does not need a stitch put in it, or a towel which does not stand in need of darning. Then all at once, when we are preparing for a guest, perhaps (for such difficulties always arise at the most unseasonable time!), we find every spare article wanted for the bedroom is in a state of disrepair.

If my system of marking be adopted, we shall never use things out of their turn. At a glance we shall see if Mary Ann has taken a wrong towel, or Alice Kate put away a torn table-napkin! With kitchen rubbers some such plan is unavoidable if we want to keep a supply of clean, sweet glass cloths, etc.

Having sorted the week's wash, our next duty is to look over each article and see what stands in need of repair. Everything is much more easily darned if done in the rough. Say that a table-cloth has had an accidental cut in one place. It is hardly "visible to the naked eye," because the edges are kept together by the starch in it. But send it into the tub, and you will be alarmed to see the jagged, gaping wound produced. The usual method of mending a rent in table linen is not a good one. Most people leave long loops of cotton at the tail of each stitch. This always looks untidy. Instead of that, rinse out the starch first of all. Then, with a fine needle, shake the threads into position. Draw the edges together as close as you can, and darn over and under as neatly and tightly as possible. This will leave only a line of matter to be filled up, and the rent will scarcely show at all. I remember, when I was a young girl, spending hours in darning large holes in a certain table-cloth. These gaping mouths I filled with a mesh of thick double darning cotton. No! I think it was flourishing thread I used. My mother was so proud of the very visible results of my industry (N.B.—I was not given to sewing!) that she produced this miserable specimen of my handiwork on every possible occasion. No doubt she was within her rights; but a more pitiable exhibition of ugly work and misspent time was never seen! If a table-cloth has been allowed to riddle itself with holes (for, indeed, I think linen must have a malicious pleasure in wearing out), far better cut it up into table napkins, or even into face towels. It is lost labour to patch on pieces of thicker diaper with a sewing machine, as I have seen done!

Buttons and tapes must also be added where needed, fringes knotted, gathers repaired. If this be done regularly once a week, it is surprising how little time it takes each Monday. A stitch in time saves many more than nine, if put in *before* the wash.

It is now time to put our things to soak. We have already filled our tubs or zinc baths with clean, cold, soft water. We place each heap of things after their own kind into them. All white articles in one, all very soiled ones in the second, all body linen in a third. The only things we do not soak are the dirtiest of all: viz., kitchen rubbers. We are going to treat them scientifically. No amount of hand labour would keep them clean. These rubbers we are going to manipulate on Monday morning, before we turn attention to anything else. This is because they will take a week's exposure in the open air to give them a scent of cleanliness.

For our rubbers, we take a large pot of water and bring it to the boil. When it is madly bubbling,—not before,—add some shred soap. Boil up again, and measure into the pot one tablespoonful of paraffin to every gallon of water. Have ready, rolled up tightly, but *bone dry*, all your very dirtiest cloths. Put them into the fiercely boiling water, cover down tightly, and leave. After half an hour, lift away the pot into an outhouse or scullery. Then, when a spare moment comes, pour out the mass of black, greasy liquid you will find in the pot. You will be surprised to find what a solvent the paraffin has been. The cloths will be white as possible, though, of course, redolent of oil! Rinse out thoroughly in two or three waters. The rubbers will be as sweet and clean as the most fastidious could wish. Hang them on a hedge, or if you live in the brick-and-mortar fiend's territory, on to a line, and leave out as long as you can. If a high wind is blowing and a strong sun shining, so much the better. The scent then of those rubbers will be as "the scent of a field which the Lord hath blessed."

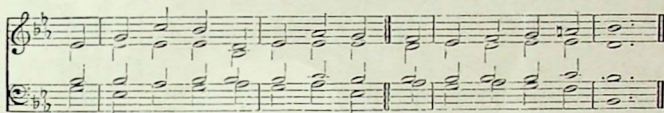
A HYMN FOR

FAMILY WORSHIP.

The Dawn of Lasting Day.

Words by
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Music by
ALBERT H. OSWALD.



p O Lord! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
cr. Are met once more before Thy
throne,
To bless Thy fostering Hand.

mp And wilt Thou bend a list'ning
Ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love
to hear
The song which meekness
pours.

f And, Jesus, Thou Thy smiles
wilt deign,
As we before Thee pray,
For Thou didst bless the
infant train,
And we are less than
they.

p Oh! let Thy grace perform its
part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

cr Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, en-
tirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The Sun of Holiness shall shine
dim In glory on our head.

f And Thou wilt turn our wan-
d'ring feet,
And Thou wilt bless our
way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith
shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

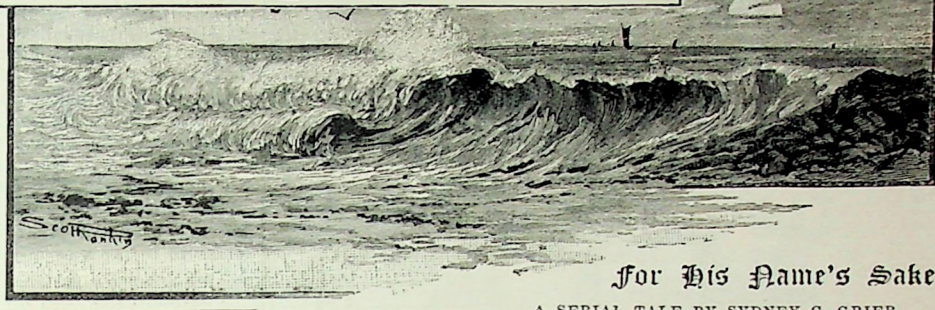


Photographed by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, London.]

THE MOTHER OF KINGS AND OF HER PEOPLE.

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE QUEEN'S PHOTOGRAPHERS.

HOME WORDS



For His Name's Sake.

A SERIAL TALE BY SYDNEY C. GRIER,
AUTHOR OF "IN FARTHEST IND," "THE KINGS OF THE EAST," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

REJECTED.



WITH one voice the tribe assured Dirck Muller that they had no other pool. They were so mad with hunger that they had poisoned their sole source of supply in the hope that a zebra or an antelope would fall a victim and provide them with one good feast before they died.

"That's all very well," said Dirck, "but you've got some water stored up somewhere. Out with it! I know you, and you know me, and there will be no more tobacco and knives for you if you don't get it at once."

Very unwillingly the Bushman chief sent the women back to the kraal, whence they returned carrying a number of ostrich eggs, each with a stopper of grass closing a small hole at the upper end. The hunter seized one of the eggs, tore out the stopper, and poured the water the shell contained down Mr. Hildyard's throat. He did this several times, now and then giving Stephanus a few drops; while the Bushmen stood by, their looks showing the agony they felt on seeing their precious store used so lavishly. But the poison had been conquered, and at last Mr. Hildyard was able to stand, and to walk a few steps at a time with the help of Dirck's arm, although he was destined to feel the effects of his draught for some weeks. Stephanus had also recovered consciousness, and the Bushmen stood waiting eagerly to see their unwelcome guests depart. But this was not to be just yet.

"You must sell us some more water," said Dirck. "We have women in our waggons dying of thirst."

The Bushman chief protested in answer that every drop of water in the kraal had been brought to the strangers.

"Never mind," said Dirck. "Get some more, or we will move our waggons here, and the oxen will drink up all the water there is."

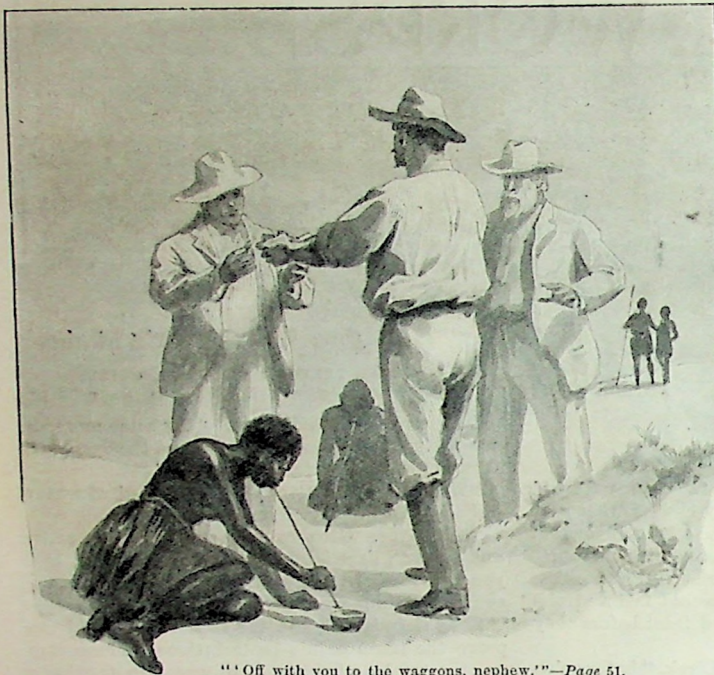
"But there is a river with pools full of water only a day's journey off," urged the chief.

"All right. Give us a man to guide us to it, and he shall be paid, and we won't come here; but you must sell us six shells full of water, or we cannot continue our journey."

The chief yielded, and the visitors were able to prove the truth of his protestations. There was no other pool, and the store of water in the huts was exhausted; but there was a sandy place where a pool had once been. Here the Bushmen women sat down, each woman armed with an ostrich egg and a long reed. Thrusting the reed down into the sand, she sucked up the water through it and spirted it out into the shell, repeating the process until, after a considerable time, the shell was full. Dirck Muller laughed at the dismayed faces of Mr. Hildyard and Stephanus.

"We needn't tell the women how the water was got," he said. "It's enough for us that it'll save their lives. Are those shells full?" He seized those of the two women who seemed most expert in the process, and stuffing the holes with grass, put them into the hands of Stephanus. "Off with you to the waggons, nephew, and give Tant' Anna and Rosje a few drops each, and then a little to drink, not more than a large spoonful. The Tot-ties can have what's left, but we shall be back with more before long."

When the shells were full, and the women were declaring dolefully, but not quite truthfully, that the water was exhausted, and they and their children would go thirsty that night, the chief and some of his men accompanied Mr. Hildyard and Dirck to the waggons, to receive the promised knives and tobacco. Even now the supply of water was so small that the lips of the oxen could only be moistened with it; but their masters were



"Off with you to the waggons, nephew."—Page 51.

able to eat some meat before they inspanned once more, and started, under the guidance of one of the Bushmen, to find the promised river. Asked why he and his people had left the river, and preferred to suffer all the hardships of the desert, the guide gave a somewhat disquieting answer. The tribe had been driven from their hunting-grounds by a commando of the Amabula (Boers), who came from the eastward, killed all the game, and took possession of the pools. At first the Bushmen had resisted their advance, but when two or three of the Amabula had been killed by their poisoned arrows, the rest organized a war of extermination, and fairly hunted down the unhappy little people, the few who escaped being driven out of the country they considered their own. The seriousness of this news was evident to both Mr. Hildyard and Dirk Muller, who knew these men to be the irreconcilables who had quitted the Colony in disgust on the emancipation of the Hottentots. Settling beyond the border, where they could treat the natives as they liked, they had been joined by a number of criminals fled from justice, and other bad characters who had made the older districts too hot to hold them. They had established what they proudly styled a republic of their own, the boundaries of which were elastic, and were continually extended, either

by force or fraud, and they had the strongest possible objection to the appearance of any other white men in their neighbourhood. Dirk had intended to lead his party well to the westward of these unpleasant neighbours, but it was clear that the drought was affecting their country also, and that they were spreading themselves along the river in order to secure a supply of water.

Just now, however, there was nothing to be done but to make straight for the river, if the oxen were not to die of thirst; and the Bushman led the way tirelessly through the sand, guiding himself by landmarks which even Dirk found it difficult to distinguish. There was no attempt at a halt for the night—the state of affairs was too serious for that—and all through the hours of darkness the long whips

cracked, and the waggons went creaking and groaning on, now brought to a stand-still by the necessity of raising a fallen ox, and again sticking fast in a rocky ravine, where it was needful to yoke all the three teams to each waggon in turn before it could be dragged out. When day broke, however, the oxen seemed far less listless than would have been expected. They needed no urging on, and even seemed anxious to go faster. The Bushman laughed.

"They smell water," he said to Dirk, "and they will guide you now. I go no further, for fear of the Amabula."

Only waiting to receive the knife promised him, he turned back at once, and the rest went on, the oxen becoming more and more impatient. Mrs. Hildyard suggested a halt for breakfast, but this was out of the question, for the oxen refused to stop, and chafed against the yoke like spirited horses. At last a thin, greyish-green line in front indicated the presence of bushes, and therefore of water, and they fairly broke into a gallop. The Hottentots raced along beside them, laughing and shouting, and when the river was nearly reached seized the thongs fastened to the collars of the leaders, and held them back by force until they could be released from the yoke. As each pair of oxen were set free, they rushed into the water, and

when the waggons were no longer in danger of being dragged down the steep bank into the pool, their masters followed their example. The Hottentots plunged into the shallow water, clothes and all, and lay down in it, while the white men contented themselves with filling their buckets in the least disturbed spot they could find, and carrying a welcome supply to the waggons. But before either white or black could enjoy the rest and food they longed for, it was necessary to get the oxen out of the pool, lest they should drink themselves

all joined with a livelier gratitude than ever before.

It was while the Dutch psalm was being sung that the Hottentot Kees, who had been posted beyond the fires to keep an eye on the oxen, interrupted the singing by coming and muttering to Dirck that he heard men on horseback approaching. Only Amabula or Griqua half-castes would possess horses, so that no alarm was felt; and the singing went on until the firelight fell on the dark bearded faces of ten or a dozen mounted men,



"Muttering to Dirck that he heard horsemen approaching."—Page 53.

to death; and this was a difficult task, although, once on dry land again, they accepted the change contentedly enough, and set to work to feed upon the grass which grew beside the water. Their masters spent the day in sleep, and were astonished, when they awoke in the evening, to find themselves as fresh and vigorous as if the hardships of the last few days had been nothing but a dream. Even Mr. Hildyard, though he was still giddy from the effects of the poisoned water, was able to rise with the rest, and to hold the evening service as usual—a service in which

who halted in astonishment, their guns hanging at their backs.

"We are glad to meet Christians here," said one of them, when the psalm had come to an end. "Is that a preacher you have with you? Turn out the Totties, and we will come and worship too."

"Our servants have passed through all our dangers with us, and will thank God with us now for His protection," answered Mr. Hildyard in Dutch; "but you are welcome to join us in our worship."

"We don't worship the dear Lord in the company of cattle. Let us know when you have finished."

This was an unpromising beginning, but when the service was over the Amabula showed themselves friendly enough, though they laughed loudly at the notion of preaching to the Bechuanaas. As Dirck had gathered from the Bushman, they were looking for a spot with a permanent water supply, where an offshoot of the "republic" might be planted, since its present boundaries were too small, and they were very anxious that Mr. Hildyard should impress upon the natives the duty of offering them no resistance. On being asked whether they proposed to offer any compensation for the land, the game, and the water-rights they intended to appropriate, they laughed more loudly than ever at the idea, but said they would allow the natives to herd their cattle and plough for them. Asked what wages they meant to offer, they became angry, and said that the natives ought to be thankful to work for them in return for being allowed to live in their country. That they did not find the natives always inclined to take this view might, however, be

gathered from their conversation, for they talked of little but the rumours, which seemed to reach them almost daily, that one chief or another was gathering an army to crush them.

Another subject of uneasiness was the great telescope which was just then being erected in the new observatory at Cape Town. "What right had the British Government to look over the mountains and see what they were doing?" the Amabula asked indignantly. They had trekked all this way to be able to live as they liked, and yet the Government was not only sending missionaries to stir up the natives against them, but putting up this big glass so as to be able to keep an eye on their doings!

By this time the younger men were so much excited that Dirck Muller made a sign to Mr. Hildyard to break up the gathering, which he did by observing that his party was obliged to start early in the morning, and must now rest. To this Petrus Coetzer, the leader, replied by offering to escort the English preacher to his destination, but Mr. Hildyard, again warned by Dirck, declined the proposal civilly.

"We cannot move as fast as you do, especially now that the oxen are tired," he said.

Coetzer's face darkened.

"You do not wish to appear to the Bechuanaas as friends of ours, Englishman," he said rudely. "To my mind, white should stand by white when there are blacks about."

"I hope to be friendly with both white and black," said Mr. Hildyard; "but the last thing I wish is to make the Bechuanaas think that I have armed assistance behind me, either yours or the Government's."

"It is sometimes better to have guns behind you than in front," muttered Coetzer as he turned away.

In the morning he and his companions had all disappeared, unseen by any one but Dirck Muller's boy, who was tracking his master's horse, which had wandered away, and to whom one of them gave a cut with a sjambok, for spying upon them, as he said.

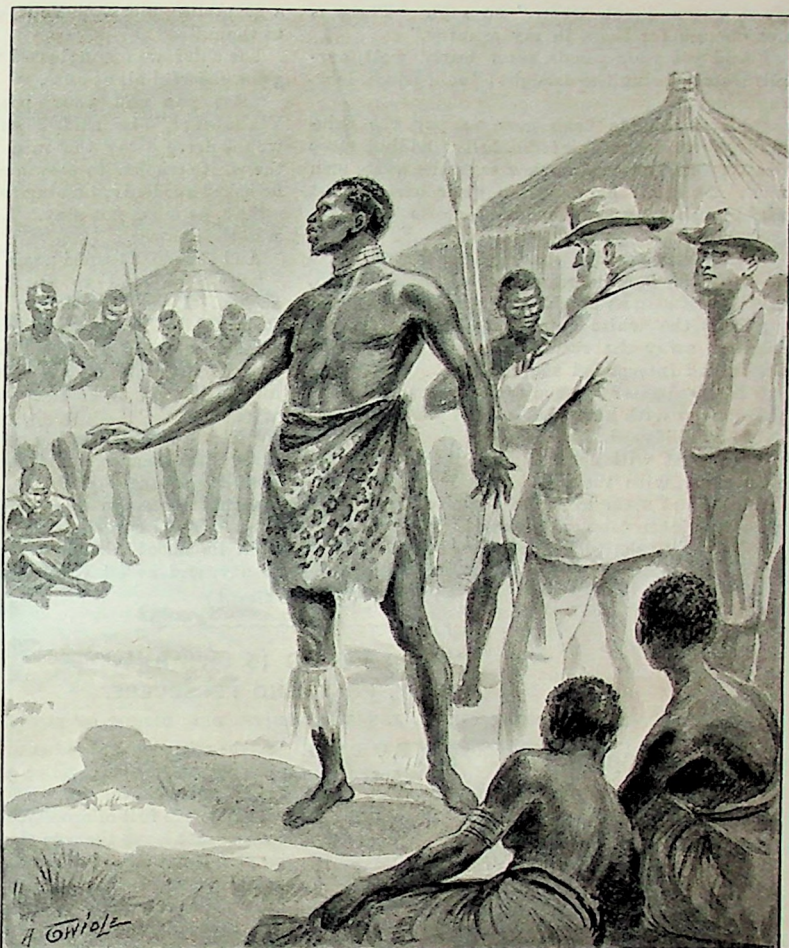


"Coetzer's face darkened—
"White should stand by white
when there are blacks about."
—Page 54.

Somewhat depressed by this encounter, the missionary party went on their way. Dirck knew the country well enough to bring them each evening to water of some sort, although the spaces between the pools were dry and bare. Several native tribes were met and passed, who greeted Dirck with cordiality, but looked askance at his companions; and nowhere was any desire expressed that they should stay and settle. This did not signify, since their destination was already decided, and they journeyed on cheerfully to the Batau country.

From the first village they reached Dirck sent forward messengers to announce their arrival to the chief, and messages of welcome were returned. They arrived at the principal town early one evening, and when the camp had been formed Mr. Hildyard stood long on the brow of the hill above it, looking over the vast assemblage of round reed huts gathered in the enclosures of the various chiefs. Like St. Paul's, his heart was stirred within him on beholding such a field of labour, and he came back to the waggons almost overwhelmed by the greatness of the undertaking before him. Instinctively he chose for the evening reading such passages of Scripture as were most calculated to revive and strengthen his faith, and he was calm and cheerful again in the morning, when he accompanied Dirck Muller to pay his respects to the chief.

The chief received Dirck with great friendli-



"Is the white teacher to stay among us and teach?"—Page 56.

ness and his companion with curiosity, asked if they had been treated with proper respect, and if the food sent for their use was such as they liked, but said nothing about the purpose for which they had come. The tobacco and beads which Mr. Hildyard had brought for him and his principal wife were then presented, and highly approved, and the chief went so far as to say that he wished the stranger would settle at the large river, three days' journey off, and trade with his people.

"But this is not a trader," objected Dirck; "he is the teacher you begged me to bring you, and he has come all this way to live among the Batau."

The chief looked uncomfortable. "White men

want water—much water," he said. "There is not enough for them in my country."

"And yet your people seem fairly well supplied, considering the drought!" said Direk, looking round.

"All my herds have gone to pay the rain-makers," said the chief dolefully; adding more firmly, "and the rainmaker says the white men must not settle here. Even their arrival last night chased away a splendid storm that was gathering."

"But how can our coming have anything to do with the lack of rain?" cried Mr. Hildyard. "We want rain as much as any one."

"It is the white man's moving houses that frighten away the rain," said the chief, when Direk had interpreted the question.

"The waggons? But my friend here shall take them away with him, right out of your country," said Mr. Hildyard.

"No, that will not do; they would take the rain away with them."

It did not seem to strike the chief that there was any inconsistency here.

"Then they shall be burnt!" said Mr. Hildyard resolutely, determined not to let the waggons be

a stumbling-block. "You yourself shall set fire to them."

The chief was nonplussed for a moment, then grew cheerful all at once.

"But you and your people would remain, Whitebeard," he said, "and your pale faces would drive away the rain just the same. Is the white teacher to stay among us and teach?" he asked suddenly, turning to his people.

"No, he must not stay. Let him go at once!" was the answer.

And the chief turned again to the white men.

"See," he said to Direk, "the people have spoken. I would welcome any one brought by Redbeard"—Direk's name among the natives—"but how could I protect him against all the tribes? He must go, but I will sell him cattle for the journey if he has any tobacco and brass wire left."

"That old chief or his rainmaker has been got at by Piet Coetzer," said Direk, as Mr. Hildyard and he returned sadly to the camp. "I saw several things in the chief's enclosure which it struck me came from the republic. And it's all a lie about his having no cattle left; he has plenty, and he let it out himself."

(To be continued.)

"Thy Word is Truth."

I. PITY, PRAY, AND PERSEVERE.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. J. TAYLOR SMITH, D.D., BISHOP OF SIERRA LEONE.



Photo by

ELLIOTT & FRY.

THE BISHOP OF SIERRA LEONE.

PEOPLES sometimes ask me, "Why do you not leave the heathen to their simplicity?" Instead of "simplicity" I think I could put some other word. Remember the history of the poor tortured slaves found on

selves with leopard skins and rush out and drag the unprotected traveller to his death—is that simplicity? No, no, "The habitations of the heathen are full of cruelty," not of simplicity, and we cannot leave them to themselves.

But is not the Evangelisation of the heathen a slow process? Is not the material upon which the missionary has to work very different from that which the preacher of the Gospel finds ready at hand at home? There is no difference. Human nature is the same throughout the world. The colour of the skin may be dark or light, but "God hath made of one blood all nations on the earth."

And we have not to go back so very many centuries to find our own land in almost the very same position as are the heathen lands to-day. Others came to us, and we must not be unworthy of them. Are we discouraged? Outside our great towns, you may see any day in the gasworks vast masses of coal tar. From that tar most of the exquisite colours which we delight to see have their origin. Can man produce such fairness from so unlikely a source? How much more can Almighty God transform the poor downtrodden slave into a new creature in Christ Jesus!

the way to Benin. Recall the hundreds who are put to death every year to propitiate the gods and ensure a fruitful harvest. Can we call that "simplicity?" When the natives clothe them-

The work is thus before us, and the question that presses on each of us is, "How can I help?"

1. You can *Pity*. "When Jesus looked on the multitude He had compassion." The reason that many have so little pity is because they do not look. They are so absorbed in themselves and their own interests that they are almost ignorant of the foreign field.

2. Then you can *Pray*. As you look upon the fields white unto harvest, if you have the spirit of Christ, you must pray. I feel that there is a missing link in the Church to-day—the link between God and man—the link of *Intercession*. With some Christians there is no place for intercession. With others there is a place. With

others—oh, so few!—intercession has the place. What place then has intercession in our life?

3. To *Prayer* and *Pity* we must add *Perseverance*. There is in all of us a tendency to get slack. A young fellow put it very concisely the other day. "*Back-sliding* is the natural consequence of *Slack-biding*." Ah, it is so true: for "except ye abide in Me, ye cannot bring forth fruit."

In these ways all can help, not of necessity by coming out themselves into the Mission Field (though this may be the happy sphere of usefulness marked out for some), but whether at home or abroad all may *Pity, Pray, and Persevere*, and assuredly, "Our work shall not be in vain in the Lord."

II. CALVARY AND SACRIFICE.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL, D.D.



THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

IN its atoning and sacrificial aspect the Cross of Christ stands by itself, unapproachable, "like a solitary column rising up above the waste of time," of which men say as they look towards it, "I can do nothing like it; I need do nothing like it; it has been done once, and *once for all*; it can never be repeated or added to; I can simply lie down before Him, and

let the blessed results of His death flow into my soul."

And yet in another aspect the death of Christ is a picture of the Christian's life, as "always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus"—the dying daily to sin, to self, and the world.

On the Cross the self-sacrifice of our Lord reached its culminating point. He had already given up all that men count most dear—home, friends, popularity, reputation; but on Calvary He gave up His life, and that of His own free will, in the zenith of His strength and His manhood. "I lay down My life; no man taketh it from Me; but I lay it down of Myself." And we must follow Him. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone."

There is nothing fruitful but self-sacrifice. It is absolutely needful for the formation of a Christ-like character, and for the extension of the kingdom of God. All that is highest and best, all that most truly enriches and ennobles man's life, is only to be won by self-sacrifice—the sacrifice of ease, and inclination, and money, and time, and health, yea, of life itself. It must begin in the daily round of home life, in the apparently trivial

and humble duties of our earthly calling. Nazareth came before Calvary. The training to self-denial in the home, in the workshop, as the Son and the Carpenter, led up to the self-surrender of the Garden and the self-sacrifice of the Cross. Otherwise, when the great occasion comes, the eye of the soul will be blinded and cannot see it, and the will paralysed and cannot grasp it.

Nothing stirs the world like self-sacrifice. In the last half-century the Church of England has not lacked men of light and leading, and they have done their work; but, after all, what has most moved men, what has proved mightier than power and dignity, than learning and eloquence, to sway hearts, and to solve doubts, and to win souls for God, has been the self-sacrifice which has glorified the life of many an obscure Christian.

Do we shudder and shrink back? Does the very word suggest suffering, and what is dreadful and unnatural? It does, it must, bring pain, and yet it brings also a wonderful joy. Does the mother grudge self-sacrifice in the nurture of her child? Does the true wife spare self-sacrifice in the care of her husband? Love transfigures it. The hard and painful duty is transformed into a glad privilege. Love for Christ and our fellow-men irradiates the self-sacrifice of the Christian. The devoted nurse in the Midland Hospital, roused from sleep by the peal of the night bell, sprang from her bed and hurried through cold and dimly-lighted corridors to face the case of sudden hæmorrhage, or to tend the sickening mass of torn and bleeding and bruised humanity with the words on her lips, "The Master is come and calleth for thee." She did it to the Lord.

In the light of Gethsemane and of the Cross, in the consciousness that we are following the Lamb, we may go even to martyrdom with a song in our hearts. "If with gladness thou carriest thy Cross, it will carry thee."

III. A TRUE LENT.

BY THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF ST. DAVID'S.

THE observance of Lent is a means to an end, and is useful only in so far as it serves that end. The end is to deepen the work of grace in the soul.

How many Christian lives are frittered away through utter aimlessness! They would be ashamed to own that they live for eating, drinking, working, and dreaming; and yet really it is so. They hope to be good, and to do good, at some future time; but not a step is taken, nor an effort made, in the present, to live a life worthy of their Christian manhood. To such the season of Lent is a golden opportunity for a right beginning in real downright earnest Christian living and doing. Its message is—

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
So making life, death, and the vast for ever
One grand sweet song."

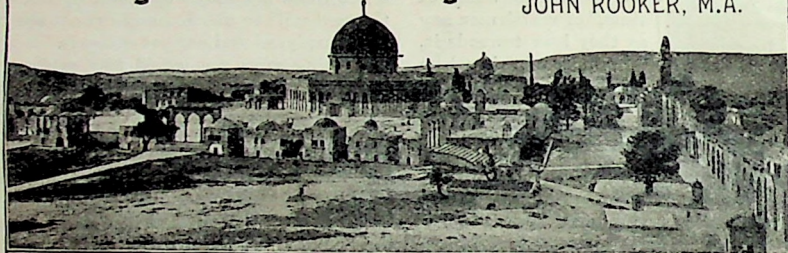
In this respect Lent has often been found eminently useful, as a means of spiritual uplifting,

and an opportunity for a fresh start in the heavenward path of faith and holiness. In this sense we earnestly commend it to observance. Enter upon it solemnly, devoutly, and prayerfully. Renew your covenant with God by an act of fresh self-dedication. Proceed humbly and calmly in your endeavours after a "closer walk with God." Avoid allowing your good resolves to evaporate in vague generalities. Aim to concentrate your energies on some one thing at a time.

Above all, seek a fresh replenishment of the Holy Spirit, the "Author and Giver of spiritual life,"—the Divine Teacher. Without this you will only be seeking to produce fruits without roots.

"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours."

Beyond the City.

By the Rev. . . .
JOHN ROOKER, M.A.

II.

CE thought ourselves virtuous next morning when we rose at 7, and had breakfast at 7.30. We were to feel more virtuous in camp, but as yet we did not know it.

At 8 we were ready, and standing on the balcony outside Howard's Hotel. Away in front stretches the old grey wall with the City of Zion at the bend, and still more to the right is the Bethlehem road, and its open country beyond. Our road is exactly in the opposite direction, round the hotel to the left.

We were not inspecting the road, but the weather. It was a grey morning with a promise of a fine day, and we felt easy. For a camping tour weather is everything. February is not the tourists' month for Palestine, yet you get very fair weather in that month. The days are quite hot in the noonday sun, and the nights even in camp are not very cold. You get an occasional day of rain, which is not pleasant, but on the whole the weather is fair, and something like our May.

The advantages of an early tour are many. For instance, camping grounds have not been spoiled by previous parties: hotels are not crowded: people are ready everywhere to oblige you, and you can depend upon your plans being carried out, instead of being told a steamer is too full and you must wait for another. We were the first tourists up the land after the German Emperor's visit. We profited by the new roads made for him, with a few other arrangements.

There is a clatter and a shout down the side street of the hotel. It is the horses. Up they come with a small crowd at their heels, for an Eastern loves a noise. Domian steps out of his office and calls to us. A porter rushes up the steps for our luggage. We prepare to descend. When we reach the street there is quite a sensation, and we feel as if we were royal personages about to start on a progress.

Domian is gorgeous. He has huge riding boots, an embroidered cloak, a rich and many-coloured sash, a splendid kefia, or head-dress—it is a broad handkerchief falling over the head and neck, and roped round on the crown—and he carries a gun slung over his

shoulder. In his hand is a small whip. He has a truly magnificent air, and we feel the whole tone of the expedition is raised.

We turned to our steeds. Domian said they were all quiet, very quiet. I wished quiet horses would not look so vicious and move about so restlessly, but the crowd and the noise were agitating no doubt. The Friend took a brown horse; the Stranger took a chesnut; I chose a grey, because it looked so starved

head man), Mr. Ellis (our kind friend at Bishop Gobat's School), a group of porters, and a smiling lad who had brought in letters from home just as we started. He smiled because of baksheesh! Letters from home are worth much baksheesh, and he had it.

We passed up a very narrow side street, and came out on the road which sweeps round the northern side of Jerusalem. On one side of the road is the city wall, and on the other side new houses, hideous and

staring, and increasing in numbers. About 400 yards along we pass Skull Hill—so called from its shape—believed by many, General Gordon among others, to be the Golgotha of the Gospels. The Damascus gate is just this side of it, and on the other side is the Damascus road, or the road to the north. This road we took, sweeping round to the left of the Skull Hill, and bearing right across a stretch of open plain. Across here came Saul of Tarsus when he set out for the north armed with letters from the high priest to the rulers in Damascus. Houses are scattered here and there (new, of course), a few olives, some rough low walls marking off patches of ground for cultivation, but a road without interest. At last we reach the rising ground, and begin to climb the hill. It is Scopus up which we go, and at the top Domian cries out: "Stand, gentlemen, and take your last view of Jerusalem."

So we rein up, and look forth upon Jerusalem from the point where Titus stood eighteen centuries ago, and caught his first sight of the glorious city he had come to destroy.

I have had my say on Jerusalem and must not repeat it. But after six years' absence I could not but be struck by the increase of building on the north side of the city. There is quite a new quarter sprung up outside the old wall. Thirty years ago there was hardly a building; to-day there is a small suburb. The city loses in picturesqueness, but I have no doubt it gains in likeness to what it was in our Lord's day. For this was Bezetha, the northern suburb of Jerusalem, and the most populous quarter of the city. The plain we have just crossed must have been crowded with houses, and ringed in later by the third wall. The bare stretch of grey land is not the old likeness any more than the present rough tracks are like the fine old Roman roads. But, O Jerusalem! it is always a joy to look upon you. What other city can compare with you for situation? What other city has such a story? When the sun



"Domian is gorgeous."—Page 58.

and broken-hearted that I felt sure no spirit was left in it; and the Boy had a special pony. A great black rampant beast was given to Domian. The dragoman mounts: we mount.

"Are you ready?"

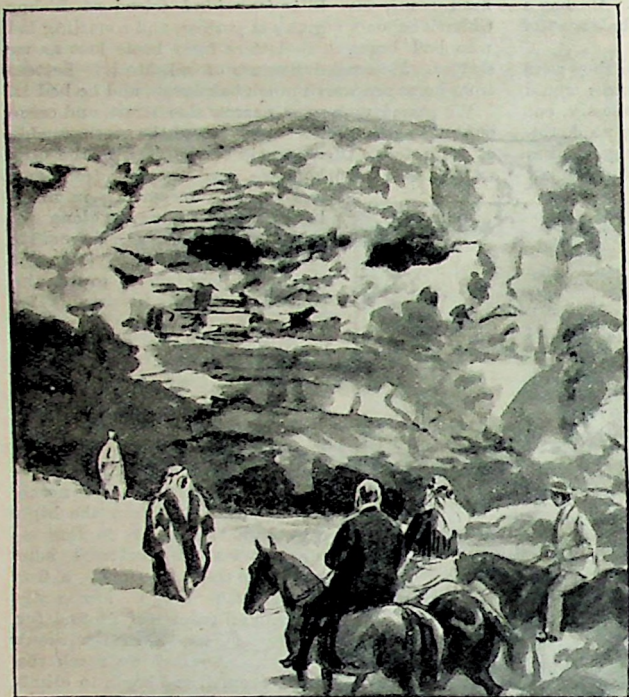
"Yes, yes."

"Let go!" I cried to the lad who held my horse. He held on with a smile.

"Baksheesh—Sa-ar. Baksheesh."

I heard it everywhere. The air seemed to fill with it. Even the horses seemed to understand the word, and danced for a moment on their hind legs, to give us time to produce the corrupting tip: then a stern crack of the whip (not mine), and we started.

At the hotel door, waving us a farewell, was my former dragoman (Michael Cattani, now Howard's



"About 400 yards along we pass Skull Hill—so called from its shape."—Page 59.

is shining on you, and the domes and minarets whiten in the light; when the walls and gates take on the gleam of the olden days; when the valleys lie about you in deeper shadow like jealous guardians of your beauty, who does not feel a thrill of delight? The magnificence of the past is gone—the gold of the Temple, the marbles of the courts, the splendour of the palaces, the green of the gardens,

the grandeur of the stately and precipitous ramparts; but, though changed, you are still the same. You lie on the same plat of ground; the walls run round on the old foundations; the courts of the Temple, though stripped, are still undisturbed in position; the valleys nestle round you in the old embrace; Olivet still guards you; the hills of Moab greet you from afar; the Eastern sky with its dazzling blue, and the glorious sun with its golden beams, bend down upon you as at the first; and, O Jerusalem! my heart rejoices over thee as thy children rejoiced of old, and whether I prosper or not on this journey, yet I will always bless thee.

"Now, gentlemen!" said Domian, and we turned our horses' heads towards the north, and our tour began.

When you reach the top of Mount Scopus you are on a ridge which runs from north to south, protecting Jerusalem like a long stretched-out arm. Scopus is about the middle of this ridge, and this itself is only a portion of the great central ridge which forms the backbone of Palestine. It is along this high central ridge of Palestine, with occasional dips into valleys and plains, that the road to the north takes its way. It is along this road I now invite my reader to accompany me—a road which has been travelled by Abraham and Jacob, by kings and prophets, by apostles and martyrs, by crusaders and pilgrims of all sorts—a road of thronging memories, but a road whose pathway takes an eternal interest from One Traveller alone. Most certainly along this road the blessed feet of the Saviour of the world must have paced, as in boyhood, youth, and perfect manhood He journeyed to or from Jerusalem.

"Some One Thinks of Me."

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

FAR away, far away,
O'er the dim waste sea,
When the morn breaks, cold and grey,
Some one thinks of me.
When she lifts her trustful eyes
To her Father in the skies,
True and tender thoughts arise—
Some one prays for me.

Ah! I see her as she sits,
Knitting on her knee;
O'er her face a soft smile flits—
Some one thinks of me.
Now the shadows round her creep,
And she lays her down to sleep;
Peaceful is her rest and deep—
Some one dreams of me.

Toiling hard throughout the year
For my meagre fee,
How can I be sad of cheer?
Some one's true to me.
Every penny that I earn
Hastes the hour of my return
To the cot beside the burn—
Some one waits for me.

Chafe, O sea, in sullen pride,
Bound in boisterous glee—
Can your world of waves divide
Some one's love from me?
Speed, O Time, with fleetest flight,
Haste that morn of dear delight
When, in robes of maiden-white,
Some one marries me.



The CREW of the KHYBER

BY FRANK T. BULLEN

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT"

A TRUE STORY OF THE SEA.

CHAPTER II.

MAN OVERBOARD!

NOW came the bitterest drop in poor Willie's cup. As he stood upon the fore-castle head ready to obey any order that might be given, he heard a voice calling to him from the quay. Looking down he saw one of his late crew, who said jeeringly:—

"Oh ho, me fine gentleman, you've got an Irishman's rise, I see. It'll do ye a power o' service. Pleasant passage 'n sharp teeth. Ye'll want 'em in that employ."

Just then an order was given, and Willie, with a burning face and a choking in his throat, hastened to obey. Thenceforward work incessant and laborious claimed him, and he had no time to be unhappy. For now, as always happens, the crew were continually slipping away from work and "freshening the nip" out of bottles brought with them, or else crawling into dim corners and going to sleep, overcome by the potency of what they had already taken. In consequence of this the two or three who could and would work were compelled to toil unceasingly, since work must be done.

But I fear that I am tarrying far too long over this part of my story. Indeed, I feel a sort of hopelessness come over me at the thought of how impossible it is to portray adequately for shore people the misery attendant upon getting a sailing ship away to sea in winter for the sober portion of her sailors.

Let me then glide swiftly over the next two days, and take up the thread again where, fairly ship-shape at last, the *Khyber* is struggling under a heavy press of canvas to get down Channel against a bitter easterly wind. The crew have already discovered several important facts concerning their floating home and their companions.

First, that the "Old Man," as the skipper is always termed, quite irrespective of age, was an easy-going

commander, who would invite all hands to service in the saloon on a Sunday; second, that the grub was about as bad as it could be—as bad, indeed, as the reputation of the firm had led them to expect; third, that they were short-handed even if every man had been up to his work, but that at least one of their number was worth nothing physically; and lastly and comprehensively, that the officers were easy-going too, and didn't care much for the "Old Man"; that the bo'sun was a rank impostor and no seaman, and that Willie Norman was not only an ex-second-mate, but "a holy Joe," for both of which offences they would take care he paid the full penalty presently.

It is Sunday morning. Ashore all sorts and conditions of men, although with many exceptions, are resting, or preparing to go up to the place of prayer and praise. But on board the *Khyber* the starboard watch are grumblingly going about such work as is rendered compulsory by the rising gale; dirty, hungry, and dissatisfied.

Suddenly a heavy burst of wind, with rain and sleet, comes thundering down upon the ship. The stolid second mate in charge of the watch gives a few brief orders, supplemented by a shout of "Call all hands! Shorten sail!" The watch below come out complaining bitterly of ship and owners and sea, and the long hard task begins. Great squares of canvas loosened from their confining chains slat thunderously against masts and yards, sullen voices are raised in weird cries as their owners tug at the running gear, and one by one the huge sails are quieted and secured. One of them, not far above the deck, is still loose, but two men are perched precariously one on either side of it doing their best to subdue its furious flapping.

Willie, just down from another mast, comes forward and looks up inquiringly to see if he can help; but there is no room for him: so he quietly busies himself about the tangle of cordage lying on deck waiting to be cleared up.

Suddenly he lifts his head and sees the old seaman

—he who was grateful for the chance of shipping—clambering laboriously into the rigging. Willie calls to him to come down, but he shakes his head. Again Willie shouts to him that he can do no good in any case: the work overhead is practically done. Still, with a stubbornness nowhere more marked than in the old sailor, he goes tremblingly upward, while Willie turns again to his task. Barely two minutes pass when there is a slight concussion behind Willie. He turns and sees the old man in a huddled heap. He gently turns him over as the last breath goes. His weary pilgrimage is done.

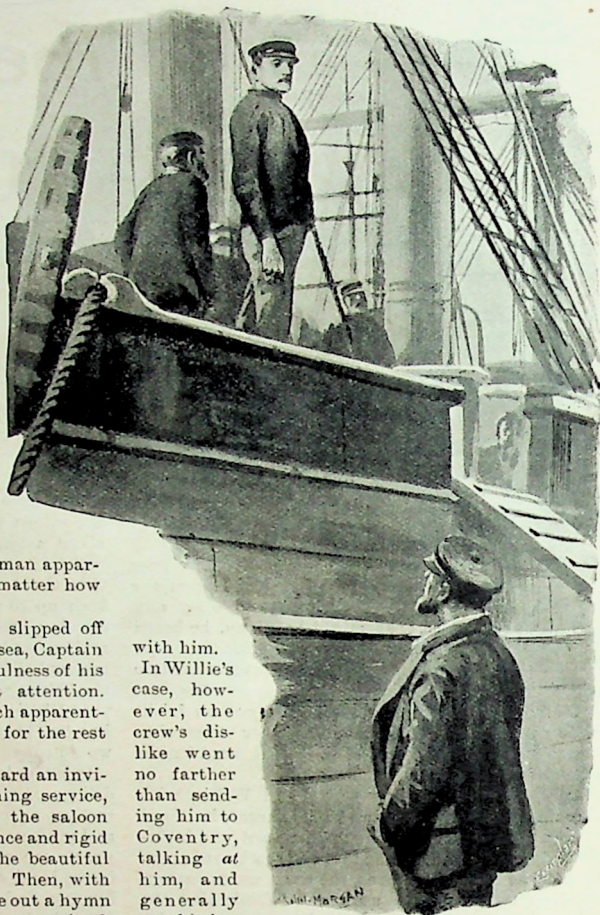
This sad beginning to the voyage should have knitted all hands together in brotherhood: would have done perhaps had it been properly utilised. For when the poor old half-starved man that had been was sown up in a shroud of worn canvas, with some scrap iron at his feet, and the ship's bell was solemnly tolled, there was a muster of the subdued crew in the gangway while the captain read haltingly those majestic words which no man apparently can deprive of their beauty, no matter how badly he may read.

And after the long white bundle had slipped off the hatch and solemnly plunged into the sea, Captain Burtley made a few remarks out of the fulness of his heart that were received with deepest attention. When silence fell the men stole away, each apparently asking himself serious questions, and for the rest of the day the ship was very quiet.

After supper the steward brought forward an invitation to all hands to come aft for evening service, and none refused. They gathered in the saloon shamefacedly, and listened in perfect silence and rigid attention while the "Old Man" read the beautiful opening prayers from the Prayer-Book. Then, with an inquiring look round, the reader gave out a hymn from the hymn-book. There was a momentary hush while men looked at each other bashfully, until Willie's voice rose clear and full with the tune. Then a sense of relief ran through the audience, and after a while all joined more or less heartily in the singing.

But that effort of Willie's made him a marked man. I know it will seem incredible to you dear people ashore: but it is true. From that evening Willie was shunned in the fore-castle as if he had been a leper, and any conversation going on was immediately hushed on his appearance.

Why? do you ask? Only for this reason, that his gift as a precentor had pleased the captain, who was not only not worldly-wise enough to conceal his satisfaction, but actually allowed Willie to choose the hymns for future services. And when any man in a ship's fore-castle is thus noticed by the skipper, by tacit agreement he is to be shunned as a "white mouse," "a carrier of yarns aft," and in many cases the first opportunity is taken to pick a quarrel



with him.

In Willie's case, however, the crew's dislike went no farther than sending him to Coventry, talking at him, and generally combining to make him as miserable as lay in their power.

Then the bo'sun, being found out, in order to curry favour with the crew, used to do that most deadly thing as far as discipline is concerned—come into the fore-castle and sit there smoking and yarning. And because he saw that it would please the men, he endeavoured to "haze" Willie: but in this he was signally unsuccessful, having attempted what he was powerless to carry out.

Meanwhile the vessel crept slowly on towards Calcutta and entered the stormy region of the great West winds south of the Cape of Good Hope. Here she proved herself replete with all those qualities that make a ship detested, and, worst of all, her captain manifested himself an arrant coward. Over and over again he might be seen during a gale, with all hands doing their best to get the vessel under control, clinging with swaying body, trembling legs, and

"Oh ho, me fine gentleman, you've got an Irishman's rise, I see."—Page 61.

blanched face to the weather rigging, incapable of exercising the smallest authority. This of course was fatal to any influence for good which he might have had over the crew, and his officers also despised him, daring to ignore him in the working of the ship.

So he committed the fatal indiscretion of making a confidant of Willie when the latter was at the wheel, thinking, foolish man, that their conversation would not be noticed. As if such a thing could remain unnoticed on board of a ship, especially where men were honeycombed with suspicion of one of their number. The fellows had suspected and disliked Willie before; now they were still more incensed against him. But to his own surprise their unconcealed hatred affected his peace not at all. Shut off from all fellowship, denied even the Sunday evening worship, for that had now ceased for lack of worshippers, he was driven closer to his Father, who was all to him: so that his look of perfect contentment amazed his scowling shipmates and made them gnash their teeth with envy.

Gradually the clumsy ship struggled on through the "roaring forties" until at last she sighted Amsterdam Island and was headed northward for her destination. The weather soon became finer, and there was noticeably less grumbling and ill-feeling on board. In accordance with invariable practice, no sooner was the storm region passed than the best suit of sails was unbent and an older suit bent in their places.

This operation means a good deal of work, especially with a weak crew, but as it was not hurried there was no trouble made over it by the men. Unhappily, only a few days after it had been completed there was an ominous fall of the mercury in the barometer one Saturday morning. As they were now well within the tropics in the Indian Ocean this seemed to presage the approach of one of those awful revolving storms known as cyclones, and dreaded by all mariners no matter how hardy they may be. Con-

sequently at noon the order was given that after dinner the watch below should return on deck and get the storm topsails bent again. They met this order by a flat refusal.

"What, lose their watch below, and on a Saturday afternoon too!" that day being set apart in such a ship as this for washing and mending clothes, so as to leave no excuse for doing such work on Sunday.

"No, they wouldn't touch a rope-yarn, and as for that cowardly old hypocrite of a skipper, they'd let him know what they thought of him and his profession of Christianity."

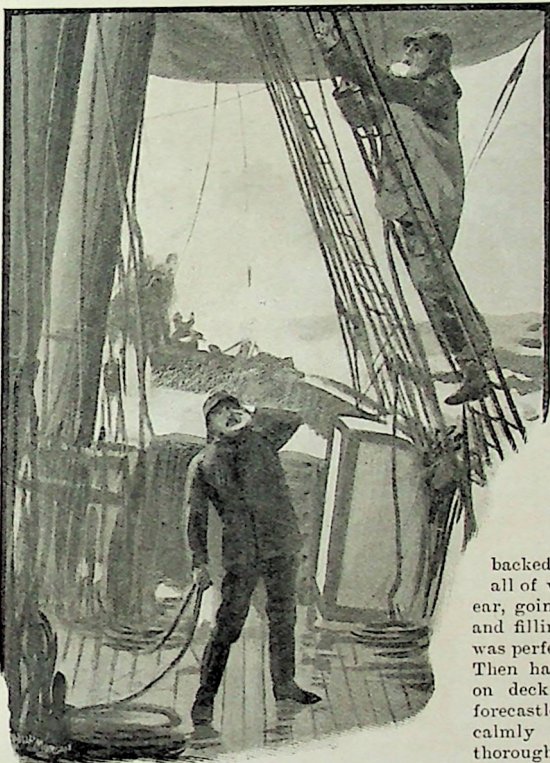
Dinner over, Willie calmly walked aft alone, he being one of the watch below, and stood awaiting orders. The rest refused to budge, only hurling abuse at the officers when they came to the fore-castle door and gave the words of command.

Well, there was no help for it under the circumstances: so the watch on deck, aided by the sailmaker, carpenter, cook, steward and Willie, managed to get the work done. When Willie returned below he was greeted by a general outburst of threats,

backed by hard words. To all of which he turned a deaf ear, going quietly to his bunk and filling his pipe as if there was perfect silence around him. Then having lit up he strolled on deck again, mounted the fore-castle head, and sat there calmly puffing away as if thoroughly enjoying the lovely evening.

The sun went down and, with the suddenness peculiar to that part of the world, night fell. Still Willie sat and smoked on, looking out upon the now dark silky face of the sleeping sea. For it had fallen a stark calm. A slight noise aroused him from his long reverie, and he half rose, turning as he did so. At that moment the dim figure of a man lurched heavily past him, having evidently missed a blow at his head, and wildly clutching at vacancy plunged into the sea.

With a shout, that aroused every soul in the ship, of "Man overboard!" Willie leaped upon the cat-head, and peering into the profound depths beneath saw far below the surface a dim phosphorescence. With-



"Willie calls to him to come down."—Page 62.

out hesitation he dived and caught, at what seemed to him an awful depth, a grip of the man. One of the most expert swimmers living, he had small difficulty in keeping the body afloat, as it was almost motionless. But the huge black shadow of the ship had passed, propelled by some light upper air, and he could only count his chances of recovery as very slight indeed.

Still he took every precaution possible, keeping sight and hearing on the alert until some object

dead burden were lifted ever so gently on board. Then all was peace.

When he came back to life, after seemingly wandering an interminable way through many tunnels towards a gradually brightening light, his first words were, as his last had been, "Thank God!" And again it was echoed, this time by Captain Burtley, who was sitting over against him with a pale drawn face. Willie turned at once and said: "Is the man safe, Captain?" "Yes," answered the old man, "we've pulled him round, but it was like bringing the dead to life. Don't talk though, lie still and rest. I must

go and look at the glass." And as he departed Willie quietly sank to sleep again in perfect satisfaction.

He awoke again at daylight quite fit for duty, and after a quiet word with Captain Burtley went forward into the fore-castle.

His watch was below, but all the men were awake. There was a dead silence as he entered, until a big Irishman, springing to his feet, said:—

"Well, boys, I've been a cur quite long enough, an' here goes to make amends. Willie, me son, yez hev shamed me to me very sowl. May God fergive me—I can't fergive meself—but will yez fergive me an' put up a bit ov a prayer for me and the like ov me."

Willie smiled brightly, and extending his hand to the Irishman said:—

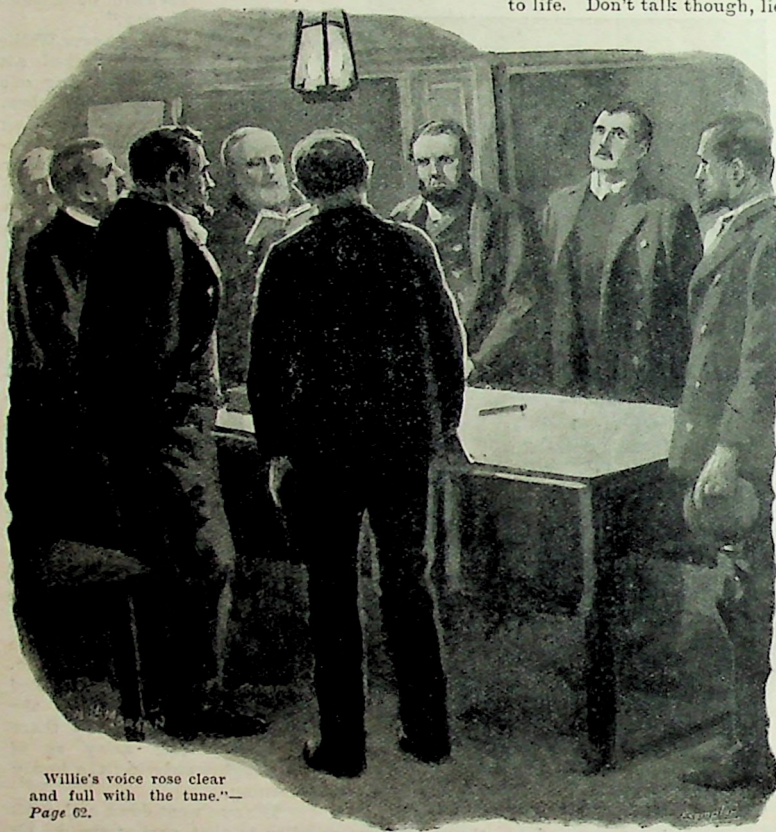
"Why, Mick, I knew all along that

every one of you were being egged on by the bo'sun to worry me. But he don't know everything, thank God, and he's sure to overdo it some time or other. How's my poor shipmate?"

A weak voice replied: "For God's sake, boys, don't let him come near me. I'm a murderer if ever there was one, an' whatever he may say I'll never know a peaceful minute again. Oh, what will I do, what can I do?"

For a moment there was a profound silence and then Willie said:

"Boys, this thing's going to work out all right for



Willie's voice rose clear and full with the tune.—
Page 62.

striking his foot sent a chill running up his spine. All around him the water glared greenly, and with a quick word for help he beat heavily upon the sea surface with his flat hand, at the same time raising the Australian "Coo-ee." The timid monster that had come prowling round for food sheered off disconcerted; it dared not attack so strangely noisy a prey, and as it did so a voice wailed through the darkness: "For God's sake call again." And Willie did call, adding fervently, "Thank God!" a remark that was echoed close at hand. In another two minutes a boat came gently alongside of him, and he and his apparently

every one of us. We've had our lesson, one that'll last. And if you'll let me, I'll ask our Father to see to it that none of us ever forget it."

No dissenting voice being heard, Willie kneeled down in the midst of them and prayed, soon forgetting where he was



"He had small difficulty in keeping the body afloat."—Page 64.

and only conscious that a great quiet of blessing was upon him. When he had finished, he opened his eyes to see that every one of his watch-mates were kneeling too. Not only so, but unfamiliar tears were stealing down weather-beaten faces furrowed deeply by the devil's ploughshare. The only one who seemed despairing was the unhappy fellow who had been the prime cause of so much joy.

I don't give his county, but he was an Englishman, and is now an earnest, humble, but eminently successful worker for the Master among his own class.

However, that is anticipating far too much. Besides it reminds me that my allotted space has really gone. I have none even to tell you of the amazing behaviour of the *Khyber's* crew throughout the rest of that passage: how they sat around in their watches below listening while Willie told them stories from the best of

all Books: and the earnest enquiries they made about the Gospel History, seeming to count every hour happy in which they were so engaged.

And how they sang! As only sailors can sing, they sang the simple hymns, dear to us all, until many of them had dozens of them by heart. And I should like too to tell you of how they took Calcutta by storm, and by their example wrought such a marvellous revival in that great port. Captains laid their heads together in hotel bar-rooms and asked each other wonderingly what these things might mean: but eventually all the upheaval was sure to be credited to the psalm-singing crew of the *Khyber*. Men came on board their ships sober and eager for work. What had brought about the change but "the best Gift of God to men?"

Some three weeks after our arrival at Calcutta the bo'sun was discharged for incompetency, and the captain would have had me take the vacant place; but he judged it kinder to try to get me a second mate's berth. This he succeeded in doing, and I bade good-bye to the *Khyber* and her crew.



"Willie kneeled down in the midst of them."—Page 65.

Our Parish Camera and its "Takings."

BY MISTER HINTOPP, PARISH CLERK OF C—CUM-R—.

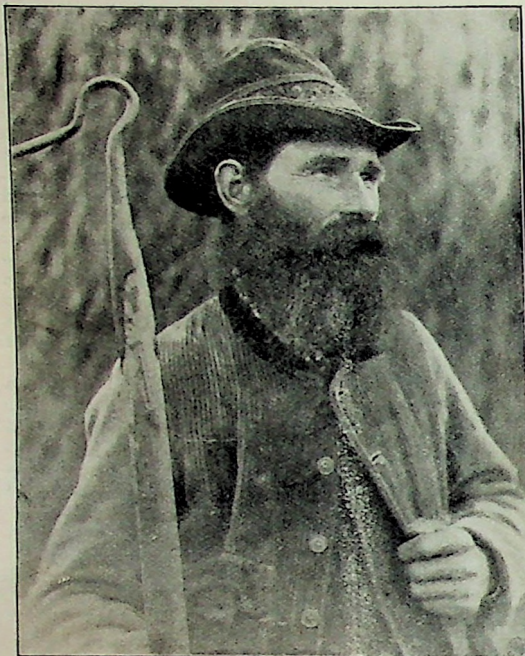


Photo by]

"SHEPHERD."

[F. MOLLOY.

"**V**OU was took beautiful," said Betsy to me that evening.

"Beautiful!" sez I, protestful as an old hen havin' had her chicks borred, so to speak. "Beautiful!" sez I; "why I be all anyhow when Vicar done it, quite seedy like, and not brushed up, and respect'ble at all."

"My dear," sez she, "you was that nat'ral I could have hugged 'ee, I could."

Somehow, I didn't know quite how to go on after that. 'Tis right and proper for a man's wedded wife to want to hug him in moderation, and when nobody's by; but when it comes to bein' anxious to throw her arms round 'ee when 'ee be thrown on the magic-lantern sheet all aglare with light, and folk laughin' theirselves into little histricks to see 'ee there, then 'tis time to be raal sairious with Betsy.

So she promised faithful to behave like as if she didn't know me at all next time! But I reckon you'll be inquiren' how I come to be on a sheet, 'stead o' between 'em. Well, you must unnerstand as Vicar bought a photygraph machine two year come Easter, and sez he to me: "Hintopp, you're a handy man ashore. I shall need you to help me get this inven-

tion ship-shape—'tis shop-shape at present! My idee," he tells me confidential, "is to call her the Parish Camera, and make a collection of our folks' picturs and show 'em with a Magic Lantern at the Annual Tea, next January."

I tell 'ee plain, I felt a quare, shivery feelin', like a frog droppin' down me neck, and me collar got quite flabby with me bein' sudden hot d'rectly after.

"You will be photygraphin' Mr. Connor (who, as you may know, is our curate), and Mrs. Grange, and may be Mr. Squire, and the people at the Hall," I suggested, pickin' out our parish notables.

"Aye," says he, "all them, Hintopp, will be easy 'nough. It's folk like Mother Lee, and one or two others I know as will be difficult."

And then it come about as Vicar and me made a compact, as he put it. Nobody was to know 'bout next Parish Tea Entertainment. Even the tickets was to be plain as plain. In course Betsy found it out, but she do ferret she do, and a man don't know whether he hasn't told her o' night if he *has* held his tongue o' days. Anyway, she knew Vicar was takin' folk unbeknownst, and that I was allus makin' 'em look nat'ral, engagin' 'em in conversation and the like, while he presses the button.

I reckon we had clear sixty pictures by September, illustratin' everything, from the choir 'scurion to Betsy's nevvys' weddin'. I tell 'ee the young chap never knowed nothing when I clicked her and him, 'cordin' to instructions, as they come down the path from Church. Then there was Shepherd, who wanted all his sheep took se'p'ate. Vicar he got one sheep photygraphed, and would have it the rest was all alike, but Shepherd give him pretty nigh most o' their names, and declared he knew every one like pussional friends. "That 'un," he says, pointing out a sheep whose wool had worn badly on one shoulder, "she's got a terr'ble bad temper: you'd know her yourself in a day's tendin'."

But Vicar he didn't credit Shepherd bein' able to call four hunder of sheep by name, and he takes a photygraph like lightnin' of the woolly side of the old sheep with the cantankerous way with her.

And sure enough, at the Parish Tea he shows her on the sheet, long o' me and the rest, but Shepherd weren't beat, for he picked her out like winkin' and give her name, tho' he couldn't see the side the wool had wore away.

All the while I was puttin' in the slides in the Magic Lantern Vicar told how he got the photygraphs and how I helped him, and here and there he'd have a rare good story. "Now you know," says he, "if I'd asked each one of you for the honour of a sittin', you'd have put on all sorts of fine airs and fine

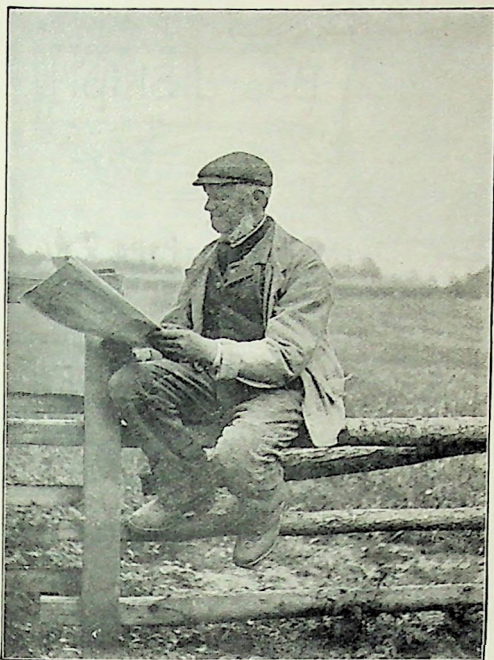


Photo by]

[F. MOLLOY.

MISTER HINTOPP.

clothes, and you wouldn't have looked yourselves at all. Or you'd have wanted to be photygraphed with this, that, or the other, and maybe when 'twas done you wouldn't have liked it. I remember an artist once called at a Sussex farmer's house, and asked if he would like to have a picture painted of his farm and meadow. After a while a bargain was struck, but there was one queer condition which the artist chap couldn't understand. 'Whatever 'ee do,' sez the farmer, 'I'll not tak' it if there be no ships in the meadow. Put 'em in—plenty of 'em. It mayn't be right, but I likes 'em.' So the painter, thinkin' the old fellow was a bit crazy and havin' fads, put in a imaginary sea where a pond was, and stuck some little fishin' craft on it. 'That'll please him, I guess,' he thought. You can imagine what the old Sussex farmer said when he saw the result. 'Sheep' he always pronounced 'ships,' and in his county folk called 'ships' 'sheeps.' So," sez Vicar in conclusion, "during the coming year I want more photygraphs of my flock, specially the new members."

That was how Vicar come to agree to take babies; but I don't intend to write all there is to say this time—not about the All-Alive photygraphy and the rest. But Betsy will have me put in this—that last January Vicar called his lecture "A Hundred Years of our Parish," and there, large as life, was meself turnin' over the parish registers,

and 'fore long there was slides showin' whole pages just as they was writ years and years ago. Then there was the wonnerful photygraph which Vicar and me stood nigh an hour a-takin', with the grass that sodden that the legs of the camera were wantin' to sink in no end. "Our Church at Night," was what the Vicar called it, and you could see by the lights as service was goin' to begin pretty soon. So could the folk down at the village when we took it, for if they didn't come to find out what was happenin', and why the church were lit up at ten o'clock o' a moonlight night! But they never found out till the Parish Tea.

That was the true and original start of our Parish Camera. But maybe you'd like to know 'bout the "takings." Well, they mount up pretty considerable whichever way you looks at 'em. To begin with there's a good hunder o' glass slides—that's one sort o' "takings"; then Vicar and me occasional show 'em out o' the parish—once 'twas in London, and I needn't say how the folk who were countrybred liked 'em. Anyway, the other sort o' "takings" have helped us restore the old church.

"An' you can put in," says Betsy, "as there can't be found such a gran' old church in our county, and not many outside."

So I puts it in here, though you may say I shouldn't, bein' parish clerk and maybe int'rested above ordinary. An' Vicar's noted in the Parish Book that photygraphin' has

done something for th' old church.

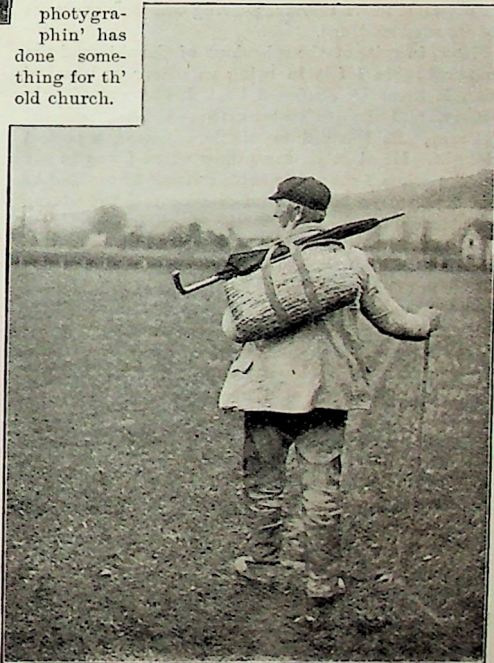
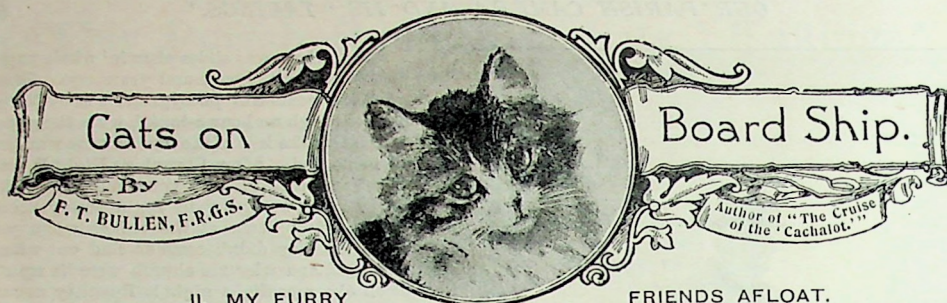


Photo by]

[F. MOLLOY.

HOMEWARD BOUND.



II. MY FURRY

FRIENDS AFLOAT.

I WAS never happy enough to have a cat for my very own for a long time after I went to sea. Nearly every ship I was in had a cat, or even two, but they were common property, and their attentions were severely impartial. Then it came to pass that I joined a very large and splendid ship in Adelaide as second mate. Going on board for the first time, a tiny black kitten followed me persistently along the wharf. It had evidently strayed a long way, and would not be put off, although I made several attempts to escape from it, feeling that perhaps I might be taking it away from a better home than I could possibly give it. It succeeded in following me on board, and when I took possession of the handsome cabin provided for me in the after-end of the after-deckhouse facing the saloon, it installed itself therein, purring complete approval of its surroundings.

Now, in spite of the splendour of the ship and the natural pride I felt in being an officer on board of her, it must be confessed that I was exceedingly lonely, and it came about that the company of "Pasht," as I called my little cat, was a perfect delight. He slept on my pillow when I was in my bunk; when I sat at my table writing or reading he sat close to my hand. And if I wrote long, paying no attention to him, he would reach out a velvety paw and touch the handle of my pen ever so gently, looking up at my face immediately to see if my attention had been diverted. Often I took no notice, but kept on with my work, quietly putting back the intruding paw when it became too troublesome. At last, as if unable to endure my neglect any longer, he would get up and walk on to the paper, sitting down in the centre of the sheet with a calm assurance that now I must notice him that was very funny. Then we would sit looking into the depths of each other's eyes as if trying mutual mesmerism. It generally ended by his climbing up on to my shoulder and settling into the hollow of my neck, purring softly in my ear, while I wrote or read on until I was quite stiff with the constrained position I kept for fear of disturbing him.

Whenever I went on deck at night to keep my watch he invariably came with me, keeping me company throughout my four hours' vigil on the poop. Always accustomed to going barefoot, from which I was precluded during the day owing to my

position, I invariably enjoyed the absence of any covering for my feet in the night watches. My little companion evidently thought my bare feet were specially put on for his amusement: for after a few sedate turns fore and aft by my side, he would hide behind the skylights and leap out upon them as I passed, darting off instantly in high glee at the trick he had performed. Occasionally I would turn the tables on him by going a few feet up the rigging, when he would sit and cry, baby-like, until I returned and comforted him. I believe he knew every stroke of the bell as well as I did. One of the apprentices always struck the small bell at the break of the poop every half-hour, being answered by the look-out man on the big bell forward. "Pasht" never took the slightest notice of any of the strokes until the four pairs announced the close of the watch. Then I always missed him suddenly. But when, after mustering the mate's watch and handing over my charge to my superior, I went to my berth, a little black head invariably peeped over the edge of my bunk, as if saying, "Come along; I'm so sleepy!"

So our pleasant companionship went on, until one day, when about the Line in the Atlantic, I found my pretty pet lying on the grating in my berth. He had been seized with a fit, and under its influence had rushed into the fo'c's'le, where some unspeakable wretch had shamefully maltreated him under the plea that he was mad! I could not bear to see him suffer—I can't say what had been done to him—so I got an old marline-spike, looped the lanyard about his neck, and dropped him overboard. And an old lady among the passengers berated me the next day for my "heartless brutality!"

As a bereaved parent often dreads the thought of having another little one to lose, so, although many opportunities presented themselves, I refused to own another cat, until I became an unconsenting foster-parent again to a whole family. I joined a brig in the St. Katharine Docks as mate, finding when I took up my berth that there was both a cat and a dog on board, inmates of the cabin. They occupied different quarters during the night, but it was a never-waning pleasure to see them meet in the morning. The dog, a large brown retriever, would stand perfectly still, except for his heavy tail, which swayed sedately from side to side, while "Jane" would walk round and round him, arching her back

and rubbing her sides against him, purring all the time a gentle note of welcome. Presently their noses would meet, as if in a kiss, and he would bestow a slavering lick or two upon her white fur. This always ended the greeting, sending "Jane" off primly to commence her morning toilet.

But, alas! a blighting shadow fell upon this loving intercourse. One of the dock cats, a creature of truculent appearance, her fur more like the nap of a door-mat than anything else, blind of one eye, minus half her tail, with a hare-lip (acquired, not hereditary), and her ears vandyked in curious patterns, stalked on board one afternoon, and took up her abode in the cabin without any preliminaries whatever. Both the original tenants were much disturbed at this graceless intrusion, but neither of them felt disposed to tackle the formidable task of turning her out. So "Jane" departed to the galley, and "Jack," with many a loud and long sniff at the door of the berth wherein the visitor lay, oscillated disconsolately between the galley and the cabin, his duty and his inclination. The new-comer gave no trouble, always going ashore for everything she required, and only once, the morning her family arrived, deigning to accept a saucer of milk from me. As soon as she dared she carried the new-comers ashore one by one, being much vexed when I followed and brought them back again. However, her patience was greater than mine, for she succeeded in getting them all away except one, which I hid away and she apparently forgot.

Then we saw her no more; she returned to her duty of rat-catching in the warehouses, and never came near us again. Meanwhile "Jane" would scarcely leave my side during the day, asking as plainly as a cat could, why, oh why, didn't I turn that shameless hussy out? Couldn't I see how things were, or was I like the rest of the men? Her opportunity was so great that I was heartily glad when the old "docker" was gone, and I lost no time in reinstalling

"Jane" in her rightful realm. It was none too soon; for the next morning, there in the corner of my room lay "Jack" on his side, looking with undisguised bewilderment at his friend, who, nestling close up to his curls in the space between his fore and hind legs, was busily attending to the wants of two new arrivals. How he managed to restrain himself I do not know, but there he lay perfectly quiet until pussy herself released him from his awkward position by getting up and taking possession of a cosy box I prepared for her. Even then his attentions were constant, for many times a day he would walk gravely in and sniff at the kittens, bestow a lick on the mother, and depart with an almost dejected air as of a dog that had met with a problem utterly beyond his wisdom to solve. A visitor claiming one of the new kittens, I filled its place with the one I had kept belonging to the old "docker," and "Jane" accepted the stranger without demur.



From a Photograph by

THE SHIP'S PET.

(G. WEST & SONS, Southsea.)



Specially drawn]

"FINE PUPPY FOR SALE!"

[for "Home Words,"

The Young Folks' Page.

A POLITICAL PUPPY FOR SALE!



UR artist has illustrated an amusing story from real life.

A small boy had a puppy for sale: so, putting it in a basket, he set out one morning to try to find a purchaser. Before long he saw a member of the local Liberal Club, whom he knew well by sight, coming down the road.

"Liberal puppy for sale!" he called out with a will. The gentleman was much amused at the boy's sharpness, and stopped to tell him that if he had wanted a dog he should certainly have bought the tiny puppy, which lay fast asleep, as it appeared, at the bottom of the basket.

A fortnight later, no buyer having been found meantime, the boy again went hawking the puppy. By now it had grown to a keen little pup, with ears and eyes alert. Along the pavement went the boy calling his dog for sale, and this time he chanced to meet the Conservative M.P. With quick recollection of his former happy thought, he said briskly,—

"Won't you buy a Unionist puppy, sir? Going to be a fine dog, sir."

The Member stopped. "Ah, I've heard of you," he answered. "Is not this the dog you were trying to sell as a Liberal puppy some days ago?"

"Yes, sir," was the sharp response; "but now he's opened his eyes."

And the puppy found a new master.

[Liberal readers may believe that the dog was born a little Conservative and opened his eyes to Liberalism!]

H. S. B.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

PERHAPS the best-used exclamation among British boys is "All right!" In America the favourite words are "Go ahead!" We should like to have a union of the two for an international motto. First make sure you are "All right"; then "Go ahead" with might and main.

AS IN HIS PRESENCE.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything
To do it as to Thee.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

WHAT COMES FROM EARLY SMOKING.

A CERTAIN doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on their ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the

smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored. Now, this is no "old wife's tale," as these facts are given on the highest medical authority.

A SCOTTISH LASSIE'S FAITH.

ONE evening, some years ago, a young girl in Leith was quietly singing a well-known hymn as she hurried to her work. A gentleman overtook her, and, recognising the hymn, said, "You seem to be very fond of singing, lassie. Which hymn do you like best?" "Sir," she replied, "I like that one best, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'" Trying to prove her faith, he continued: "But what if Jesus should let you slip?" Looking up with a peculiar intensity of expression, she answered: "Eh, no! He has got ower firm a grip o' me for that."

A GENTLEMAN.

THE woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day:

The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow."

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand—"

"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
And maybe I'm working far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy." A.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

A SHEPHERD on the Holmes, during a very severe winter, returned home and found one little lamb missing. The brave man told his wife he must go out again, in spite of the snow, to look for it. Hours passed away and he did not return. His friends, getting alarmed, went to search for him, and found him dead at the foot of some rocks with the little lamb in his arm. He had given his life for it.

Bible Questions (New Series).

BY M.A. CANTAB.

QUESTIONS.

1. OF whom was it said, that he wrote better than he looked or spoke?
2. Who wrote to Jerusalem in God's Name without authority?
3. Of the Churches to which St. Paul wrote, which was an entire stranger to him?
4. Who was like a son to him?
5. Who was his historian and physician?
6. Who made himself a partner in captivity?

7. Who brought him news from Ephesus?
8. And who supplies from Philippi?

ANSWERS (See JANUARY No., p. 23).

1. Ps. v. 3; Ps. xxi. 3; Ps. xvi. 8; Ps. xviii. 56; Ps. xxvi. 1.
2. 1 Samuel ix. 26.
3. Exodus xviii. 21; Jethro.
4. St. Matthew xxiii. 4.
5. Micah v. 4.

Washing Days and Washing Ways.

BY MRS. LINA ORMAN COOPER.

III.

EVERY one who is wise enough to wear sanitary underclothing knows how the washerwoman often destroys the same.

It is heartrending and exasperating to send forth soft, new Jaegers, and to have returned hard shrunken vests and drawers. Indeed, if the ordinary housewife sends everything else to the Steam Laundry, I should strongly advise her to oversee the washing of flannels at home. Mrs. Jones and her ilk are sadly ignorant of the proper way to treat woollies of all sorts. I once asked a washerwoman what she did to shrink and ruin my flannels in so short a space of time? Her answer was dignified and—offended.

"I uses plenty of soda and soap, and rubs it in well. Rinses? Not I! I leaves the soap in to soften the wool, to be sure. It is what my grandmother did before me!"

Now, first of all, I would say that soap must never be rubbed into flannel. And any which has come in contact with woollen webbing must be carefully rinsed out. Also that soda must be conspicuous by its absence.

But I had better begin at the beginning, and tell you what Tuesday's washing should be.

I consider (having boiled in paraffin water all our rubbers on Monday) that we may take our Jaegers in hand the next morning. This is, because washing of flannels does not absorb much attention, and some cookery can easily be done between whiles. Sunday's dinner has been large enough to last over Monday, and that first day of our working week we have devoted to clearing up and cleaning. Tuesday we need fresh meat cooked, or some kind of a "rayhate" made; so we cannot embark on a large wash. Our clothes, however, are lying in soak, and we lift them out of one tub into another full of fresh water before we start at the flannels. Also, in a few cases of delicate laces and cambrics, we rub over some Sunlight soap, and leave them in steep.

Here is a heap of soiled vests, combinations, and possibly nightdresses. They are all of woollen texture, though of different colourings. We look them over carefully, and with a fine darning needle draw together even one worn or dropped stitch. We want our expensive underwear to last for a long time! Next, we turn each article inside out. In the open air we shake these well. If we are noticing very accurately, we shall see a small cloud of white dust flying from the web. This infinitesimal dust is, in reality, particles of cuticle or skin. We have shed these with each drop of imperceptible perspiration. If we had not devoted these articles to the wash, and gone on wearing them any longer, our open pores would have re-absorbed that fine dust, much to the detriment of our health. Shake vigorously; then turn to the right side again.

When our heap is all treated after this fashion, the bath must be prepared. Pour into one of the tubs one canful of hot water to two canfuls of cold water. Melt in this mixture a handful of soap jelly. I must give the formula for preparing this later. Then, to each gallon of water add one tablespoonful of strong liquid ammonia from the bottle on the top shelf of your laundry. Ammonia is a very volatile spirit, so it must be hermetically sealed as soon as possible. Therefore, very quickly souse each woollie in the bath, of which ammonia forms so important a part. See that every inch of material is completely covered with water, for shrinkage will surely seize on each morsel left out of the liquid. If the flannels will not consent to passive drowning, cover them with a dish, or some kind of flat weight. Fill the wide mouth of your bath with a wooden cover made to fit, or an iron tray will answer the same purpose. Then lay over cover or tray some kind of a rag or blanket. Our object is to confine our volatile spirit, therefore some thick woolly thing is the best quilt we can give him.

Leave the flannels to soak!

Won't they spoil? Not a bit of it. Under that rug is working for you a kind of sprite or brownie. Ammonia is chemically doing our work for us as we attend to other pressing household duties. Leave it alone for an hour. Then lift the rug. Raise the tray, and a lot of "kharki" (I must use the fashionable word!) water will greet your frightened gaze.



It does not sound inviting, but I must next ask you to plunge your hands into this drab mixture and gently squeeze and move the flannels. You will feel the dirt running out of them! Most of the Jaegers will not need rubbing, but it is wise to examine under the sleeves or any spot which is more exposed to friction and wear than the chest or back. If not quite sweet or of a proper colour, rub lightly once or twice between your hands. This will loosen the hard perspiration, and do away with it.

Squeeze as much water out of the wet flannels as you can without wringing, and put them into a rather hotter bath of water, minus the ammonia. When every cloud of soap is gone, fix your india-rubber wringer on to the edge of the tub, fold each garment as straight as possible (this to save unequal wear and tear of the useful little wringer), and pass through. If streaks of water lie in the thicker portions, fold again differently, and repeat the operation of wringing.

How soft the woollies feel! How sweet the woollies smell! But our work is not yet over. We must take each article and shake hard in the open air to restore the hairlike surface which new flannel always presents, and which unscientific washing always destroys. When these are visible, the Jaegers are ready for a drying process.

Flannels are always better dried in the open air. Don't select a sunny spot on the garden hedge or in the back-yard. Look for a shady, windy corner. Put in such, the garments will remain at their pristine size. Put in the sun, they will shrink.

If Tuesday be a wet day, we must dry before the kitchen fire. Now it needs sound judgment to discern exactly the right spot in which to place them. Flannels must be dried as quickly as possible compatible with non-shrinkage. For this reason I suggest that the horse on which they are drying be brought near a bright fire. On the first hint of moisture arising in the shape of steam, remove them farther off. *Never let flannels steam.* It ruins them. Our Jaegers now only need a rub over with a cool iron to make them exactly like new flannel garments out of the shop.

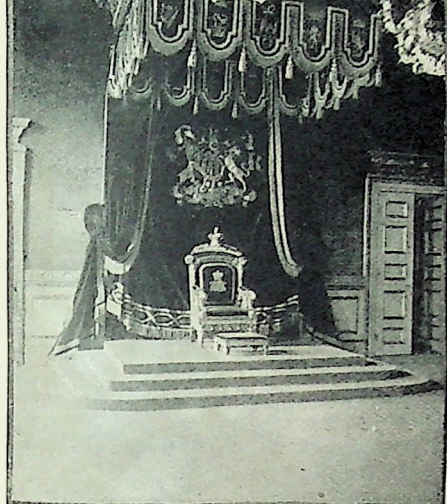
Blankets can be washed exactly in the same way, and retain the peculiar hairiness of new bed-coverings. John Samuel's trousers, or Annie Jane's tweed gown will not object to a similar bath, neither will the mistress's best serge skirt.

The ROYAL THRONE



Words by the Rev.
F. W. ORDE WARD,
B.A.

Music by the
Rev. C. N. WRIGHT,
M.A.
(late Musical Scholar of
C. C. C., Cambridge).

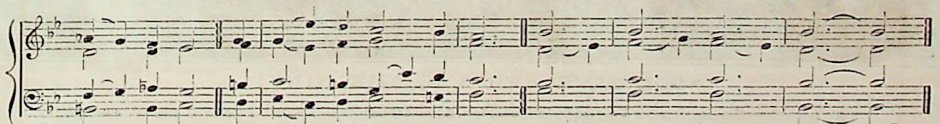
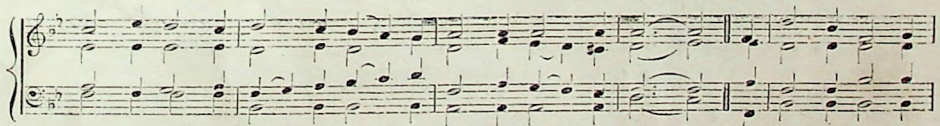


THE THRONE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

I.
GOD bless the King whom He has set
High on our Ancient Throne,
Strong with the faith no troubles fret,
With love as corner-stone;
And may it gather glory yet,
That shines from His alone.
God bless the King!

II.
God bless the Sovereign of His Hand,
His Heavenly Law to teach,
Which is the charter of our land,
Within the humblest reach;
To guard and counsel and command
As He would govern each.
God bless the King!

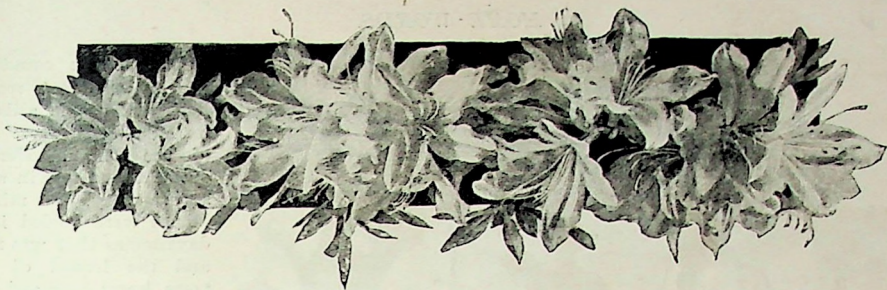
III.
God bless the Sovereign of His choice,
Who governs by His Will;
Speak words of wisdom through his voice,
His heart with greatness fill;
May he but in God's reign rejoice,
And be His servant still.
God bless the King!





"GOD SAVE HER SON, THE KING!"

"My beloved mother, during her long and glorious reign, has set an example before the world of what a monarch should be. It is my earnest desire to walk in her footsteps."—The King's Speech on Opening Parliament.



HOME WORDS EASTER NUMBER.



For His Name's Sake.

A SERIAL TALE BY SYDNEY C. GRIER, AUTHOR OF "IN FARTHEST IND,"
"THE KINGS OF THE EAST," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A CITY OF REFUGE.

I SUPPOSE now you will be willing to come back to the colony with me, preacher?" said Dirck, when they had reached the camp. Mr. Hildyard walking with compressed lips and unseeing eyes through the crowd which was persecuting the strangers for tobacco.

"I cannot tell. I must try to discover what is God's will," answered Mr. Hildyard, mounting into his waggon and fastening down the flap behind him. The blow was a terrible one to him. He had left everything in response to the call he had received, and now his sacrifice seemed to be useless.

"You won't mind going back as much as the preacher does—eh, Tant' Anna?" asked Dirck, smiling. "I won't take you across the desert again; don't be afraid. We'll go through the republic now that the Amabula have found us out."

"You mean—it's possible—that we may go home now?" said Rose, in awestruck tones. "It seems too good to be true."

"Well, the chief has changed his mind, and won't let the preacher stay here."

"Oh!" cried poor Mrs. Hildyard, "is it possible? I never said a word to keep my husband back when he felt it was his duty to come—you'll bear me witness, Rose—but if he found out that it wasn't a call, after all, I think I could weep with joy. Those dreadful women—look!"—she pointed to a crowd of Bechuana girls, smeared all over, as were their short skin garments, with red ochre and grease—"to have to live among them, and touch them!"

"I wish they weren't so shy," said Rose. "I

have been trying to get them to come closer, but they are frightened."

"Better leave them where they are, Rosje," said Dirck. "You can't teach them much in one day, you know, and your mother won't care to have the marks of their red fingers on everything."

"I never knew I was such a coward," said Mrs. Hildyard, with a wan smile. "I thought I was ready to bear anything"—"And, indeed, you have stood the journey nobly, though it has pulled you down a bit," put in Dirck—"but the idea of living among these poor creatures makes me ill," she ended desperately.

"Well, well, we'll soon have you back in the colony," was Dirck's comforting assurance, but before he could say more the flap of the waggon was lifted, and Mr. Hildyard came out.

"I cannot tell what to do. There seems nothing to guide us," he began, but here Saart, the Bechuana servant, stepped forward.

"Baas, these people, the Batau, are driving you away, but I know a place where you would be welcome—at Lihuli, the town of Shokomi, who is the chief of my people, the Banoga."

"No, no!" cried Dirck angrily. "The Banoga are the very offscouring of the Bechuanas. There isn't a tribe that doesn't look down on them."

"Then will Baas Muller say that the Banoga have no souls, and the dear Lord does not care for them?" asked Saart.

"Are you answered, cousin?" asked Mr. Hildyard, with a smile.

"Nonsense, preacher! I didn't oppose your coming to the Batau, bad as they are, for all the other tribes look up to them, and they're a fineset of fellows. But the Banoga—why, they are little better than the Totties!"

"And some of the truest Christians I have known have been Hottentots. But, Saart, the



"I know a place where you would be welcome."—Page 75.

Batau have rejected us; will your people receive us?"

"Ah, Baas Coetzer has been here," chuckled Saart. "He won't come near my people, and if he did they wouldn't stay to talk to him."

"But, preacher," interrupted Dirck, "are you going to drag the women further on the bare chance? Where do your people live, Saart?"

"To the eastward, Baas, near Baas Coetzer's country."

"Well, if you are set upon it, preacher, we will go home that way." (Dirck had caught the alarmed looks from Mrs. Hildyard and Rose, which entreated him not to mention their joy at the prospect of returning to the colony.) "But if the Banoga are not properly grateful for your coming to them, why, we'll just leave them and go on."

Thus the matter was settled, and after a day's rest the oxen were inspanned once more, and the waggons started. The people had become very troublesome, besieging the white men for tobacco, and stealing everything they could lay their hands upon; and as the strangers prepared to depart, they hooted and mocked them, seeming to feel a personal triumph in having driven them away. The news had spread to all the villages on the road, and the travellers were greeted with like insults, while even outside the Batau country any unfriendly orator had only to inquire, "Are these the white men cast out by the Batau?" to raise a storm of ribald laughter.

At last the country of the Banoga was reached, land and people alike differing widely from those of the Batau. Here the drought was felt in all its severity. The mimosa-leaves were folded in the daytime as if it was night, and the leaves of other trees hung soft and limp. The bed of the river was quite dry, and the remains of dead fish poisoned the air. When first the pools dried up, the people said, the hyenas from all the country round gathered to the feast, but there was so much fish that neither they nor the starving natives could eat it while it was good.

The town of Lihuli seemed almost deserted when the waggons reached it, for the men were out

hunting, and the children were wandering over the hills looking for herbs or roots which might serve as food. The women, when they came in from the dried-up gardens which they were valiantly attempting to cultivate, were seen to be destitute of the usual ornaments of beads and brass wire, which had all been handed over to more fortunate tribes in exchange for corn. The sight of so much uncomplaining misery was heart-rending, and almost the first question that Mr. Hildyard put to the chief Shokomi, was to ask whether he and his party would be an additional burden if they settled in the town. The chief, a melancholy, tired-looking man, replied that things could not be worse than they were. He had parted with everything to the rainmakers, without receiving more than a few passing storms; if the white man thought he could do any better, he was welcome to stay, but there was nothing left to pay him with.

Startled by this announcement, Mr. Hildyard explained hastily, through Dirck, that he was not a rainmaker, but that he served the Morimo* who made the rain. The chief nodded, and remarked that the rainmakers said the same sort of thing. It was to please some one named Morimo, with whom they professed to be acquainted, that such large gifts of cattle were needed, and when the rain did not come they said Morimo wanted more. Mr. Hildyard turned to Dirck in despair. "Make him understand the difference," he said

* Literally "the One above," the Bechuana name for God.

anxiously. "He must not think that we claim power over the rain in any way."

The first attempt at explanation was not very successful. The chief replied that he quite understood. He himself could make rain in ordinary seasons, but now the power of his medicine was quite exhausted. No doubt it was the same with the white man. Still, he could stay if he liked, but he must not expect any payment unless he succeeded in bringing plenty of rain.

"That's not it, Shokomi," said Dirck. "The white preacher desires no payment from you, even if Morimo sends rain in answer to his prayers." The chief looked incredulous. "He wishes to buy a piece of land, where he may build a house to worship Morimo, and he will give you a fair price for it."

"Who ever heard of buying land?" demanded Shokomi. "There it is. Let him take what he wants."

"No, that won't do; for if another chief arose, he might ask for the land back. The preacher will give beads and tobacco and knives in exchange, but the land must be his."

For the first time Shokomi displayed a glimmer of interest. "Let him choose the land, and it shall be his," he said. "But what has he done in his own country that he cannot worship his Morimo there? Is his own chief sending after him to kill him, or to take away his women?"

"No, the great chief in the Colony respects him very highly. He has come here of his own free will, to teach you and your people."

"Will he teach my people to make moving houses, and train the cattle to draw them?" asked the chief eagerly. "Will he make me knives, and all the good things the white men have?"

"He will do what he can for you in that way, no doubt, but he wants to teach you about your souls."

"Souls? What are souls?"

"Something inside you, that goes on living when you die," explained Dirck, after a little hesitation.

The chief laughed.

"I have killed many men, and their bodies have decayed or have been eaten by the hyenas," he said, "but I never saw a soul."

"Nor have I, but I have felt one," said Dirck, prompted by Mr. Hildyard. "Did you ever kill any one by mistake?"

"Once I threw a spear at a man who defied me, and it glanced off a post and killed one of my wives who was near."

"And you felt sorry? Well, the part of you that felt sorry was your soul."

"But I did not feel sorry, Redbeard. She had no business to be in the way. I feel sorry when my spear misses a zebra when I am hunting, for then I know there will be no feast that night. Is it my soul that is sorry then?"

"No—I think not," said Dirck, feeling that he was getting out of his depth. At Mr. Hildyard's suggestion, he tried another tack.

"Have you ever watched the sun rise in the



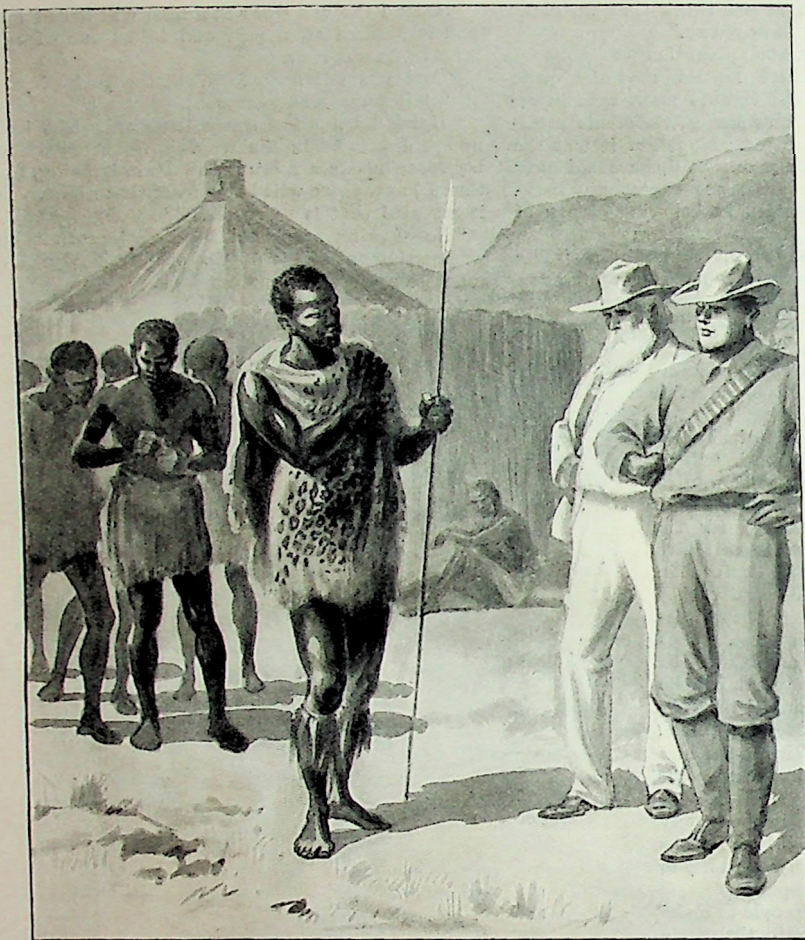
"Mr. Hildyard explained hastily, through Dirck, that he was not a rainmaker."—Page 76.

spring, when the veldt is all green and gay with flowers, and there is peace everywhere, and all is happy? It was your soul that felt glad because everything was so beautiful."

"Beautiful? What would there be beautiful in that? A big fire covered with pots of meat—that's beautiful, if you like. How can anything be beautiful that can't be eaten?"

"But," asked Mr. Hildyard, "have you never felt that Morimo was angry with you when you had done wrong?"

Shokomi looked utterly puzzled. "If one of my people disobeyed me, I should be angry, Whitebeard," he said; "and if I were to carry off the cattle of the Batau, their chief would be angry



"Let the white men choose their piece of ground, and pay me for it,"—Page 78.

with me. But who is Morimo, and why should he be angry with anything I do? The rainmakers say that their Morimo lives in a cave somewhere, and keeps the rain off because he is in a bad temper and wants an ox sacrificed. He has nothing to do with me."

"Have you never heard that Morimo made you and everything you see, and that when you die your soul will go back to Him, to be judged for all you have done?" asked Mr. Hildyard.

"I will ask the old men whether they have ever heard of such things, Whitebeard. But these are uncomfortable tales, and I do not care to listen to them," and Shokomi gathered his skin cloak together over his shoulders. "Let the white men

choose their piece of ground, and pay me for it. Then they can teach the people as much as they like, if they can get any one to listen to them."

"But," urged Mr. Hildyard, "tell me this; have you no idols—nothing that you worship—even a stone, or some place that you hold sacred?"

"What is worshipping? I never heard the word before. We sacrifice oxen when the rainmaker says we must, because otherwise Morimo robs us of our rain; but why should we think anything about him at other times? The rainmaker says he knows him, and can find out what he wants; but do you expect us to care about him when he does nothing but eat up our cattle?"

"That is the rainmaker's lie," said Mr. Hildyard.

"I am come to tell you what Morimo

is really like—that He loves you."

"Oh, Whitebeard, I am tired of Morimo," said the chief pettishly. "Tell me something interesting when you come next."

"I had no idea that the Bechuanas were so absolutely destitute of all religious ideas," said Mr. Hildyard to Direk, as they walked back to the waggons after this dismissal. "It seems impossible to get hold of them. There is nothing to go upon—no moral sense to be awakened. Saart was carried off as a slave at such an early age that he has practically grown up as a Christian, and though he told me he could never remember any idols or temple among his people, I did not realize it was because there were none. How is one to begin?"

"Well, if you'll take my advice, preacher,—for I suppose you're determined to stay on here,—you'll begin by building yourself a good house, to show the people how much better we do things than they do. You'll get them to work for you, of course, paying them with tobacco and that sort of thing, but you'll have to keep your eye on them continually, and teach them a little common honesty and obedience. Tant' Anna will be kind to them when they're sick, I'm sure, and perhaps Rosje will be able to get some of the children together, and make a beginning of teaching them. If you catch them young, there's some hope; look at Saart. And when the house is built,—or before, if you get any rain—lay out gardens, and make a canal to bring water from the river, so as to raise better corn and vegetables than they do. The more they see you are superior to them the readier they will be to learn."

"But while all this is being done, how are they to be taught?" asked Mr. Hildyard. "I cannot leave them to die in darkness while I build houses and plant gardens. They are willing to listen at present, and I must teach them while I can."

"And that'll be just so long as you have a bit of tobacco to give them, or a knife or spoon that they can steal," said Dirck bluntly. "There'll be mighty little listening after that, preacher. You've got to wake up in them the desire to learn, you know." Dirck was rather proud of this remark.

"Exactly. I think that we may have begun at the wrong end just now in displaying the terrors of the Divine Judgment to this ignorant chief. I will tell the poor creatures that God loves them, and that His Son came to die for them, and that He has sent me to tell them about it."

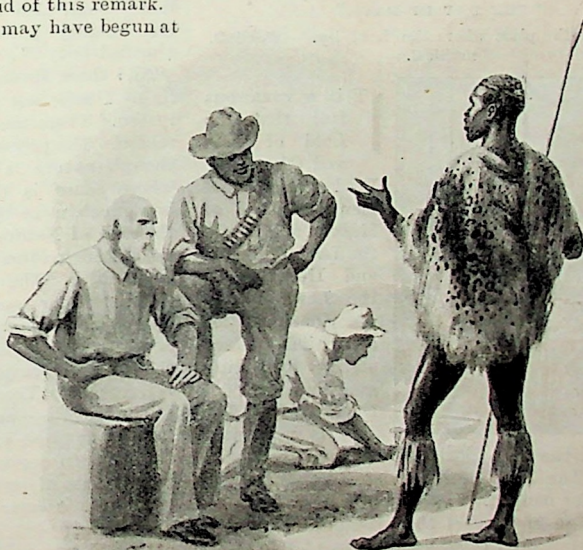
"Excuse me, preacher, but that'll be no good, you'll see. When these fellows are happy they don't care to hear that any one loves them, and just now all they'll say will be, 'If God loves us, why doesn't He send rain?' You can't be sure you'll get the rain when you ask for it, you know, and though you may understand that the dear Lord must have good reasons for withholding it, they won't. It seems to me that a miracle or two would come in very useful. You'll tell the chief that God is angry when he makes war on his neighbours, or robs some man

he dislikes of his cattle, and so on. Now, if they could see fire from Heaven come down to burn up people that did such things it would be all right—they'd believe you at once; but how are you going to make them see that God cares what they do when they don't really believe there's a God, in your sense, at all? That's why I say they must learn to know you before you can teach them anything. It's not for me to advise a minister, and one that's had a learned education, but it seems to me that when these people have found out that you always act fairly by them, that you are kind to them in sickness, patient when they are troublesome, and that your advice is good, they will begin to believe what you say because it's you that says it."

Mr. Hildyard shook his head. "You put your case very well, cousin, but I must follow my own judgment. As long as the people will listen to me I will talk to them, with Saart to interpret for me when you go, and when they refuse to hear I will try your plan."

Dirck went away shaking his head in his turn. They had reached the waggons by this time, and he took Stephanus aside.

"When we have fixed on our bit of land, nephew, you and I will choose the place for the church and a house or two, and see what wood there is in the



"I and my people will come and listen to you. . . . You have such fine things,"

—Page 80.

neighbourhood, and whether there seems to be any clay for bricks. Shokomi will send his women to build one or two huts, but they won't be fit for Tant' Anna and Rosje to live in when the winter comes, and the waggon is pretty cramped when it's your whole house. I'll give you all the hints I can, and you'll find the Hottentots will work well if you direct them. The preacher doesn't know the Bechuanas yet, and his heart will be nearly broken when he finds out what they really are. Then you must point out how uncomfortable things are for the poor women, and he'll be glad enough to take a turn at building for a while. Oh, I know why you're here—"Stephanus wondered for a moment if the hunter really had an inkling of his compact with Andries—"just because your mother knew Tant' Anna and Rosje would want some one to look after them when the preacher's mind was up in the clouds, and glad I am to leave you with them."

The cordial tone cheered Stephanus, and he made up his mind to learn everything that the hunter could teach him for the comfort of his friends.

(To be continued.)

Easter Thoughts.

I. THE LORD OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF
"THE DAY OF DAYS."

"Come, see the place where the Lord lay."—*St. Matt.*
xviii. 6.



It is a wondrous fact that the Lord of Life and Glory, the Lord of angels and men, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, the Lord of Death and Hell, Jesus, the Lord of All, was consigned for a while to the stern, forbidding guardianship of the sepulchre. The fact is not more

wonderful than the glorious truths which depend upon it. The Lord of Life visited not the abode of death for naught. He entered the very citadel of the King of Terrors that He might be Conqueror there. And Conqueror He was! He could not be holden of death. He burst the prison bars. He led that captivity captive. "The Lord is risen indeed," and "hath the keys of death and hell." We can only say, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay"—not the place where He now lies:

That very evening they marked out the site for the proposed buildings on the newly purchased piece of land, Direk pointing out which was the best aspect, and where the watercourse from the river ought to run. They were a good deal interrupted by the native women, whom Shokomi had sent with timber and bundles of reeds to build huts for his guests, but no attempt was made to move Direk's landmarks. The chief was highly delighted with the goods paid him in exchange for the land, and it pleased him to see his subjects crowding curiously round as the women carried them home.

"I and my people will come and listen to you very often, Whitebeard," he said, as he took his leave after his visit to the waggons. "You have such fine things."

"We will hope that he will soon come for a better reason," said Mr. Hildyard to the rest, whose faces had fallen. "But considering the way we have been received here, and the friendly disposition of the people, I think we cannot do better than call our settlement Welcome."

for "HE IS RISEN"—the "first-fruits" of the Resurrection Harvest, when those who "sleep in Him" shall also be "changed and fashioned by His mighty power unto the likeness of His glorified body!"

Ah! these Resurrection truths are very startling. I refer not to the mystery which startles reason. There are many mysteries which startle reason. The processes of what we term nature—though nature is but "the name for an effect whose cause is God"—are beyond its powers; how much more the wonder-working miracles of the God of Nature in His works of Grace. But these Resurrection truths even startle *faith*—our weak faith. The fact of our Resurrection, like the fact of our mortality, is "as an idle tale" to many; and even true Christians have abundant cause to cry at the grave of buried love—yea, they are the only ones who do cry—"Lord, we believe; help Thou our unbelief!"

The truth is—and I ask each reader to ponder it—just as right views of our common mortality depend upon our entertaining right views of *Sin* as the cause of death, so right views of the Resurrection must depend upon our entertaining right views of *Christ's Resurrection* as the cause and pledge of our own: and right views of Christ's Resurrection must connect that inseparably—just as our mortality is connected with sin—with His Atoning merit and Victory over sin.

In a word, Christ's Resurrection is, and must be, *nothing* to the man who has not rejoiced in

Christ's victory over sin—sin as his personal burden—sin as involving his personal guilt. But Christ's Resurrection is *everything* to the man who, living by the faith of the Son of God who died for him—the Just for the unjust, the Righteous for the unrighteous—can ask with the triumphant Apostle:—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law: but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

We are all doubtless ready to confess and mourn over our "little faith" in these Resurrection truths. Let Eastertide this year "increase our faith." "Come, see the place where the Lord lay"—the Lord who loved you and gave Himself for you; who made that infinite Atonement and manifested that infinite Sympathy upon the Cross which meet every necessity of our fallen mortal nature. Let sin be more than ever a reality to you—*your* sin. Let Christ in His Atoning, Sympathising Character be a reality to you—let Him be *your* Saviour; and then your faith will be assuredly strengthened and confirmed in His glorious Resurrection as the pledge and earnest of your own.

"Come," then, "see the place where the Lord lay." Look down into the sepulchre. "He is not there. He is Risen!" He "ever liveth": and "*because* He lives, His people shall live also." He lives to make them partakers of *spiritual* life now. They live *now* "by the faith of the Son of God," who "loved them and gave Himself for them"; and this spiritual life here, since it ensures the crucifixion, the mortification, the *death of sin* in us—through the progressive sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit—is the *earnest* of the Resurrection life of sinless, everlasting glory. Die indeed they must—but "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." They "sleep in Jesus"—in the tomb which His presence hallowed. And the waking time shall come—oh, blissful thought—the waking

time in the Divine "likeness," when they shall be eternally "satisfied," because they shall "see Him as He is"—see Him in the "new Heaven and the new earth," the restored Paradise of the living God—

"Where everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

Ah, what an Eastertide will *that* be! May we share in its joy and triumph through Jesus Christ our Lord!

II. CHRIST IS RISEN.

BY THE REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, B.A., AUTHOR OF
"NEW CENTURY HYMNS FOR THE CHRISTIAN
YEAR."

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. xv. 20.

SING it gladly, tell it out
With a universal shout,
Till it break the bonds of fear,
And the happy nations hear;
Till the earth's remotest bound
With the blessed news resound.
Life hath broken from the prison,
Death is dead and Christ is risen.

One our blessing, one our choice,
One our liberty and voice;
Now the doors are open wide,
And the graves no longer hide;
Now the iron bars are snapt,
And the tyrant is entrapt.
Life hath broken from the prison,
Death is dead and Christ is risen.

O the glory, O the joy,
Hell cannot as once destroy!
Pain is but a passing cloud,
And the sunshine lines the shroud;
Hope hath made us each a king,
And the year is alway Spring.
Life hath broken from the prison,
Death is dead and Christ is risen.

III. GEMS FROM "RUTHERFORD."

MAKE others to see Christ in you—moving, doing, speaking, and thinking. Your actions will speak of Him, if He be in you.

Go where you will, your soul will find no rest but in Christ's bosom. Inquire for Him, come to Him, and rest you in Christ, the Son of God. I sought Him, and I found in Him all I can wish or want.

How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand! As little do I take away in my great sea,—the boundless love of Christ.



"Defender of the Faith."

BY R. L. HENDRY.

SOON after our King came to the Throne there was a discussion between several of his Majesty's subjects as to his royal titles. "King of the Britons," "Emperor of Britain and the Colonies," and a dozen other suggestions were made as to what Edward VII. would claim as his own.

"But you have forgotten the title which was nearest to the heart of the Queen," said the oldest subject. "I should like to think that it will be cherished no less by our King, for it needs no words of mine to prove that it was Victoria's faithfulness to that title which made her reign a blessing to her people." They asked him to what he referred, and his answer was, "Defender of the Faith."

Throughout her long and loving reign Victoria's heart was true to the faith of her fathers, to the faith which has made our country all that it is.

How fully Victoria the Good appreciated faith in God is shown in a true story of her talk with an old farmer who had invented an improved plough. Quickly the Queen put him at his ease by asking how he thought of the improvement.

"Well, your Majesty," began the farmer, "I had it in my head for a sight o' days before it would come straight. I saw what was wanted plain enough, but I couldn't make out how to get at it. I thowt, an' I thowt, an' I thowt, but it wouldn't come clear nohow. So at last I made it a matter o' prayer, an' one mornin' the whole thing came into my mind like a flash—just what you see in that there model."

"Why, Mr. Smith," interrupted his Royal listener, "do you pray about your ploughs?"

"Why, there now, your Majesty, mum, why shouldn't I? My Father in heaven, He knew I was in trouble about it, and why shouldn't I go and tell Him? I mind o' one of my boys when he was a teeny little mite, I bowt him a whip, and rarely pleased he was with it. Well, he comes to me one day cryin' as if his little heart would break. He'd broken the whip, an' he browt it me. Well, now, your Majesty, mum, that whip worn't nothin' to me—it only cost eighteenpence when 'twas new—but it was something to see the tears a-runnin' down my boy's cheeks. So I took him on my knee, and I wiped his tears with my handkercher, and I kissed him, I did, and I comforted him. 'Now, don't you cry, my boy,' says I; 'I'll mend the whip, I will, so that it'll crack

as loud as ever, and I'll buy a new one next market day.' Well now, don't you think our Father in heaven He cares as much for me as I for my boy? My plough worn't o' much consequence to Him, but I know right well my trouble was."

He was a rough and ready preacher, and he had no pulpit to preach from; but his Royal listeners were moved by the farmer's simple faith. "You're a good man, Mr. Smith," said the Queen, "and I am glad I have subjects such as you."

"Your Majesty, mum," replied the blunt farmer, "I've got nothing good about me but what comes from God," and the Queen agreed.

In her family the Queen considered it her duty, as a Christian mother, personally to superintend her children's religious training.

Once, when State affairs had been unusually pressing, she said: "It is a great trouble to me that I cannot always hear my children say their prayers." She drew up a memorandum for the religious training of the Princess Royal, which laid it down "that she should have great reverence for God and religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling; and that the thoughts of death and after-life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding view."

Family worship was always an institution in the Royal household. The Queen, in earlier years, attended prayers with the entire family before breakfast. Age and infirmity in later years made it

necessary for the Queen's morning devotions to be conducted in her own room, but all members of the household were expected to attend the daily morning service.

The Queen's Bible and Prayer-Book, large and well-worn copies, had a special table assigned to them in the private sitting-room, whether at Osborne, Windsor, or Balmoral, and they accompanied her on Continental journeys, and were placed each morning ready for her use when she was travelling by rail, or on board the Royal yacht.

The Queen on Sunday liked to hear accounts of philanthropic work and missionary enterprise, and it is said that both her Majesty and Princess Beatrice were deep students of the Bible. The nursery in which the young Battenbergs spend a good deal of their time is decorated beautifully with texts painted by Princess Henry of Battenberg. In the confirmation of her descendants the Queen always took peculiar interest, and was present at most of the services.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



From a Photograph by

KING EDWARD VII.

[Messrs. GUNN & STUART, London.]



Photographed by

HOW OLD AM I?

[P. MOLLOY.]

At home to the Census man—The inhabitants of the British Isles—On the night of March 31st.



HAT is the little card of invitation which the Census man has accepted. You have *not* invited that inquisitive Paul Pry, you say? you know nothing about him? None the less, you *have* invited him, and it will be your bounden duty to entertain him with facts and figures—and possibly a little fun. For Parliament has authorized the taking of a Census throughout the British Isles, and, as every Briton knows, Parliament is the voice of the people. But, you may object, it will be highly inconvenient to answer all the questions printed on the Census papers. How, for instance, dare you ask Aunt Matilda to reveal her exact age? How could she ever look thirty-five again after putting down forty-nine on the Census paper? Well, my friend, let her make this entry last of all, and you can give her your solemn pledge that you will not tell this secret she loves to keep. For it is to your interest, as well as to hers, to keep Aunt Matilda, or any other of your relations of uncertain age, as young as possible.

But, seriously, there are solid advantages to be gained by answering the Census questions with the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Nowadays we have Parliamentary representatives who have promised to promote our welfare. There

The Census:

FACTS, FIGURES, AND FUN.

BY H. T. INGRAM, M.A.

are schemes for old age pensions; for the betterment of the condition of workpeople employed in dangerous trades; for the prevention of overcrowding, and many other similar objects. If these schemes are to be realized in Acts of Parliament, they must be based on the most accurate Census information. That is why our Government expects every man to do his duty in answering the Census questions; that is why our Government is prepared to spend a large sum of money in getting them answered.

Now for a few interesting facts and figures. There are, roughly speaking, about 7,000,000 inhabited houses in our island home, and the total population will, it is expected, be found to number 40,000,000 souls. To ensure accurate answers to the Census questions, and careful arrangement of the details of collection, an army of 40,000 enumerators will be required. After the returns have been collected, a staff of 200 clerks—50 of them being women—will be employed to calculate and tabulate the general results.

The 40,000,000 inhabitants will be divided and sub-divided into men, women, and children; into bread-winners and bread-eaters; employed and unemployed; and a hundred other sections. As the Oxford professor once announced, "it will be found necessary to divide people into convenient sections for the purpose of examination!" At least some of the "sections" we can anticipate from a reference to the last "numbering." Half the population is under the age of twenty, and nearly one-third consists of children. For every ten married persons, there are in each sex ten (over the age of fifteen) unmarried. A great deal of trouble is to be taken this year to find out how we earn a living, whether at home or in factories, or whether we are "unemployed" either from lack of work or lack of need to work. Judging by the 1891 Census, the last class—those who are independent and do not actually labour for a living—is very small. Excluding lunatics, and those physically incapable, there are not more than 92,000 men existing on private means. It has been calculated by Mr. Mallock, that if all the unoccupied gave themselves to wage-earning industry, the result would be to shorten the toil of the occupied classes by about a minute in the hour. Of course, it must be remembered that very many, who rank themselves as "unoccupied," are engaged in philanthropic work of an arduous character, such as many of us would not care to undertake for a large income.

But the title of my paper guarantees some Census fun. Here, then, is an enumerator's experience in the East End of London:—"What!" he exclaims, on finding that the Census paper is still beautifully blank and clean, "have you not filled up your paper yet?" "No, that I haven't," returns the old woman who has opened the door to the Census man. "I'm no scholar myself, and my ole man been abed these three year, and it'd be all the same if he was up. He can't read nor write, and I don't know nobody as can." "Well, I'll fill it up for you." The



Photographed by]

WHY NOT A CENSUS OF HOME PETS?

[F. MOLLOY.



Photographed by]

HOW YOUNG AM I?

[F. MOLLOY.

old wife looks as though she has found a friend indeed, and she toddles along towards her room with more than the sprightliness of threescore years and twelve. But suddenly she halts, and a shade of perplexity comes over her. "Ye haven't such a thing as a bottle o' hink about yer, sir, 'ave yer?" "No, I haven't really. Haven't you any ink?" "No, nor no pens neither. They comes and borrsers yer hink, and they never brings it back," she added; but I think it was only a pretence put forth for the sake of appearances, and I doubt very much whether the old couple had more than one bottle of ink in their lives.

While the Census man is bethinking himself as to whether there is or is not anything in the official instructions on the use of pencils instead of pen and ink, the old lady dives into a neighbouring doorway on a borrowing expedition herself, and presently comes forth triumphantly displaying a pen. "Got a pen, but ain't got no hink," she exclaims, and vanishes into another doorway a little way further along, and from this she presently emerges, fully equipped for the Registrar-General and all his demands.

The most perplexing complications arise from the queer way in which the people do their best to comply with the law, many of them giving quite as much difficulty by putting down what is not asked, as by omitting to give what is

required. A man in filling up the column "age last birthday" takes the trouble to give the precise date of birth all down a long list, for instance, leaving the enumerator to calculate exactly how old he must be. Another creates hopeless confusion by putting the right entries in wrong lines, thus making all the male names stand for females, and putting all the elders at school while the juveniles are the employers of labour or the heads of families.

"Why, look here at these ages," says an enumerator. "They are all patriarchs of a truly Biblical type." Head of family, Albert Jenkins; age last birthday, 407; Mary Ann Jenkins, 401; Thomas Jenkins, 201. How's this? we want to know. Why do people live so long in that unhealthy-looking house? "Albert Jenkins, 407!" exclaims a cadaverous youth on the dark, steep staircase, 'why, that's

the ole man!' 'Yes, I should rather think it is,' and there is a roar of laughter from up above. 'How old's th' ole man?' shouts up Thomas. 'Forty-seven,' says the missis, choking with mirth at the idea of a head of the family four good centuries old. Ah, that's it, then—40 and 7 in the 'ole man's' edition of Cocker make 47, and so with all the rest."

There are many questions which one would like to add to the Census paper, but, unhappily, there is no room for any but the most necessary. For instance, one would like to know how many home pets there are in the British Isles; whether the growth of kindness to animals has encouraged the keeping of dogs, cats, and birds, not to mention other odd creatures which are privileged friends of the family.

"The Friend of Little Children."

BY THE REV. JOHN ROOKER, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, BECKENHAM.



"He walked with a sense of grave responsibility."

—Page 87.

"**T**ELL, Mrs. Cooke, and how are you?"
 "Nicely, thank you, sir."
 "And Ellis?"
 "Oh, he's grown a big fellow, sir: I don't think you would know him. He's left school, and helps his father now in the fields."

"Well," I said, "that is news. Fancy Ellis turning out a strong hearty fellow! We didn't think that possible some years ago, did we?"

And Mrs. Cooke said quietly, "No, sir, we didn't."

I had gone back for a few days to stay in the parish I knew so well and loved so much. And strolling round the old haunts I came on the forge and the two cottages by which it stands. Each cottage has its story. I have told one of these stories a year or two ago; let me tell you what stamps the other in my memory. It is a scene in which Ellis takes the chief place.

Ellis was seven years old at the time I am thinking of, and he was the eldest of three. He had the most wonderful head of curls I ever saw. His head fairly "ran over with curls," and every time I saw him in school I felt I should like to play with those curls. His eyes were a clear blue, and his face was honest and steady.

He was a very good boy, but not very quick at lessons. I think lessons were hard for Ellis. He was not top of his class, but he was the best boy in the school. For he always tried to do his duty, and his teacher valued him not so much for reading and spelling as for goodness and truth and honesty of purpose. After all, these things are the foundations of greatness, and in the other life perhaps we shall be rewarded more for our efforts than even for our works. Still, lessons were an anxiety to Ellis, and though he tried hard to learn them, yet he found them always hard to learn.

I used to see Ellis in school, and I used to see him

coming home from school. To meet that little group of children at the close of an afternoon's visiting was always a pleasure. Ellis had charge of quite a party, for there were several cottages this end of the parish nearly a mile and a half from the schools, and it was a long and lonely walk for a child alone. Coming home through Mosses Wood about four o'clock of a December afternoon, I would hear children's voices in the distance, and my pony would prick up his ears as if to say, "Hallo, here are those youngsters." And then would come a little band of about a dozen children, and Ellis among them.

He walked with a sense of grave responsibility, and looked as if he had the cares of the parish on his shoulders. I think he took charge of all the younger ones in the party, and he seemed to me like a youthful David with his lambs. No shepherd could be more careful. At home he was as good as a housemaid and nursemaid combined. Perhaps he was better, for he never thought of complaining when he was asked to do a little extra in the cottage. He could light a fire, cut wood, fetch water, and mind the baby. He was his mother's right hand. If every cottage had an "Ellis," it would be a happy place.

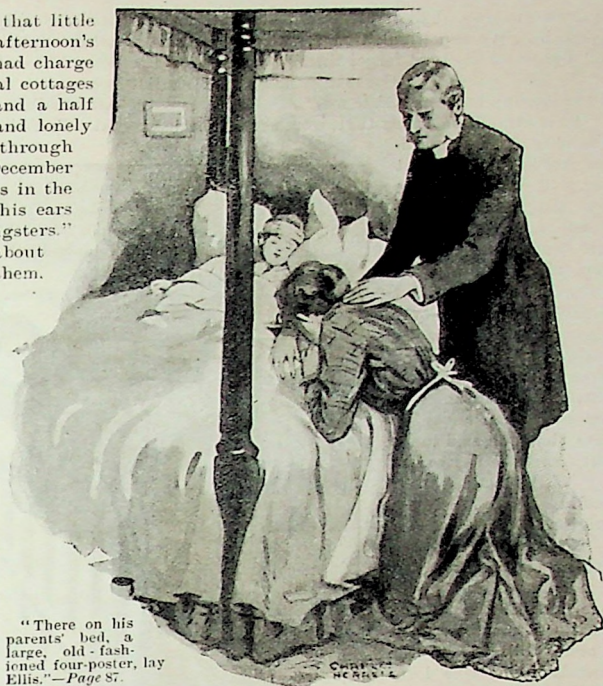
One day in school I missed Ellis, and I was told he was ill. I rode over to see him, and I found his parents in sad trouble. Ellis was very ill indeed. He had brain fever. The doctors, two of them, had just been, and they had told Mrs. Cooke that Ellis could not live.

I went upstairs. There on his parents' bed, a large, old-fashioned four-poster, lay Ellis. His curls were all gone. A wet bandage was on his head. His blue eyes were shut, and his forehead was distressed. He was evidently at his lessons, for he talked about them in his delirium, and he was still finding them hard. Poor, hot, restless Ellis! Poor, sorrowing, despairing father and mother!

What could be done? Nothing. Everything had been done that could be done. There was only one other thing (the best thing) we could do, and that was to kneel down together by the bed, and ask the Saviour to help. We did kneel down, and prayed the Lord to raise up the lad, for all things were possible with Him, or, if He wanted Ellis, to give the parents courage and faith to believe the Saviour knew what was best.

"But," as the mother said, "it is very hard to let him go."

We came down the tiny dark stairs (what quaint stairs those old cottages have—as if the builder had forgotten the stairs and suddenly put them in at the last moment), and I remember feeling tongue-tied. In the presence of a great sorrow it is not easy to say much if the heart is touched. Perhaps it is as well.



"There on his parents' bed, a large, old-fashioned four-poster, lay Ellis."—Page 87.

Silence is often a great comforter. But I felt as I came downstairs I should like to say something. I forget what I did say; but I went out of the house feeling rather useless, and wishing I had the gift of expressing one's feelings and showing real sympathy.

Ah, my dear reader, when you are tempted to think your clergyman does not know how much you need his sympathy, and is cold and constrained, let me beg you to remember that sometimes he needs *your* sympathy. He is conscious of his failings, and if you could see his heart you would know how much he feels for you, and how he is vexed within himself at his weakness of expression.

Well, I went out, and never expected to see Ellis again. As I rode home I felt sure I should hear next morning that the Lord had called the child.

I was mistaken; so were the doctors; we were all mistaken. Ellis recovered, and got strong. I saw him in school again, and met him in the wood returning from school, and once again his head ran over with curls. When I left the parish Ellis had left the infant school and was in the upper school; but I fancy lessons were just as hard as ever. However, I saw Ellis no more.

All this I recalled as I sat with Mrs. Cooke in her cottage the afternoon I went back to see the old place.

"Well," I said, "I am very thankful to hear that Ellis is so strong, and I trust he may grow up to be always what he has been—the comfort of your home."

It was a time we shall never forget—that time he lay so ill. We can thank God for all His mercies, and I hope we shall not forget them."

"No, sir," said Mrs. Cooke again, "and I shall never forget what you said to me."

"I am afraid I said very little worth remembering.

The only thing I can remember is, that as I went away it seemed to me my tongue refused to speak any comfort. I felt very sorrowful for you all the same, you know, Mrs. Cooke."

"Well, sir, we never know—do we?—how our words strike another. You said a very simple thing, but it comforted me more than anything else that was said to me the time Ellis lay so ill."

"Well," I said, "what could it be? I am curious."

"As you came downstairs, sir, and stood at the door, as maybe we are standing now, you said, 'Remember, Mrs. Cooke, Ellis is in the hands of One who loves little children better even than their mothers.'"

Mrs. Cooke gave a very sweet smile as she added "And when I thought of that I felt lifted up."

"Thank you for telling me," I said. "Yes, it is the great comfort after all, and the only comfort sometimes. I may need the same comfort one day. This afternoon, at any rate, I am comforted to know my visit to you was not so useless as I thought. God bless you! Remember me to John." And so we parted.

It was a sunny autumn afternoon; the little gar-

den was bright with colour—a regular blaze of dahlias; the trees were just beginning to turn; and down the hill, as I strolled back to the "House," there came the soft sweet scent of an October day. All was peaceful and quiet: all was bright and cheerful. God's love seemed everywhere.

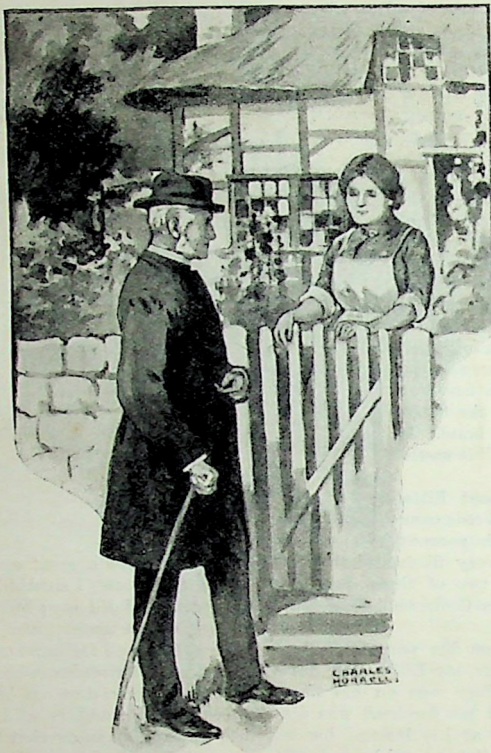
How little we do know the effect of our words. It was a surprise, and a glad one, to learn that the simple sentence had been so helpful; and yet, as I thought over it, what better thing could I have said?

Why, of course, if we could only believe in all our troubles that Jesus loves us *as much as a mother* it would be a great comfort. But to believe that He loves us *more* than a mother, why that ought to make us as patient and submissive as any little trusting child. He can't be doing anything unkind, because He is so good. He can't be doing anything wrong, because He is so wise.

And when parents are asked by Him to lend Him their children for a little while, surely our hearts ought to be able to say—even though there are tears upon our faces—"It is the Lord, the Friend of little children; let Him do what seemeth Him good."

Thank you, Mrs. Cooke, for reminding me of those

words. Your faith is a sermon. Ah, how many sermons the cottagers preach their pastors! May I never forget that it is true for *all* children, yours and mine and every one's—"they are in the hands of One who loves them better even than their mother."



"Thank you for telling me," I said.—Page 88.

A Wedding Hymn.

Oh, Perfect Love, all human love transcending,
Lowly we bend in prayer before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love that has no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

Oh, Perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and endless faith,

Of patient hope and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears not pain nor death.

Grant them the love which lightens earthly sorrow,
Grant them the peace which calmeth earthly strife;

And, at life's close, the glorious unknown morrow,
Which dawneth on eternal love and life.

D. F. B.



"For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew."—Tennyson.

The First Easter of the New Century.

"CHURCHWARDENS ALL."



CHURCHWARDENS all! But surely, you object, there are but two to a church. Nothing of the kind, my friends. Every one of you is, or ought to be, a churchwarden! From the King on the Throne to the cottager in the ingle corner each member of our ancient Church should be a defender of the faith, and a warden of the heritage his fathers have handed down to him. You cannot all be official churchwardens, but you can be practical churchwardens, and there is no more honourable title which you can desire. But it is no empty title.

On this first Easter of a New Hundred Years we are prompted to take stock of ourselves, to find out whether we are true to the names we bear, whether there is not some sham in the lives we have led. "Be true to yourself" is old advice, but first of all pray God to help you to be true to Him.

Of the questions we should all put to ourselves I mean to refer to but one. Are you a faithful warden of your church? If

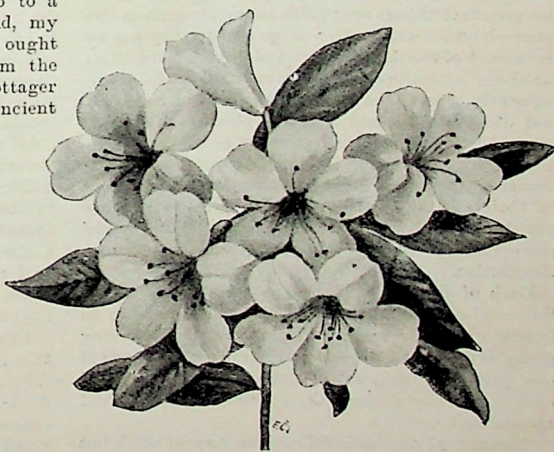
you are, then it is your highest pleasure and pride to do all you can for it. Do you wait for the clergy to ask you to do this or that in God's service? Surely that is not true wardenship. Some of us actually think we are doing our clergy a great favour when we help in parish work! What an amazing mistake. If we are working in the parish we are honestly taking care of our own property. The church, with all its activities, all its organizations, is ours—we are the guardians of its prosperity: we are responsible churchwardens.

I remember some years ago when I was in Switzerland, the visitors at the hotel got up a concert, the proceeds of which, it was announced, were to be devoted to charity. A considerable sum of money was the outcome, and to the nearest village we took it, that it might be distributed to the poor.

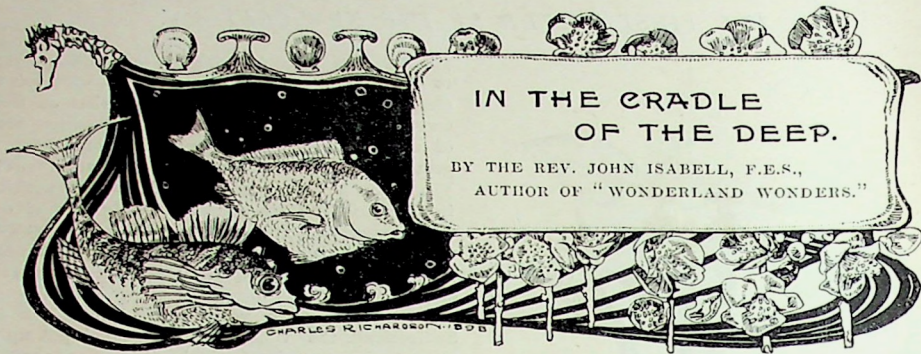
But it was refused with thanks. "We have no poor," was the answer, "for we are all workers for ourselves and for others."

I have never forgotten the incident. It struck straight home. Can we answer as bravely and confidently of our parish and church? Is there nothing poor and unworthy about it, no funds that are poorly-supported. Are our Easter offerings given as though we meant them to be thank-offerings? For myself I admit that I dare not claim rank with those patient, persevering Norman builders, who counted not the time or money they spent in raising the solid masonry and ornament of our parish churches. They have left no unworthy record behind of their wardenship. What of ours? May this New Century Easter be our inspiration for the coming days, so that we may be true to our trust, to ourselves, and to our God.

"CHURCHWARDEN."



"Light again, leaf again, life again, love again."—Tennyson.



THE most important member of a family is the baby. Its utterances are listened to as if they were the wisdom of Solomon in a concentrated form, its comfort is the first consideration, and all the arrangements of the house are subject to alteration at its will or whim. Whether merry or melancholy, it is the monarch—

"Its right there is none to dispute."

This deference to, and care for, the last new-comer is common to most mammals and birds, and to many reptiles and fishes. It is often short-lived, but while it lasts is intense; birds and beasts, which drive their young from them as soon as they are able to take care of themselves, risking their lives to defend them as long as they are weak and helpless.

Birds, which hatch their young from eggs, are pre-eminent for their parental care, fashioning nurseries with extraordinary ingenuity and skill, and giving unwearied attention to the brood until they are fledged and able to fly. Fishes, which are two steps lower in the ladder of life, also, as a rule, send their young into the world in the shape of eggs; but from the nature of things are unable to lavish on them the same elaborate care. To a large extent they are at the mercy of storms and tides, and have few facilities for the enjoyment or the comforts of home-life. Consequently, most of the fishes we see upon our breakfast and dinner tables, and have the pleasure of eating, began life for all practical purposes as orphans, committed by wandering fathers and mothers to the bosom of the deep. Some, however, are more happy in their parents; and sundry dog-fishes (which are not commonly eaten) are hidden away in mermaids' purses, until, like bank notes, they can be put into circulation.

Each of my readers has doubtless eaten thirty thousand eggs at a meal, and, therefore, ought to be familiar with the subject. The hard roe of a herring gives us an idea of the size and number of the eggs of one particular fish, but of little else, for death and cooking totally destroy the original structure and appearance.

The eggs of our table fishes have no real shell, but are surrounded by a membrane or skin which differs in character according to the conditions under which

they are to be placed. Those of the salmon, which are deposited in the gravel at the bottom of streams, are heavy and smooth; others, such as those of the herring, sink to the bottom and then stick to shingle and shells; while those of the cod, plaice, and sole are smooth, and float about freely at the surface of the water.

Eggs which are simply shed in the open sea, and float where the tides are able to carry them, cannot be guarded by the parents; but they have a protection peculiarly their own in being so transparent as not to be easily distinguished from the water itself. Even when contained in small numbers in a bottle of sea-water they can hardly be seen. But fishes, like other animals, love fresh eggs; and, in spite of their transparency, find and eat them. The eggs are often so numerous that the hungry fishes need only open their capacious mouths, and strain the water through their gill openings, to ensure an excellent meal. The eggs which sink to the bottom and adhere to stones and shells are more troublesome to gather, but they are a great attraction to many fishes. For instance, haddocks often lose their lives while stealing the eggs of herrings; for they resort to the beds where the herrings spawn, and the trawlers, knowing this, go after and capture the haddocks.

Seeing so many eggs of fishes are served up at meal times along the coast, it is evident that the supply must be enormous, or many species would speedily become extinct. A herring, which is by no means noted for the size of its family, produces about thirty thousand eggs: a ling may be the mother of thirty millions. The eggs of a plaice, which measure twelve to the inch, would, if threaded on a string, reach three times from the ground to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral; while those of the ling, which are only half as large, would stretch a distance of sixteen miles. The ling might well be described as having a long family.

Eggs cannot develop without a supply of air, and this is derived from the water, which, even when they are stuck together in masses, bathes them by the movements of the tides and currents. The blenny ensures ventilation by affixing its eggs to rocks in a single layer, and clearly is able to adapt itself to circumstances, if we may judge from the fact that an empty beef marrow-bone has been taken from the sea

neatly lined with eggs, a butterfly blenny keeping sentry inside. Which of the parents rocked the young ones in the cradle of the deep was not noted, but probably it was the father, who, usually among fishes, is a far better nurse than the mother, and often risks his life in preventing his spouse from swallowing her own offspring.

Shells, whether of oysters, limpets, or whelks, are grown by their owners for their private use; but they are only held on lease, and when the original tenant dies are "To Let" to the first comer. Spiral shells, such as those of the whelks, are appropriated by hermit-crabs; scallop shells are taken by the little sand-fishes known as gobies, and used rather as roofs than complete houses. The small goby goes house-hunting until he has found a shell lying conveniently on the sand, and then excavates a nice room under his substantial roof, with one aperture, which serves as a door and window. Having got his house, he seeks and secures a wife. The eggs are in due time placed on the ceiling, to which they adhere, and then the happy father settles down to mind his babies. Although they are only eggs, they require much care, lest they should perish for lack of fresh air in their small and over-crowded apartment. The anxious father, therefore, is kept at work day and night making a current of air by the motion of his fins.

Among the gunnels or butter-fishes maternal duties are most faithfully performed. These creatures roll their sticky eggs into a little ball about the size of a



A TRAWLER.

walnut, and father and mother coil themselves around them in turn, and nurse them until they are hatched.

Many male fishes have the curious habit of holding the eggs in their mouths until they are hatched, resisting the ever-present temptation to swallow them. The common pipe-fishes have a much more convenient mode of rearing their families. The male, which, as usual, is the nurse, has a pocket beneath his tail into which he manages to stow the eggs, and in this receptacle he carries them about until they are hatched and able to swim. The question of "the housing of the poor" pipe-fishes is easily solved. The head of the household simply carries about his family in his coat-tail pocket!



COD FISHING FLEET.



Bethlehem.

Beyond the City.

OUR CAMPING PILGRIMAGE THROUGH GALILEE.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROOKER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "A MODERN PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM."

III.



Our first chapters were introductory. The real story of our tour begins from this moment. We turn our back on Jerusalem, and set out for Beeroth, which is on the road to Bethel. Bethel is on the high road to Galilee, and it is Galilee to which we are going. Therefore, "farewell, Jerusalem," and we turn our horses' heads towards the north.

We are on the top of the ridge that runs up Palestine like a backbone, and our road leads along this ridge. It is a rough road. No carriage could travel along it. Perhaps you would call it a track rather than a road. It is full of loose stones, and you walk your horse for most of the way. Indeed, the greater part of the tour is done at a walking pace. These horses never trot. They either walk or amble. Sometimes you come across an open stretch of plain, and then you take a gallop; but the rule is a walk, and in single file.

There is not much opportunity for description of fine scenery, because fine scenery is lacking. All round is bare and grey and "sad." Interesting it is, because you know that you are passing over the way that pilgrims have always used down the centuries, and around you are places of undying interest. There is a high hill to the left, with a Mosque and a few poor hovels. Domian, who rides in front, points with his whip and cries "Mizpeh," and then you think of Saul's coronation. Again to the right—Ai!—and you think of Joshua. There is Ramah, where Samuel lived. There is Anathoth, where Jeremiah was born. We gaze and wonder and try to picture what the place was like in those days. Very different from now, and yet I expect Judea was always grey. A certain wildness hangs, and must always have hung, over the country, and even when those slopes were vine-terraces, and the valleys full of flocks, and the roads well kept, and the villages smiling round about, yet even then Judea was a rugged country like Wales.

I must confess that, not being wholly devoted to the views, I lost some of those impressions that I ought to put down, but don't. The fact is, I was divided between attention to the views and attention to my horse. Though he looked heart-broken, yet I found he had his opinions and stuck to them. He

would not brook near him the "brown" on which the Friend rode. If the brown came, he kicked, and if the chestnut, on which the Stranger rode, got in front, he tried to pass, and then the chestnut kicked, and nearly kicked me. All this distracted me, because I had to recall those soothing words that I had heard good horsemen use to horses, and the words did not always have the proper effect. Don't be alarmed, my reader, for the horses are really quiet creatures if you let them do as they like and go where they like. It is when you begin to argue with them that they get impatient and fidgety. Leave them alone; let the reins hang loose; don't pull at them, and all will be well. You may be alarmed at the places over which they walk, and the steep pitches down which they go, but there is no need for alarm. They are as safe as a cab horse on a London street, and a good deal safer.

If you don't like riding, you can take a sort of palanquin. It is a chair covered over to protect its occupant from the rain, or sun, and it is carried by long poles on the shoulders of four men. I saw an old lady of eighty go down to Jordan this way. But it would cost a large sum to go up north in this fashion, and you might leave worn-out carriers exhausted by the roadside, which would be a scandal. No, my friend, pluck up heart, and choose a horse.

Well, we walked our horses along the road north. The morning was fresh, and as the day wore on it cleared. We sometimes went down and sometimes up—for the track led across valleys and over hills—and Domian, as I have said, pointed out sites. There were a number of foot-passengers who passed us, coming from the direction in which we were going, and Domian told us they were Mahomedans going into Jerusalem to buy food for the Feast. This first day of our tour was the last day of Rammadan, the great fast of the Mahomedans, and the Moslems were getting ready for rejoicings. It was really the Feast, because the new moon had been seen by the officials in Jerusalem, and announced by gun firing, but not every one knew it. These people were peasants, and, having learnt the proper Arabic salutation from Domian, we greeted them in their own tongue, which greeting produced a reply, a smile, or a scowl, according to the temper of the individual.

Whatever is that? A strange sound of jingling bells behind us! We turned and saw a regular

cavalcade of horses and mules. Were we pursued like Jacob of old by another Laban?

"Domian, Domian, what is this row?"

"All right, sar; it is your camp."

And so it was. We had forgotten all about the camp.

Here were some fifteen or twenty horses and mules, with about half a dozen men. The animals were loaded up with the tents and furniture, and all the equipments necessary to make us comfortable. Some of the mules had bells, which had caused our surprise. We were in a fairly open bit of ground just here, and suddenly a stampede of the mules took place. I directed the Boy's attention to one of the mules.

"You asked me, my son, last night, what mules did when they were loaded up. Look there!"

A mule in a frantic state of indignation passed us rearing, kicking and biting. On his back was an article of furniture for the camp, at which he evidently rebelled. He seemed to feel he was ridiculous. He twisted round, he kicked, he raced on, he stopped and kicked again, and behaved like a madman. Another mule, with two iron bedsteads balanced on each side of his back, ran round and round until they twisted over and lay on the ground. Then he seemed happy, and stood and looked at the pile reflectively.



AT BEEROOTH.

The amount of shouting and yelling on the part of the servants was beyond description.

However, the mules were caught, the baggage fixed, and the camp passed on. We followed, and by twelve o'clock, when we began to feel very hungry, we came to Beeroth. It is a collection of a few huts, the remains of a church, some ruined reservoirs, and an old Khan. There are about 800 inhabitants. We sat down on the grass under the shelter of an old wall, near a fine spring of water, and the waiter laid our carpet and spread our meal. We enjoyed it.

Beeroth is said to be one of the five cities that deceived Joshua, and it is also said to be the place where the holy family stopped on their way back to Nazareth and missed the child Jesus. It seems to have been the first stopping place for pilgrims and caravans on the way back from Jerusalem from time immemorial, and the Crusaders built a church here.

We had our lunch, and gave the camp an hour and a half to get ahead of us, and then we mounted and rode on to Bethel. This is half an hour's ride. We are still on the central ridge, and the country still is bleak and bare. Bethel has no romantic surroundings. It is a poor village on a hill. There are about 500 inhabitants. Some mud walls run round about, and trees, scrubby and few, grow here and there. The one point in Bethel that attracts attention is an old tower, and you get a view from here—not extensive—but it is the highest part of the village.

(To be continued.)



AT BETHEL.



Specially drawn for this Magazine

CANDIDATES FOR THE BOAT RACE.

[by CHARLES FINEMORE.]

The Young Folks' Page.



THE BOAT RACE.



VERY one knows all about the "wearing of the blue" for the boat race between Oxford and Cambridge; but every one does not know how carefully each great oarsman gets ready for the day. No sweets, no cakes, no this, and no that; a cold morning tub and an early morning run—that is the kind of training which the Blues undergo. The men must be in "the pink of condition," which is only another way of saying "the best of health." Let each boy take a note of the training rules: "Early to bed and early to rise; no smoking, regular exercise," and make them his own, and he will be surprised at the work and play he can get through. He will work well, play well, and sleep well: and what more can a boy want as proof of a sound body?

HOME WORDS IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

WHEN I was a child I enjoyed a few royal privileges through my father being medical attendant to some members of the Royal Household. He was invited by his patients at various times to bring his children and friends to see the gardens and conservatories of Queen Victoria's London home, with her owls, eagles, and other birds, and the stables with the royal bays and creams. The old adage, "No man is a hero to his own valet," was utterly belied in the case of the royal servants with whom I chatted confidentially. The impression on my mind of the kindness of the Queen and Prince Consort and of their children to their attendants is almost as old as myself. My father told me that one morning he was taken through a room where the Queen and Prince Consort had been engaged in quiet reading before beginning their day's work. His attention was drawn to their books. Her Majesty's still lay open, and his eye fell on a note written by the Duchess of Kent. It was to this effect: "Read this passage carefully, my dear child." The hand that had written the words had long been at rest, but the great Queen, wife, and mother still remained the loving, obedient child. She had probably read the passage so constantly that the book opened naturally at this page. D. WOOLMER.

THE BOY SCULPTOR'S FIRST EARNINGS.

IT is told of Chantry, the celebrated sculptor, than when a boy, he was observed by a gentleman, at Sheffield, very attentively engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing, and to his amazement the boy replied, "I'm cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this the gentleman asked to see what he had done, and, pronouncing the likeness excellent, gave him a sixpence. This was most likely the first sum Chantry ever received for the practice of his art.

YOUR OWN WAY.

WHENEVER you feel that it is hard that you cannot have your own way, remember what Charles Kingsley once said in a sermon, preached on All Saints' Day:—

"The very worst calamity, I should say, which could happen to any one would be this—To have his own way all his life; to have

everything he liked for the asking, or even for the buying; never to be forced to say: I should like it, but I cannot afford it. I should do this, but I must not do it. Never to deny himself, never to exert himself, never to work, never to want. That man's soul would be in as great danger, as if he were committing great crimes."

HOME, SWEET HOME.

AS Swiss love their mountains, so the Eskimos of Alaska love their bleak, desolate country. The supply of food is limited, and the natives are at times in danger of starving. As they number about five thousand, and could be stowed in half a dozen emigrant ships, it was once proposed to send them to a land in which it is fit for human beings to live.

The proposal overlooked the fact that the Eskimos think they are living in the most beautiful country in the world, and, therefore, would not go to another.

Doctor Field tells a pathetic story illustrative of their love of their native land. Now and then one or two Eskimos are brought to the United States, but how downcast and miserable they look! The climate is intolerable to them. They pant in the heat like Polar bears, and long to get back to their colder country. One who came across the Atlantic some years since was stricken with consumption and set out to return, and every morning his first question was, "Have you seen ice?" If he could only get a glimpse of an iceberg he could die in peace. After all, there's no place like home!

TO OUR BOYS.

LORD BEACONSFIELD gave the following advice to a boy going to school:—"You will experience many trials and temptations, but you will triumph over and withstand them all, if you will attend to these few directions. Fear God; morning and night let nothing induce you ever to omit your prayers to Him; you will find that praying will make you happy. Obey your superiors; always treat your masters with respect. Ever speak the truth. A deviation from truth is too often the foundation of ruin. Be kind to your companions, but be firm. Do not be laughed into doing that which you know to be wrong."

"THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE."

"THE Church of England Sunday School Teachers' Magazine" says: "No scholar should be without 'The Queen's Resolve.' Many already have the earlier Edition, which has reached a circulation of 275 thousand copies; but the Sunday scholars in our land probably number five or six millions, and we should like the volume to reach them all. It was graciously accepted, 'with much pleasure,' by Queen Victoria herself, and also by the new King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, when Prince and Princess of Wales.

The new Edition, now ready, contains much additional information, brought up to date, and further illustrations by first-class artists. The price is 1s. 6d., but in Schools where 25 copies are wanted they are supplied for 10d. each, and if 100 are wanted for 9d. each, direct from "Home Words" Office, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

Bible Questions (New Series).

BY M.A. CANTAB.

QUESTIONS

1. DESCRIBE in five words a journey every Christian has accomplished.
2. When did a king rise early to worship?
3. What prophet speaks of a child's religious character?
4. Who was it said, "Let all thy wants lie on me"?
5. Which was the last appearance of the Virgin Mary?

6. In seven words give a very beautiful speech made by a woman to servants respecting Christ.
7. Name the person introduced by our Lord to three Apostles.
8. What emperor banished all Jews from Rome?

ANSWERS (See FEBRUARY No., p. 47).

1. 2 Chron. xx. 7; Isaiah xli. 8.
2. Exod. xvi. 23.
3. Cherith, Admah, Lystra, Elymas, Barzillai.
4. CALEB.

Washing Days and Washing Ways.

BY MRS. LINA ORMAN COOPER.

IV.

I PROMISED to give the formula for soap jelly. Shred finely some good soap. Scraps do well for this, and it is a good way to use up the small bits which are always left at the end of long usage of a cube of soap. Melt in water on the fire, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. When reduced to a liquid, pour into a jar, and keep for this kind of laundry work. In fact, soap jelly is really far more efficacious in cleansing than hard bars of even the best crown tallow. Of course it does not do where friction is required.

I do not purpose in these articles to go categorically through the whole gamut of a Home Laundry.

I mean to tell the many housewives who read these papers how to deal with some of the most difficult branches of this lost art. Having already told them how to cleanse greasy kitchen rubbers, also how to preserve their Jaeger underclothing and woollen wear intact and unshrunk, in this paper I would discourse about a rather unsavoury subject.

Handkerchiefs are one of the items on our weekly list which present the most uninviting appearance to the amateur. Yet they can be faced by the most fastidious woman without disgust if attacked after the fashion I recommend.

In my article on flannel washing, I said that if everything else was sent "out" woollies at least should be washed at home. Now, I would add that handkerchiefs should be treated in the Home Laundry if possible. We all know how the merry wives of Windsor introduced a Sir John Falstaff into a certain household hidden in a clothes basket! Now, something much worse than the fat knight is in danger of being introduced into our households, by the method we adopt of sending soiled handkerchiefs promiscuously to the general wash. In this day of scientific research after microbes and germs and spores, we ought to realize that every handkerchief used for a cold is left saturated with infection. This infection is not killed by becoming dry; in fact, it only increases in virulence, especially when hot water comes in contact with it. I am convinced we might find the abnormal spread of that fell disease influenza largely dependent on the clothes basket! For this reason, and to keep ourselves and our children in full health, we ought to look after our own handkerchiefs. We speak slightly of a "more cold in the head." I believe we ought to treat it as carefully as any other infective disorder. Of no illness can it be said "it does no harm." Our bodies are always the worse for any disturbance of natural functions.

Now, whenever Tommy, or Jack, or Annie are afflicted with colds, a watch must be kept on the handkerchiefs used. As each one is soiled and discarded, it must be seized and put to soak in a basin of Sanitas and water: one teaspoonful of Sanitas to a quart of water is about the strength required. This disinfecting fluid is colourless. Therefore no harm is done to the most delicate fabric. After the "hankies"—as children call them—have soaked for twenty-four hours, they are innocuous. Stir them round with a stick (remember, you absorb infection as much through the pores of your skin as in any other way), lift them out by help of the same, and pour on to them some warm water. They will no longer be offensive to the touch. So next, wash them thoroughly with a piece of the best tallow crown, or may be, a tablet of strong brown carbolic soap. The latter I would recommend. Rinse out in much hotter water; occasionally a boil is necessary, especially with stained ones used by our boys. Generally, however, boiling may be dispensed with, if proper soaking in water has been given. Dry in the open air.

When we want to do them up, we wash them in, rinse them



A THOROUGH LITTLE
WASHERWOMAN.

again in water to which has been added a squeeze of blue. Then they are rolled up damp and left for awhile.

We all know how uncomfortable are the harsh rasping squares sent home by a laundress who believes in "a grain of starch" added to the last water. No less objectionable are the wispy rags which never look fresh and only "last" half an hour.

Now I am going to tell you how to have handkerchiefs which will have a modicum of stiffness in them without a grain of starch.

Take the damp, rolled-up "hankies" and lay them smoothly on your ironing board. Pull them square at the corners. Have ready a very hot iron; another heating in the fire, as you will soon require it. Iron quickly on the right side of your spread out square. Begin at the edge of each and work towards the centre. In a moment the first iron will begin to stick, and no more gloss will be visible in its wake. Put it back at once and finish with the one that has been in the fire. Fold in three (there is a right and a wrong way of doing handkerchiefs as of doing anything else); see that the coronet or initial or ink marked name is on the outside, and then fold into three again. Shake out each square after it is finished and hang to air for awhile. You will find no difficulty in re-folding, as the creases made by a really hot iron are very deep and abiding ones.

A word of instruction and warning as to the irons we use. In the list of things necessary in a Home Laundry, I mentioned a tin of knife polish. This must always be *en evidence* when we are using heaters of any sort. Some of the powder must be shaken on to the flat board, which we keep on the shelf amongst other requisites. Then, before using the hot flat iron we must give it a rub in the powder. This removes all rust, all smuts and tiny particles of coal dust, all things which would sully the purity of our white handkerchiefs. Without its constant use, we shall often have iron-mould marks on linen, and though I can tell you how to remove iron-mould it is a lengthy process! After the polishing rub, clean the surface with a touch of a rag kept for the purpose. If irons have to be stored, even for a fortnight, it is well to rub them over with a bit of wax candle. This will preserve them well.



Scatter Flowers.

BY THE REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, B.A., AUTHOR OF
"NEW CENTURY HYMNS FOR THE CHRISTIAN YEAR."

"The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."—*Isaiah xxxv. 1.*

I.

WE scatter flowers along our track
And know not whether bad or good:
Some give to us a blessing back,
Some die where they a moment stood;
O scatter flowers for sunless hours,
In love of Christian brotherhood.

II.

We scatter gems as on we go
In every kindly act or aim:
Some rest on humble heads below,
Some miss the message that they claim;
O scatter gems, for diadems
Of poorer lives which sorrows maim.

III.

We scatter seeds of golden corn
When we take duties while we can:
Some help a soul that is re-born,
Some do but spoil a splendid plan;
O scatter seeds in gentle deeds,
If they may raise one fallen man.

IV.

God scatters with us as we toil
For others, and He holds each hand,
And if our task is stony soil
Still is He Master of the land;
And He will send, unto the end,
The power that comes with His command.





"Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me."



Home Words.

MAY NUMBER.

For His Name's Sake.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER, AUTHOR OF "IN FARTHEST IND."

CHAPTER V.

LINE UPON LINE.



UILDING is not a lengthy business in Bechuanaland, and the three huts erected by Shokomi's women were soon ready for habitation. Their structure was very simple. A set of poles, some twelve feet high, was

planted in the ground in a circle, and at the top were fastened a number of lighter branches, which were bent over to meet in the middle. The sides and roof were then thatched with bundles of reeds, leaving a space between two of the poles for a doorway, and the hut was complete. The largest hut was set apart as the church and school-room, the next as the general living-room, and the third as the abode of Kobus and the other Hottentots, who had hitherto slept

under the waggons. A fourth very tiny hut served Sannie as a kitchen by day and a bedroom at night; for she could not sleep in peace without her cooking things round her—a very short acquaintance with the Bechuana having convinced her that nothing was safe if left within reach of their fingers. Mrs. Hildyard and Rose still slept in one of the waggons, and Mr. Hildyard and Stephanus in the other, by Dirck's advice, the wisdom of which

they soon saw for themselves. "You'll have the people in and out of the huts all day," he said, "and there'd be little chance of sleep for you there afterwards."

Before the mission party had been settled more than a week at Welcome, Dirck was obliged to leave them, to continue the hunting expedition which he had interrupted to act as their guide. They bade him a sorrowful farewell, for, as Rose said, he had been a



"Hush, Whitebeard. You are my friend and an old man."—Page 100.

kind of Mr. Greatheart to them all, and it was terrible to think of facing future difficulties without him. At the time he left, the station was the centre of interest for the whole Banoga people. Tales of the white strangers, with their wonderful moving houses, and the magnificent gifts they had presented to Shokomi, had scarcely spread through the country before a welcome thunderstorm occurred, lasting the best part of a day, and setting all the dry rivers running for a short time. Shokomi was much interested, and came himself to ask whether the white man had obtained this rain from his Morimo. Mr. Hildyard, in some perplexity, replied that the sight of the sufferings of the people had naturally led him to pray for rain, and this answer made him for the moment the most popular man in the country. Crowds of men thronged from the outlying districts to see him (the women were busy in the gardens, taking advantage of the rain to sow their corn), and whenever he made his appearance, he found a circle of admirers waiting to look at him. Such an opportunity was all that he could desire, and with Saart as interpreter he did his best to teach the people from morning to night.

At this point, however, his difficulties began. The Banoga were eager for news. Anything about the Amabula, the Batau, the Griquas, they

would drink in with delight, and they showed a good deal of interest in the wonders of the white man's country; but as soon as Mr. Hildyard began to speak of spiritual things, their interest vanished suddenly. God, the soul, life after death, sin, conscience, were mere words, which many of them had never heard before, and to which none attached any meaning. After his unpromising talk with Shokomi, the missionary had vainly hoped that the strange want of a moral sense which had shown itself in him might not exist in the rest of the tribe; but experience showed, on the contrary, that Shokomi was, if anything, more intelligent and open to conviction than his subjects. It was not as if the Banoga were dull and degraded by generations of semi-starvation, like the Bushmen. They were skilful in their own arts, learned in agriculture and the care of cattle; and far from being mere lawless savages, possessed an elaborate social system and a store of complicated political maxims. This seemed to make their spiritual deadness all the more trying. Indeed, Mr. Hildyard felt at times that it would almost have been a relief to be able to believe they had been born without souls, since they did not show the slightest trace of possessing them.

Another trial was the language difficulty. Saart could understand and speak Dutch quite

well, but when the time came to render Mr. Hildyard's words into Si chuana, the language of his countrymen, he was at a loss. The necessary words to convey religious ideas were wanting, and the attention of the fickle hearers wandered while he was trying to explain what was meant. The preaching generally ended in shouts of laughter, either on account of the strangeness of the new ideas presented to them, or poor Saart's difficulty in making them understood in translation. Even this, however, was better than what happened once or twice, when Shokomi would lay aside the skins he was sewing into a cloak, and, rising gravely, pat Mr. Hildyard on the shoulder, saying, "Hush, Whitebeard. You are my friend and an old man, and I do not like to let the people hear you say such foolish things; they will think you are mad."

At this time poor Mr. Hildyard thought nothing could be worse than what he endured daily, but he was soon to learn that there was a lower depth still. All the visitors who came to pay him their respects, and also to turn over his possessions, examine his clothes, and comment freely on his personal



"Coolly asked the owner to take them back and give her some beads in exchange."—Page 102.

appearance, thought they were entitled to a present as a remembrance of him. If he did not give them one, they asked for it; and if he refused what they asked for, they waited until his back was turned, and took it. For some time Mr. Hildyard suffered in silence, consoling himself with the thought that before long there would be nothing left that any one would care to steal; but when his trusty elephant gun disappeared, he felt obliged to complain to Shokomi. The chief promised at once to recover the weapon, but added a proposal of his own.

"Your goods are wasting very fast, Whitebeard. Instead of paying the people for coming to listen, why not pay me? I will see that they come, and beat them if they don't; and your goods will last longer if you have only one to pay instead of so many."

"But I don't pay them for coming," objected Mr. Hildyard.

"You give them tobacco or beads. What happens when you go into a distant part of the town, and seek men to listen to you?"

"They ask for tobacco."

"And if you have none with you, will they listen?"

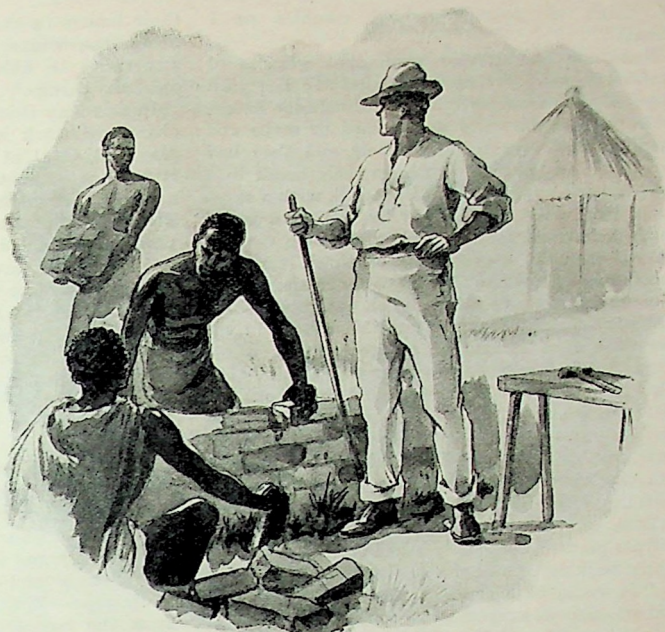
"Well, no. They tell me to go back and get some."

"Is it not as I said? They will only listen when they are paid."

"Then very soon they won't listen at all, for the tobacco is nearly gone."

"Even so; you will see. I will allow you to talk to me, if I am not too busy, for you got me some rain; but I can't make the people listen unless you give me a present."

Before very long the tobacco came to an end, and since most things that could be stolen had also disappeared, Mr. Hildyard found that his audiences diminished as if by magic. At first two or three deputations came to say that if he would make some more rain, they would pay for it by listening to him; but when he explained that he had no power over the clouds they went away in disgust. If he went out and tried to speak to the men who were herding cattle or sit-



"A step towards destroying the evil system of idleness."—Page 102.

ting sewing skins, they demanded payment for the loss of their time, although they were accustomed to spend hours day after day in doing absolutely nothing. When he pointed out that they could go on with what they were doing while they listened, they raised such a tumult of noise and laughter that he could not make himself heard, and was forced to retire defeated, which was just what they had intended. A very short experience of this treatment made Mr. Hildyard miserable. He was in the midst of heathen souls, not one of whom would receive his message; and now that the first interest of novelty had worn off, and his stock of gifts was exhausted, there seemed no means of getting them to listen. Mrs. Hildyard and Rose, watching him grow more haggard and hopeless each day, at last plotted a diversion.

"You know, John," said Mrs. Hildyard one night at supper, "I don't like to take you away from your preaching, but if you are not quite so busy as you were, we should be glad of a more solid sort of house. The ants are perfectly dreadful, for the heat only seems to make them more lively, and it is as hard to keep them out as it is the people."

"Yes, I fear you must find it very trying, Anne. Perhaps I have been too much occupied

to think of your household troubles as I should."

Rose and her mother exchanged glances of amused despair. What, indeed, did Mr. Hildyard know of their troubles? The South African housewife of those days was accustomed to make and mend almost everything at home, and they had not felt it any hardship to bake their bread in a hole scooped out of a disused ant-hill, with a stone for a door, make their butter by rolling a jar of milk round and round, mould their own candles out of such fat as could be obtained, and boil wood-ashes for weeks to get lye for soap-making. But to have to do all these things, besides the ordinary cooking for their large household, in the presence of a swarm of native women, whose greasy, red-stained fingers were everywhere they should not have been, who sat and lay about the floor, smoke, slept, talked, and dressed their hair in the missionaries' living-room—this was the real trouble. One day Rose missed her scissors. On the morrow she saw them suspended by the handles from the necklace of one of Shokomi's wives, and the woman, complaining that the points pricked her, coolly asked the owner to take them back and give her some beads in exchange!

"It would be a great comfort to have a house raised above the ground, and with a door that we could fasten," said Mrs. Hildyard.

"Yes, papa," said Rose, "and Stephanus is so clever. He has actually got a number of bricks made—when the rain came, you know."

"Oom Dirck advised me to," said Stephanus, blushing.

"He had to cut down a tree and saw it into planks before he could even make the moulds, papa," said Rose.

"But surely Stephanus must be able to build the house, then?" said Mr. Hildyard, smiling. "I had no idea he was such a carpenter."

"I'm afraid to set to work alone, uncle," said Stephanus, "for the natives take such a lot of looking after. They have no idea of making anything square. It's very funny. Even when we were stacking the bricks to dry they couldn't put them in rows. As soon as ever my back was turned, they were all in beautiful circles."

"You must take me on as your apprentice, Stephanus. It's a good many years now since I helped to build the church and houses at Mooiplaats, but I daresay I shall soon get into the way of things again. And as for time, I have plenty of it. No one will listen to me if I try to preach."

"Don't say that, dear," said Mrs. Hildyard, pained by the sadness of his tone. "Perhaps you have preached to them a little too much, and their minds are too dull to take in all the new ideas. Divide your time now, and work with Stephanus in the daytime, and go and talk to the people in

their homes in the evening. They like to hear about the white man's country, and you will sometimes be able to lead the talk round to spiritual things."

In this way there began for Mr. Hildyard the change of work which is said to be as good as play. Mindful of Dirck's advice, he found that it was as hard to exercise patience with the native workmen as it had been to preach to them. Their views as to a fair day's wage were exorbitant, but they had no idea of doing a fair day's work for it. A favourite trick was for a man to send his wife to represent him, on the plea of illness, although the missionary had refused to engage any but men, hoping to break down in this way the custom by which the women did all the hard work. If the white man's back was turned for a moment, shirking and dishonest work was sure to follow; and often the first task of the day was to pull down all that had been done the day before, on account of some flaw that now showed itself. But Mr. Hildyard and Stephanus persevered, realising that every day of honest labour was a step towards destroying the evil system of idleness cruelty and oppression which had enslaved the women and brutalised the men of the Bechuanas. The wages were generally beads from the fast diminishing store; but the small articles which Stephanus could turn on his lathe, or Klaas, who had some knowledge of blacksmith's work, make out of the native iron, were in great demand, and the men began to take a pride in exhibiting what they had earned. Rose also did her part towards the liberation of the women. She had her school, an assembly which would have turned the hair of a properly qualified teacher grey in a single morning. At first the scholars did all the teaching, for Rose was obliged to pick up their language before she could talk to them in it; but by this time she was able to explain to them, after a fashion, the wonderful pictures in her father's large Dutch Bible, and was doing her best to teach reading and counting. The girls had the further delight of being taught to sew, and as sewing had always been the men's occupation hitherto, there was great joy in learning to do it which made it a kind of forbidden fruit. Rose's little scholars were a great delight to her, in spite of their unimaginable naughtiness, for their eagerness to learn was refreshing after the dullness and deadness of the older people. They were fond of her, too, and quoted "Rosy" everywhere as their oracle, Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard being known only as Ra-Rosy and Ma-Rosy.

When the brick walls of the house were built, and the roof was being put on, it became clear that some one must go to the colony with one of the waggons, and bring back various things that

were needed. Rose wanted many yards of print, that her pupils might learn to make themselves simple gowns instead of their dirty skin cloaks; a fresh supply of beads and tobacco for

seed had died in the ground, and the natives had no corn to sell. Mr. Hildyard could not leave either his family or his work, and therefore the duty of going fell on Stephanus, who was to take



"'You wounded this buck, Whitebeard, but I have killed him.'"—Page 104.

paying wages was absolutely necessary; nails and tools were running very short; but the great need was for corn. In ordinary seasons the Hildyards would by this time have been reaping their first harvest, but owing to the renewed drought the

Kees and Klaas with him, and bring back all the news of the outer world, as well as his many commissions. It was with difficulty that oxen enough were got together to draw the waggon, for some had been shot by thievish Bushmen, some deliber-

ately speared by the hungry Bechuanas, and one or two driven away into the hills, where the robbers could hunt them down at their leisure; but at last Stephanus was able to start.

When he was gone the diminished household at the station began to suffer the pangs of something very like famine. Constant practice had made Stephanus a passable shot, and the game he brought in had often saved the family from going hungry. But when Mr. Hildyard went out to shoot, the natives dogged his steps, and when he had brought down an antelope or a zebra he was sure, on reaching it, to find a triumphant Bechuana standing by the carcass, with his spear driven into it, and to hear, "You wounded this buck, Whitebeard, but I have killed him. I will let you have a good piece of meat if you will give me a knife." This method of hunting was expensive, and, moreover, game was getting very scarce, the natives trapping recklessly every kind of animal in their need, so that even the blackish flesh of the zebra, with its yellow fat, became a luxury at the station. Again, it was not always that the food which had been in the larder appeared upon the table. Sunday after Sunday the expectant family, returning from church, found an empty pot upon the kitchen fire, or perhaps a stone boiling merrily instead of the meat they had put on to cook; and when Mrs. Hildyard and Sannie shook out and ground the very last of the wheat out of all the sacks to make one good baking of bread, every loaf was dexterously removed when it was set out to cool.

In these circumstances it was very difficult to get food at all. For some time the missionaries subsisted on bread made of the bran which they had formerly separated from their flour, and which had to be ground three times over before it was possible to swallow it when cooked. Rose's small scholars made her presents of fine cater-

pillars, which the Hottentots devoured greedily, and once they brought, ready cooked, an extraordinary animal about the size of a chicken. Its head and feet had been removed, and Rose asked the children where they had found such a strange bird; to which they replied that it was not a bird, but a fish, and talked very loud. Rather afraid that she was being asked to eat a young crocodile, Rose went down to the dry river with them, to see if they could show her another of the creatures, and to her relief found that it was nothing worse than an enormous frog. By this time the whole party at the mission house were hungry enough to eat it gladly. But another kind of food that was much relished by the natives they could not bring themselves to touch. This was locust-meal, made by pounding the bodies of the insects together in a mortar, after they had been dried in the sun and deprived of their legs and wings. The visitation of locusts, usually a terror, came very opportunely for the natives, who made the most of the time at their disposal. As long as the locust-swarms were in the neighbourhood food was plentiful, and the children began to look so fat and sleek that Rose scarcely knew them. She was watching them hunting for the last stragglers of the host one day, when an old woman approached, to whom she had once given medicine for some ailment.

"You did not know that it was I who brought the locusts, did you, Rosy?" asked the old lady.

"No, indeed. How did you do it?" asked Rose, in surprise.

"Why, I dreamed about them, and I saw that they meant to go another way, across the Batau country; so I made great medicine, and it brought them, you see. It was for your sake I did it, that you and Ra-Rosy and Ma-Rosy might have a great feast."

But even this assurance did not tempt Rose to eat the locusts.

(To be continued.)

"Even to Hoar Hairs will I Carry You."

(Isaiah xlv. 4.)

BY THE REV. G. W. BRIGGS, B.A.

WHEN new life heralds Spring begun,
And flowerets scent the wandering breeze,
And birds make music in the trees,
And blossoms open to the sun:
Take, tender Shepherd, in Thine arms
Thy lambs, and shield from all alarms.

When Summer roses strew the ground,
And noon-day dazzles with its glare,
And many a pit-fall, many a snare,
Is hidden by the flowers around:
Be Thou our guide, O Lord, and keep
The footsteps of Thy wayward sheep.

When Autumn has matured the grain,
And we have gathered in life's store,
And plenished is the garner-floor;
Yet Summer suns begin to wane,
And fading leaves fall fast: O now,
What is our hope, O Lord, but Thou?

When eyes have lost their former light,
And wintry snows surround the head,
And feet, once firm, now feeble tread,
And gathering shadows tell of night:
Thy promises shall point the way
That leads unto eternal day.

Whitsuntide.

I. "THE POWER THAT WORKETH IN US."

(Ephesians iii. 20.)

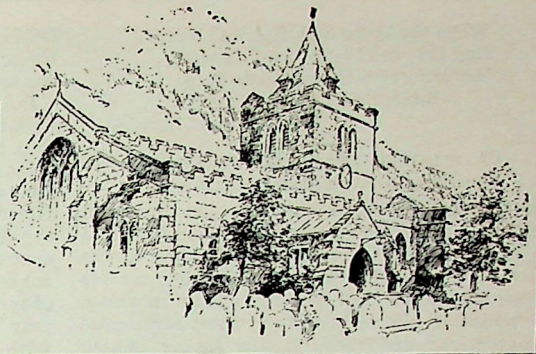
BY THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A.

"THE power that worketh in us"—what is this power? Is it *physical* power? We have heard a good deal in recent times about what is called "muscular Christianity": and certainly it is to be desired that we should love and serve and worship God with all our strength, and not, as too many do, with a little of their sickness. But it is not of physical strength that the Apostle is speaking. He himself appears at times to have been by no means robust; and more modern instances will readily occur to our minds of men and women who, in spite of great bodily weakness and infirmity, have been enabled to do good service for God and for the happiness of their fellow-creatures.

Is it *intellectual* power, the power of convincing argument or persuasive eloquence? No doubt there is a power of a certain kind in these, and St. Paul possessed it in no small degree. The Church of God cannot afford to neglect the culture of its mental endowments: and if it be said that God does not need man's learning, it may be answered that neither does He need man's ignorance. But still the Apostle laid but small stress on such gifts as these. "I came to you," he writes, "not with excellency of speech or of wisdom. . . . My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and with power." Clearly, then, it is not to his mental ability any more than to his physical energy that he alludes when he speaks of "the power that worketh in us." The power is *spiritual* power. It is the grace of God. It is the power of the Holy Ghost. It is God illuminating and vitalising and strengthening the soul of man.

He is the source of all spiritual gifts, and of all spiritual graces. It is He who regenerates. It is He who sanctifies. It is He who enlightens. It is He who enables.

Do we think enough of the Holy Spirit of God? Do we honour Him sufficiently in our worship? Do we recognise the fact that all our work, to be effectual, must be through His indwelling power? Do we, in short, believe in the Holy Ghost? Do we believe, not as a barren formula, but as a vital fact, that there is a power, not ourselves, yet in ourselves, which is Christ's best gift to His



Church, and which is nothing less than the indwelling presence of the Comforter?

II. THE SPIRIT OF GOOD.

BY THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR, D.D.

Do you sufficiently realize to yourselves the unlimited powers of spiritual life, the unrestricted happiness which you may claim by relying on the Divine presence of the Holy Spirit? Every temptation can be overcome, every imperfection cured, every virtue nourished. Call upon Him, and He will answer you more abundantly than you dare ask or think. Oh! that the young men of to-day were filled with Him as the disciples of old, and that they were roused to life, enthusiasm, and zeal, and purpose, and directness, and fruitfulness in their faith!

Only do nothing, however harmless it may seem, which would quench His fire within you, and fill you instead with the spirit of the world. That is the test of all pursuits and occupations and pleasures and amusements. Let any young man who feels listless about life say, without any reservation whatsoever: "O Spirit of good, strive with me, reprove me, comfort me, help my infirmities, teach my understanding, guide my will, sanctify my life, testify to me of Christ, glorify Christ even in me, search every corner of my heart, as Thou alone canst search, work in me according to Thine own will."

III. LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubt discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

—Robert Herrick.

IV. "LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY."

BY BISHOP PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D.

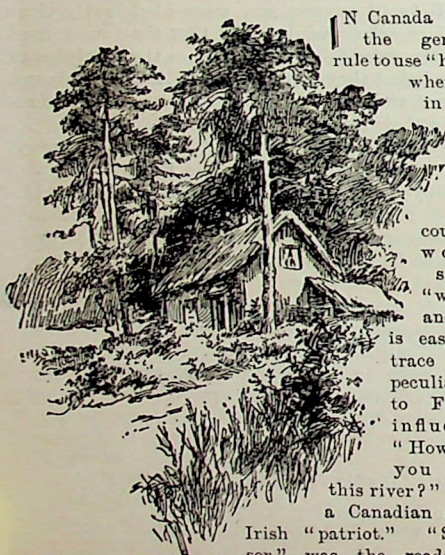
FEW things on earth are more touching and beautiful than to see a mother teaching her child to pray. There is the little one bending at the parent's knee, and repeating in lisping accents those simple words of deep and solemn meaning, of which it has very dim yet most reverential conceptions; and there is the loving mother awakening the dormant faculties of her child, suggesting the very words, nay, even the very thoughts, by which her little one is making its first approaches to their Father which is in heaven. Oh, with what foreshadowing thoughts of faith and hope and love does she look down into the eyes of her child, as it looks up to heaven and to her, and with what fond solicitude does her own prayer mingle, all unheard, with the

feeble accents of that little tongue, while she beseeches the Lord to bless and guide her little one amidst all life's dangers and vicissitudes.

It is indeed a blessed scene: but it comes infinitely short, both in meaning and tenderness, of that love displayed by the Holy Spirit when He helps God's weak and wayward children in their approaches unto God, commingling, as it were, His own gracious intercession with theirs before the Throne of Grace, and thus bringing down answers of richest blessings from on high. Should not our first prayer to the Holy Spirit be like that of the disciples to their Master—"Lord, teach us to pray"? And is it not significant that the prayer with which our Communion Service opens its sublime communication with heaven, with all its Divine requests, and holy aspirations, and earnest solicitings, is a special petition for the purifying power of the Holy Ghost, in order to render them both pure and acceptable? "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Our Kin in Canada and Beyond.

BY J. E. L. MADOC.



IN Canada it is the general rule to use "how" where we in the

old country would say "what," and it is easy to trace the peculiarity to French influence. "How do you call this river?" asked a Canadian of an Irish "patriot." "Shure, sor," was the ready re-

sponse, "we never calls it at all: it comes down of itself."

We must have a care *how* we call Canada; for did not a poet suffer many things when he thoughtlessly referred to "Our Lady of the Snows?" Cold and snowy it can be undoubtedly in the wintry season of

the year, as the following true stories illustrate; but we must not forget that Canada has her genial summer.

On one occasion a certain missionary was travelling through a wild and lonely district in the north. Snow lay deep, and the thermometer had dropped into its boots, or lower still. Overtaken by darkness one night he claimed hospitality (which is never refused by the way) at an isolated house. At the gate he was surprised to see a man wandering aimlessly round the house. He seemed to be in trouble, and his face wore a most woe-begone expression. In his hands he held with great care a loaf of bread.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed the missionary, "what are you doing? If you don't take that loaf indoors it will freeze."

"Ah, sir," he answered, "that's just it. I'm looking for a place to put it where it will not freeze."

"Well, you won't find a suitable spot out here," remonstrated the missionary. "Surely there is a warm corner in the house for it."

"No, sir, not a place where it won't freeze."

"Have you tried putting it under the grate?"

"Ah, sir, the fire would go out and then it would freeze."

"Take it to bed with you."

The man started. It was the grand idea which he had failed to find.

That night, after wrapping the loaf in a newspaper, a towel, and one of his flannel shirts, he took it to bed with him. But the loaf must have worked

to a cold corner, for in the morning it was frozen hard as a stone!

After the above story I shall not surprise you with another experience of a missionary. He found in a house which he was visiting every bed ranged round the stove, which stood in the centre of the principal room. But the baby occupied the warmest place of all, for half its cradle was actually inside the oven!

Bishop Ridley, whose portrait we give, has been for many years "Bishop of the Red Men" in Caledonia, yet further north, and many an extraordinary tale of adventure I have heard from his lips. For humour, several rival the true tale of another Bishop, which I think I may give "without prejudice." Our missionary friend received an invitation to dine with his Bishop, who was visiting a freezing corner of his diocese. At that time of the year it was often extremely difficult to get provisions.

However, when dinner was served the first course proved all that could be desired. The visitors laughed and chatted in excellent spirits. When all had finished, the bell was rung for the "all-round boy," the Bishop's cook and parlourmaid combined.

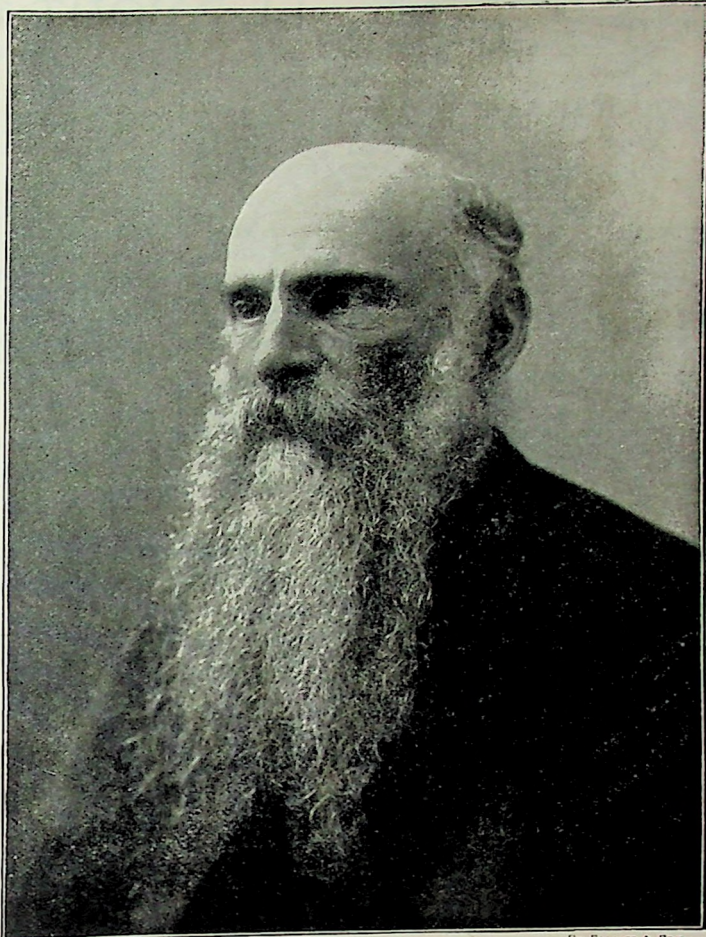
"Is there a second course?" asked the Bishop.

The boy shook his head, and disappeared precipitately. A somewhat amused smile hovered about the Bishop's mouth, but before he had made up his mind whether to apologise or not for the missing course, the door re-opened, and the head of the all-round boy appeared. He was not going to be blamed for what was not his fault.

"You knew there wasn't any more when you asked," said he, and vanished again.

I don't know if he understood the peals of laughter which came from the Bishop's dining-room, but they were worth hearing.

Lastly, I must find room for a glimpse of Bishop Ridley at work among the Red Men. He finds river-steamers convenient for carrying him to his scattered



from a photograph

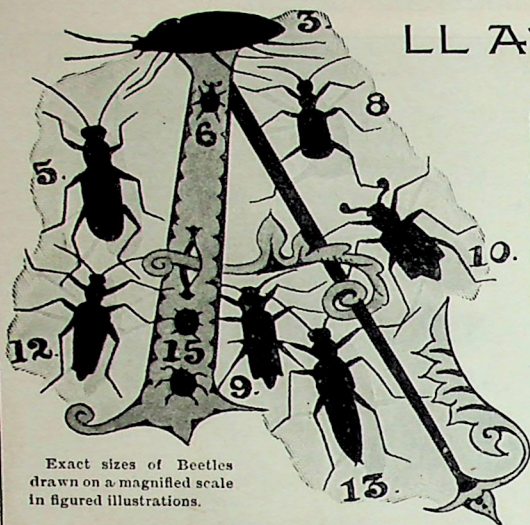
(by Elliott & Fry.)

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM RIDLEY, D.D., BISHOP OF CALEDONIA.

flock living on the banks. On arrival at a riverside village, "the medicine tent," says the Bishop, "is rapidly erected, and I am ready to begin, for I am the biggest medicine man in the country. 'Bishop, you'll have one hour here,' says the captain, and I am busy from the moment I land until after the last whistle has sounded indignantly from the steamer. Scores of patients come out from the village, and I am soon engaged in feeling pulses, examining tongues, doing small operations, etc., until the captain says, 'Bishop, we'll leave you behind if you don't come.' Then off again up another river to a district where one clergyman is labouring, his house but a single room. Here, in winter, the mercury freezes! Yet he is perfectly contented and happy."

ALL ABOUT BEETLES.

BY JAMES SCOTT.



Exact sizes of Beetles drawn on a magnified scale in figured illustrations.

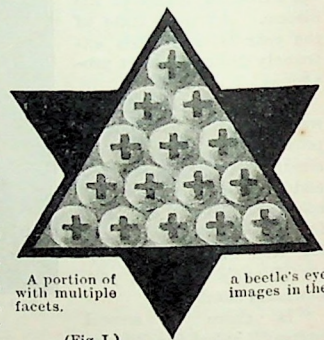
ance, brilliantly adorned in variegated or bronze tints, and he may feel tempted to capture it, thinking it to be a rare specimen. He would be surprised were he introduced to thousands of these living gems, which lie hidden beneath stones, or in crannies of the bark of trees and elsewhere, snoozing the time away, or searching for their breakfast. He might hardly credit the fact that these brilliant little creatures, among the most gorgeously coloured and exquisitely designed productions of Nature, experience an earthquake shock as his mighty foot treads upon the neighbouring ground. Myriads of these beautiful beetles are born, live, and die without the knowledge of a single human being, other than enthusiastic collectors who know the artistic value of the treasures they seek."

It is our great regret that we cannot reproduce the vivid colouring of one or two of Mr. Scott's sketches, but even had we been able to do so he would be the first to admit that no artist can paint the perfection of the natural tints.

The actual size of each beetle portrayed by Mr. Scott is shown in the heading of the article. Thus, for example, Fig. 3 will be found at the top of the capital A, and we may note in passing that no Royal Sovereign could find a more gorgeous uniform.

First, a word about beetles' eyes. "Speaking of them as a class," says Mr. Scott, "it may be noted that their eyes are what is known as compound, i.e., instead of being two solid orbs like our own, each orb is composed of some hundreds and even thousands of lenses, each lens being capable of what we call 'seeing.' That is to say that anything a beetle looks at is reflected hundreds and even thousands of times in its eyes. Now look at Fig. I., which is an immensely magnified illustration of a very minute portion of a beetle's compound eye, which by the way is fixed, in all instances, at the side of the head, not in front."

Mr. Scott assures us that a beetle does not suffer from seeing so many images; in fact its vision is not in the least disordered. What it thinks when it beholds a thousand Mary Janes screaming on a thousand kitchen chairs one dares not try to imagine.



(Fig. I.)

A portion of with multiple facets.

a beetle's eye images in the



Typical foot of beetle. (Fig. II.)

HALF the world believes that there are many beetles—mostly, if not quite, all black! "Black as your hat" is the favourite description of my landlady, who wages continual warfare with the insect inhabitants of her kitchen. I do not blame her, for I doubt if the most humane lover of beetles would care to have his food overrun by them before it was served.

But there are beetles *and* beetles: and it is my purpose to show that a beetle in its place is among the most beautiful of created beings. With this in view I have consulted Mr. James Scott, whose sketches, —more than life-like since they are

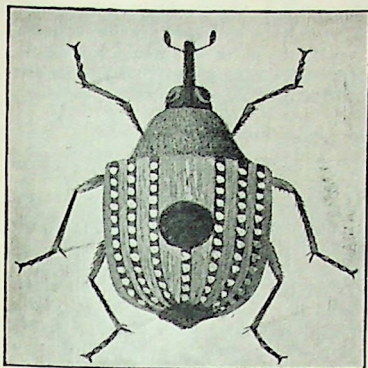
magnified for our inexperienced eyes to grasp the intricate detail—have before now delighted the readers of this magazine.

Happily for us a devoted naturalist recently placed part of his collection of beetles at Mr. Scott's disposal for the express purpose of enabling him to make a number of accurate sketches of some of the most exquisitely coloured insects in the beetle world. Let me introduce the artistic results in the artist's own words:—

"The ordinary wayfarer," he remarks, "occasionally sees in the country lanes of old England a stray beetle of strange appear-



Portions of the horns of beetles Nos. 3 and 5. (Fig. IV.)



One of the weevils. (Fig. VI.)

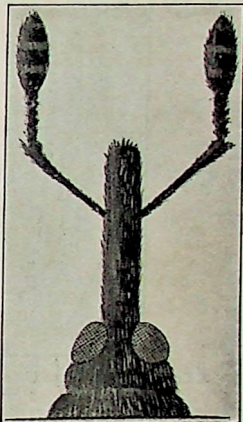
draping the legs of her table lest visitors should be tempted to mention them. Now she would have approved of beetles' legs, for they are draped by Nature most artistically. Examine Figs. II. and IV. "The part shown in Fig. II.," says the artist, "is known as the foot, and consists of five joints, terminating in a pair of formidable and extremely useful claws, to which are sometimes added one, two, or three cushions, pads, or suckers. Each beetle is provided with six long legs and in addition a pair of horns (or antennæ). See, for reference, Fig. III.—a beetle which belongs to a class noted for a queer trick of spurling out an irritating fluid from their 'tails' whenever they are alarmed. This, in some cases, results in a tiny cloud of smoke, accompanied by an amusing little 'pop.'"

"With reference to beetles' horns, in common with those of other insects, it is considered an established fact that they are used as a means of holding conversation, or at any rate communication. That they also serve other useful purposes is certain, just as with ourselves our tongues can both taste and talk." A portion of the horns of the beetle in Fig. III. is shown in Fig. IV., and a more extraordinary variety in Fig. VII., of which more later.

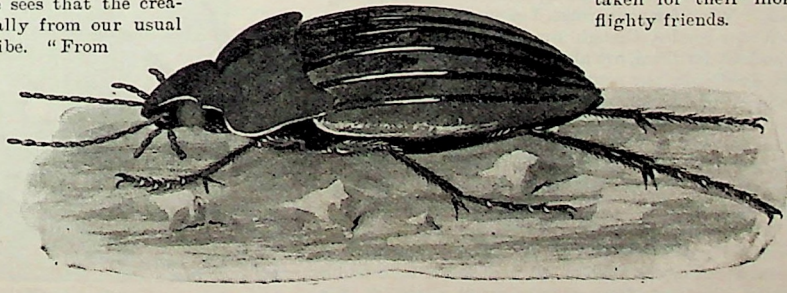
Next let our readers examine Mr. Scott's excellent sketch of what he calls "a really curious though comparatively common insect." It is shown in Fig. VI., and one at once sees that the creature differs materially from our usual idea of the beetle tribe. "From its head extends a long trunk, in the outer end of which is contained its mouth organs. The trunk, or snout, is the most distinguishing feature of this class of beetle, and from its extrem-

ity there proceeds a pair of the quaintest-looking horns imaginable. See enlargement in Fig. VII., which also shows the compound eyes. This insect is completely covered with exceedingly minute hairs, standing so compactly and with such erect precision as to appear, even when examined with a microscope, as a solid surface. The strange pattern shown in Fig. VI. stands out quite clearly. In Fig. VIII. we have an enlarged portrait of the insect popularly known as the Tiger Beetle. It possesses a vividly green back, upon which are a pair of white dots, each enveloped in a black patch; and also other white markings of a curious shape. Its head is brown-bronze in tint, whilst the upper surface of its chest—i.e., the shield—is of a greenish-bronze. It will be understood that with the addition of brown-bronze legs, we have a strikingly pretty and attractive beetle. Notwithstanding their beauties, however, these creatures are ferocious beasts, crushing their living prey between most formidable jaws—formidable, that is to say, when comparisons are taken into account. All beetles' jaws crash together horizontally, in contradistinction to the movement of our own. The upper jaws of this Tiger Beetle (for in most cases there exist more than one pair) are disproportionately long. To such an extent do they grow that they actually cross each other, and bear a great likeness to tusks. This peculiarity can be clearly observed in Fig. VIII."

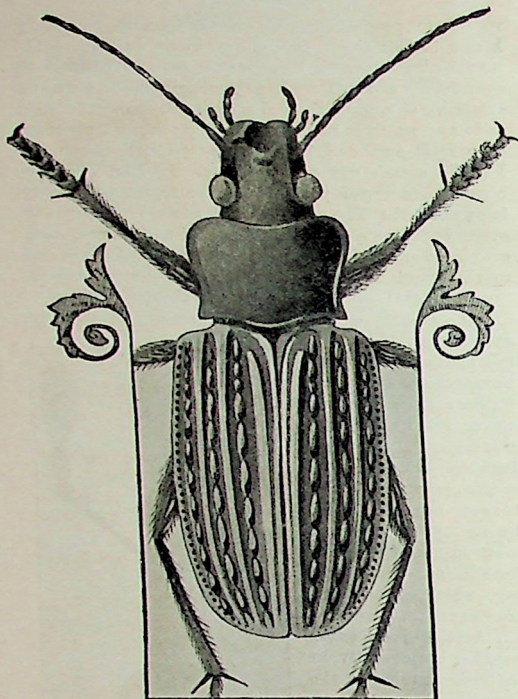
Next month we shall give some further sketches by Mr. Scott, which will include studies of ladybirds. These insects, by the way, belong to the beetle clan, despite their name: they bear a close likeness to certain spiders and grasshoppers, which are often mistaken for their more flighty friends.



Peculiarly-placed horns of the weevil. (Fig. VII.)



A very brilliant beetle found on sandhills and heaths. (Fig. III.)



A beautifully embossed beetle found on willow stumps.
(Fig. V.)

A NOTE ON WATER-BEETLES.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S.

THAT naturalist would be a brave man who dared to walk through a village with his beetle net upon his shoulder. A broad grin would light up the face of every villager he met, the housewives would drop their work and gaze after him in pitying astonishment, and the very children would burst into a loud guffaw without quite knowing why. The farmer would inquire of his wife what the gentleman was going to fish for in the pools on the moor, and the comely dame would answer, with a commiserating look, "Why, for padgepores, I suppose!"

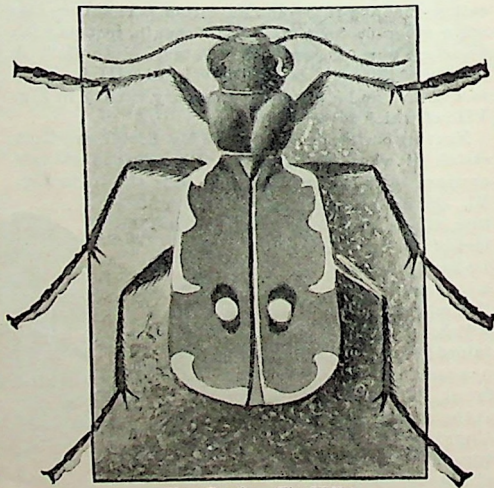
Water-beetles, though common enough to those who look for them, are almost unknown to the ordinary dweller in the country. Labourers walk past a pond every day for years at a stretch and never see one. Others see them after a fashion, but only to class them hastily with "owld toades and traade of that sort." And yet there is much that is strange and interesting about them, which curiosity may reveal.

About one hundred and twenty flesh-eating water-beetles have been taken in England, varying in size from about one-twelfth of an inch to an inch and a half. Some of these simply crawl about on the

water-weeds, their feet being ill adapted for swimming; others, of which the whirliwig is the example, are furnished with two pairs of locomotive organs in the shape of broadly webbed feet; and some are the owners of a pair of legs beautifully modified to serve as oars.

The Rev. Theodore Wood thus describes some experiments he made with a view of ascertaining how long the beetle was able to remain under water: "I found that under ordinary circumstances the insect seldom remains submerged for more than fifteen or twenty minutes without replenishing its supply of air. This period, however, can if necessary be considerably extended, for, by alarming the beetle as often as it attempted to rise, I induced it to spend one hour and ten minutes without visiting the surface, during which time it seemed in no way incommoded by the deprivation of air. Upon another occasion the same beetle spent one hour and twenty-seven minutes under water, lying motionless beneath a stone upon the face of its prison. At the end of this period the necessity for a renewal of the air-supply seemed to become imperative, for the insect rose hurriedly towards the surface, and cleverly avoiding the pencil with which I attempted to stop its progress, quickly protruded the extremity of the body from the water, took in a supply of air, and again dived, the whole occupation occupying only a second or two of time."

When meditating a flight, which usually takes place by night, the water-beetle climbs on to a stone or a water-weed, gives forth for a little time a humming noise, and then with extraordinary rapidity elevates its wing covers, unfolds its wings, and launches itself into the air. Occasionally in the moonlight it mistakes the glass top of a greenhouse for a sparkling pond and drops down with a bump which stuns the credulous beetle.



Tiger Beetle. (Fig. VIII.)

FOR GOD

AND HUMANITY



BY
SARAH
DOUDNEY,
AUTHOR
OF
"A LITTLE
BLACK
CAT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE WHERE WE WERE BORN.



HE apricots were slowly ripening on the red wall, under the strong sunshine which bathed the old garden in golden light. A hot sweet fragrance came from the crowded borders; carnations pressed upon each other; tall white lilies lifted their stately heads on high; nasturtiums flamed in every corner; and a syringa spread clusters of ivory blossoms over the decaying arbour where Nora Carroll kept her gardening tools. She had always had her bit of ground ever since she could handle a spade, and was very proud of her rose-bush. The roses were the old-fashioned "maiden-blush," and breathed a rustic sweetness all their own. The bush had flourished through several summers and winters, growing healthy and hardy, like the girl who stood beside it in quiet content.

She was feeling at that moment that it was good to be alive, and that the world was a pleasant place to live in. But all that she knew of the world was Priory Farm, where she dwelt with her father and mother and sister, living a simple, rural life, with few wants that were not satisfied. There had been Carrolls at the farm for many generations, and they had left deep traces of themselves on the old place; you could not even imagine a time when they had not been there. Never once had any Carroll been behind with his rent; never had a single bit of the land suffered neglect at their hands. All was in apple-pie order—fences mended, hedges trimmed, barns and cattle-sheds weather-tight and neat. And in all the county there was not a more productive garden to be found.

"I do love my home," the girl said, half aloud. "Dear, beautiful, kind old home! How dreadful it must be to live in a narrow street where you can't

see anything grow, and never have enough of the sky. Fancy spending one's pennies on a few poor flowers, when here I can have baskets full of them for nothing! My roses seem to understand every word I speak; they turn their faces this way, as if they were listening."

She bent her head, and put her fresh lips to the petals of a full-blown "maiden-blush." Some one who was coming slowly along the path saw the action, and gave a heavy sigh. Nora looked up with a little start.

"Why, it is you, Anne," she said. "I didn't hear you coming. How sad you look!"

"I came here because I wanted to talk to you, dear," her sister answered. "There is something that you must be told—an unpleasant thing, Nora; but we cannot hide it any longer."

The bloom paled a little on Nora's cheeks. She did not speak, but there was an anxious question in her brown eyes.

"It is unpleasant," Anne went on, "but it might be worse; and we must bear it as bravely as we can. Come into the arbour, Nora; we'll sit down and talk it over in the shade."

Still in silence Nora, walked by her side to the rotten old summer-house, overgrown with creepers and haunted by the flutter of many wings. No one ever touched the nests that were built cosily in the masses of foliage, and the birds looked upon the place as their own property, where they were sure of being safe from meddlesome hands or prying eyes. The two girls seated themselves, and Anne put her arm round her sister's waist. She was four years older than Nora, and treated her in a motherly fashion.

"We have been hoping that he would relent," began Anne, rather confusedly. "I am speaking of Mr. Donnington, Nora; he has given father notice to quit the farm. And we must go; nothing moves him; he will not let us stay."

"Will not let us stay!" repeated Nora, with brown eyes staring wildly into her sister's face. "Not stay here in our home! I can't believe it; no, I won't believe it. It's just too bad to be true."

"That's how we all felt," said Anne, with desperate calmness. "We put off telling you while a spark of hope remained. The rector has been to plead with

Mr. Donnington, and found him as hard as a stone. He wants his new steward to live here—a young man who is coming down from London to marry Mrs. Donnington's niece. It does not matter to him that he is nearly breaking father's heart."

"He is a wicked, cruel, hateful man," burst out Nora, in a storm of passion. "I am sure he will be made to suffer for this. How can he think he will be happy in making people miserable. Oh, he is wicked and heartless, and——"

Anne's arm tightened about the girl's waist.

"Hush, darling," she said softly. "I thought you would take it in this way, and that is why I wanted to be alone with you. Don't you know that you will make father's and mother's trouble ten times harder to bear, if they hear you say these things? Try to be patient, Nora. Try to see that this cup is held to your lips, and you must drink it, however bitter it may be."

Nora's breast was heaving; her eyes were still fiercely bright; but Anne's quiet words had made an impression upon her.

"It might be a good deal worse," Anne continued. "And remember that it is the little sorrow which makes us ready for the great pain. The Father sends us a bitter cup now and then, so that, when the bitterest draught of all is brought to us, we may say, 'Shall I not drink it?' Nora, this is your first bitter cup. You have lived sixteen years without a real pang."

"Oh, I've been so happy," said the poor child; and her tears began to flow.

"You will be happy again," answered Anne. "Happiness is not outside us; it is not built into our walls; it does not grow in our garden. It is within us, in the interior life—the life that is hidden from the eyes of men. We shall not leave it behind when

we say good-bye to the farm. We shall carry it with us to a new home; and by-and-by the new will be as sweet as the old."

Nora mournfully shook her head. She was calmer now, and had taken in the full meaning of all that her sister had been saying. Anne knew that if she could once get a hearing, Nora's good sense would help her to endure suffering. The untried heart resented its first anguish, but it was a true heart, sound at the core, and could be touched by reason and love. Presently she spoke in a half-stifled voice,

wiping her tears away.

"Anne, do you know where we shall live? Has father thought of another farm?"

"Yes, dear. He has almost decided on Heather Gate. Sir Alfred Barnard is a good landlord, you know; and he is sorry for us. He knows that the Carrolls have held this farm for many generations; and, indeed, I think we shall get a great deal of sympathy. Mr. Donnington is making himself generally disliked."

Nora sat still, looking sadly along the garden paths, and almost wondering why things should be outwardly the same. No change had passed over the sunny scene; the flowers were

in all their gaudy bloom; sweet-williams and stocks made rich masses of colour in the borders; bees were humming; the coo of the wood-doves came softly from the copse beyond the fields. The girl drew a long, sobbing breath, and then turned suddenly to the quiet comforter by her side.

"After all, we shall not be parted," she said. "We shall go away together, we four. And we shall take all the animals with us, and Mary and Betsy. But it is a hard thing to leave the house where we were born."

Anne drew her into her arms, and kissed her tenderly. The blow had been struck, and her task was



"Nora looked up with a little start."—Page 111.

done. She rose from her seat, still holding her sister's hand in her own.

"Come indoors now; mother will be looking for us. It must be tea-time," said the practical elder girl in her calm voice. "Look as cheerful as you can, dearest; that's right. Father will need all the comfort that we can give him, and you know he can read your face like a book."

Still hand in hand they went up a gravelled walk which led to the house, passing through a side door which always stood open in summer. It was a charming old dwelling, built of red brick, and mantled with ivy that had been growing and spreading for many a long year. Quaint dormer windows twinkled in the sun; pigeons plumed themselves on the red-tiled roof; everything about the place seemed to partake of the mellow tint of the walls. And, as they entered the familiar door, Anne's heart was sadly echoing Nora's words, "It is a hard thing to leave the house where we were born."

* * * * *

Mr. George Donnington, of Priory Park, was a man who had amassed great wealth, no one knew how, and had bought the Wildover estate when it came to the hammer. Old Lord Wildover had died in difficulties, leaving no direct heir; but, although he had been an incompetent old gentleman, everybody missed him and mourned for him. Neighbouring landowners did their best to welcome the newcomer; but his bumptiousness and lavish display were not in his favour.

Mr. Donnington had come down to Blankshire fully resolved to be a sort of king in the county, firmly determined to have his own way at any cost, and sweep all obstacles out of his road. Mark Carroll, farmer, was obstacle number one. Priory Farm was wanted for another man, and therefore Carroll had to go.

"I always do what I want to do," Mr. Donnington had answered, when the white-haired rector had pleaded for the Carrolls. "What does it matter if the Carrolls have been there for a couple of hundred years? I should say it was time that the family took root elsewhere. They've got to go, and go they must. My new steward is a smart man, and Priory Farm is just the place for him. Near the park, you see."

Old Mr. Walworth went slowly homeward, conscious that he had done no good at all. There was something very disheartening in Donnington's hardness. One could never hope to make the least impression on a man of that stamp, and the rector foresaw that he would bring trouble and disturbance into the parish. There had been peace in old Lord Wildover's time, Mr. Walworth thought with a sigh.

The Carrolls had hidden the bitter truth from Nora as long as they could, but it

was a relief that she knew it at last. This youngest child was the pet of the household. Between Anne's birth and hers there had been a little son, who had died, and the coming of the baby girl had consoled the mother for that loss. Nora had grown straight and tall and healthful, delighting in an out-of-door life, and most of all in riding. She was a born horsewoman, sitting her father's steady cob with an ease and grace which often attracted critical eyes. He was not rich enough to buy her the horse that she wanted, but she made the most of all that fell to her lot.

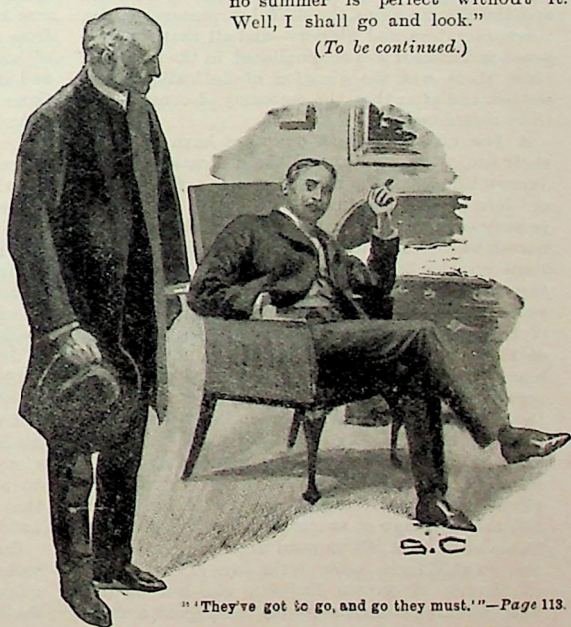
Anne was a small woman, with a sweet freckled face, and gentle grey eyes; but Nora gave promise of beauty. Her face looked as if it had bloomed in a garden, it was so mellow in tint, and framed so richly in masses of nut-brown hair. Her father's glance followed her wistfully when she came indoors and took her place close to her mother's side. He could see how bravely she had struggled with the sorrow that was so bitter and so new.

"Father," she said, "I want to ride over to Heather Gate to-morrow evening. It is a long while since I saw the place. One could have a good gallop over the wide heath."

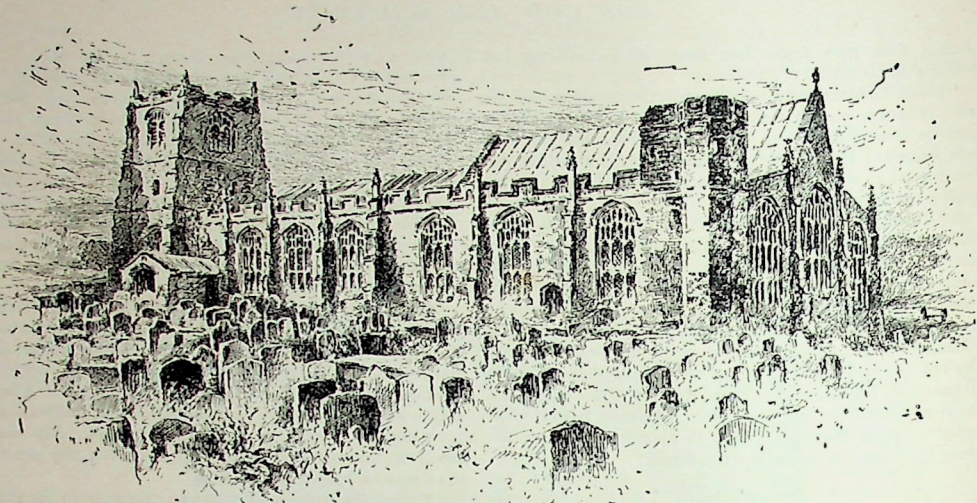
So she was trying to take an interest in the new home! It was more than they had expected of her, a development of something really strong and courageous in that girl's heart of hers. The farmer answered her with a smile.

"I hope there is some syringa there," she added, touching a cluster of the ivory blossoms tucked into her bodice. "I think no summer is perfect without it. Well, I shall go and look."

(To be continued.)



"They've got to go, and go they must."—Page 113.



ST. MICHAEL'S, ALNWICK.

More about Our Ancient Churches.

BY SARAH WILSON.

WHEN the founder of a church in old times had fixed upon the site, and made all the necessary arrangements for building — arranged for the quarrying and carriage of the stone, the cutting and seasoning of the timber, the gathering together of the strong labourers and the clever masons, the skilful carpenters, smiths, tilers, plumbers, and glaziers—and all that was proposed and desired was accomplished in the fulness of time, there was the question of dedication to be settled, and after that the ceremony of consecration to be considered.

A few of our ancient churches have preserved their dedication stones; and the dedication stone in Jarrow Church is the most interesting of those that are left to us. The inscription, deeply cut upon it in very early characters, is in Latin, which is thus translated:—"The dedication of the church of St. Paul on the 9th of the Kalends of May, in the fifteenth year of King Egfrid, and in the fourth year of the Abbot Ceolfred, under God, the founder of the said church." It is fixed high up in the wall of the tower above the chancel arch, where it was placed in alterations made in 1782, having been previously in the north wall of the nave. Although there have been various repairs to this building, the walls of the chancel are allowed to be those that were built by the first Saxon masons in the days of King Egfrid. They saw the hardy, vigorous, and often cruel life of those old days, with its trial by ordeal and refuge of sanctuary. Several of the old chroniclers have left us word of the dedication of a church at Winchelcomb, in the days of Cenulf, King of Mercia. A certain Eadbert, who had incurred that monarch's displeasure by aiming at a neigh-

bouring throne, had been taken captive, and with inhuman want of pity his eyes put out and his hands chopped off. On the day of dedication, we may read in the chronicles, the ceremony was attended by two kings, thirteen bishops, ten ealdormen, and a large concourse of people; and in the course of the proceedings, this poor mutilated Eadbert was brought into the church and formally released from captivity; after which act of generosity, gifts of horses, silken garments, vessels of precious metals and articles of smaller value, were distributed among those present, according to their rank.

Ancient writers tell us the ordeals (a method of trying prisoners accused of crime) that took place in churches were generally those of hot-water and fire. For the first named, a fire was kindled in a remote part of the church and a cauldron placed on it, and a stone or a piece of iron deposited in the water in it. The accused and the accuser, each accompanied by twelve friends, took their places, and when it was agreed that the water was boiling, the accused plunged in his arm and took out the weight. If the scalded limb healed quickly, he was deemed innocent of the offence with which he was charged; if it did not heal, he was adjudged guilty and punished. For the ordeal by fire a bar of iron was placed on a fire, and when it was hot the accused had to lift it with his hand and throw it on the floor past lines previously traced on it for the purpose. If the terrible burn healed rapidly, he was considered innocent of the offence charged against him; but if it did not, he had to suffer the punishment meted out to him.

On account of fire, earthquake, lightning, insufficiently reliable foundations, and other defects, a few of the ancient towers and spires of our cathedrals, as well as those of our parish churches, have

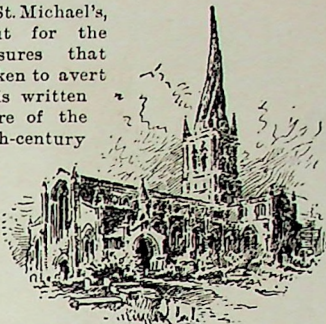
fallen to the ground instead of enduring for us and our posterity. Old St. Paul's, it will be remembered, perished entirely in the Great Fire of London; the spire of Lichfield Cathedral was injured by cannon shot in the same century, and ultimately fell and crushed in part of the roof; the spire of Ripon Cathedral was struck by lightning in 1593, and fell on to the roof; the belfry surmounting the central tower of Norwich Cathedral crashed through the roof of the presbytery in 1362; the central tower of Ely Cathedral fell in 1322, and that of Winchester in 1107. Worcester Cathedral was burnt in 1202, and shortly afterwards its two smaller towers were blown down in a tempest. There have been great fires in the cathedrals of Carlisle, Peterborough, Canterbury, and Chichester; also in York Minster. The tower and spire of Chichester Cathedral fell in 1861. Lincoln Cathedral was rent by an earthquake in 1185, and its tower fell in 1237. About sixty years ago the grand tower of Hereford Cathedral was propped up while, one by one, the great piers that supported it were taken away and rebuilt with greater strength, which masterful precaution has had the result of preserving it for our admiration.

The spires as well as the towers of smaller churches have toppled over occasionally, though but rarely. The spire of Trinity Church, Coventry, was blown down in 1664. Scarborough Church tower fell in 1659. The spire of Wimborne Minster fell in 1600, whilst service was being held, "without anie hurt." The tower of Knebworth Church fell more recently. Workmen engaged in the building had left for their mid-day meal, when it was observed to sway, totter, overbalance, and fall into the churchyard, happily, without injuring any one. Still more recently, the tower of Colne Church, in Huntingdonshire, built by fourteenth-century masons, fell upon the rest of the building and reduced it to ruins; and a gale brought down the spire of Lydney Church, in Gloucestershire. Similar misadventures might have occurred at Peter-

borough and St. Michael's, Coventry, but for the timely measures that have been taken to avert disaster. It is written that the spire of the fine fourteenth-century church, St. Swithin's, Merton, was taken down about 1770, to save the expense of keeping it in repair!

So great was the love of the old parish churches in past days, that in a number of instances people's hearts were sent home for burial in particular edifices, notwithstanding that they had met with death in some distant land, and the rest of their remains interred there. These heart burials form very touching items in our history. In Chichester Cathedral is a monument with a heart-shaped vessel held between two hands, with the simple legend in old French, "Here is the heart of Maude . . ." Could any inscription be more pathetic? There is a recumbent figure of a knight in Warkworth Church holding a heart between his folded arms, but it has no inscription. Holbrook Church, in Suffolk, has another example of much interest. A stone in the wall of the north transept of Jaxley Church has a representation of two hands holding a heart carved upon it. This has been ascertained to mark the place where the founder's heart was deposited.

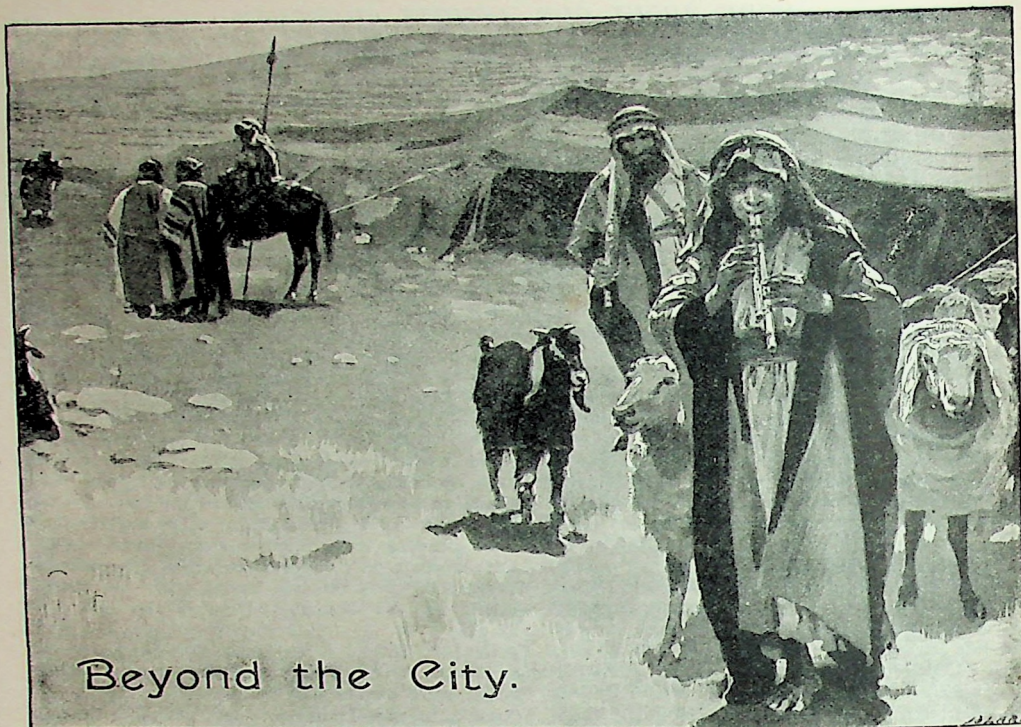
There is a curious custom in connection with some towers that has been kept up from time immemorial. This is the singing of anthems or hymns on certain days on their roofs. It is no slight effort to ascend to the top of the tower of Durham Cathedral and conduct or take part in a Service of Song there. The effect is not to be forgotten; the altitude, the trained voices, the white robes, and the unusual circumstances, impressing it ineffaceably on the memory. It is said that it takes twenty minutes to ascend the Magdalen tower, Oxford, where a Latin hymn is sung early in the morning of the first of May. St. Nicholas's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is another edifice where this custom is kept up. The Hallelujah hymn heard from the height of this tower, floating over the closely packed houses, the wider streets, the old Norman castle, the great river full of black and white shipping, the marvellous bridges over it, the long lines of shore fringed with many quays and workshops and such centres of industry as the ever resounding great gun manufactory at Elswick, filling the air with minstrelsy, has an effect as though sung by a cloud of witnesses.



THE CROOKED CHESTERFIELD SPIRE.



HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.



Beyond the City.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROOKER, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, BECKENHAM, AUTHOR OF "A MODERN PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM."

IV.



YOU must have a very poor imagination if it is not quickened at the sight of Bethel. What changing scenes these slopes have witnessed! Here Abraham paused on his journey southward, and reared an altar. Here a poor wandering Syrian lay down to sleep in the open, and saw a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and heard most gracious promises. Here, with tears, the honest nurse of Rachel was buried; here, in the times of the judges, came the popular assemblies; here Jeroboam set up one of his golden calves for worship; here came Elisha, passing to and fro; here travelled the bold young prophet to denounce the idol shrine; here rose not one shrine, but many, till the place became "the house of Idols"; and here at last Josiah, King of Judah, came, and broke them up as Amos and Hosea prophesied. What a history for any place! Bethel—the house of God—became at last Bethaven, the house of Idols. A parable, indeed, of any life degenerating from the purpose for which by God it was intended.

And now we take the road again, rougher than ever, and pick our way across the stones. The country begins to improve. Signs of more careful cultivation meet us, and by-and-by we come across

vineyards and orchards. We are in the country of Ephraim, and Ephraim had rich blessings promised. It was one of the most wealthy and powerful tribes. For Ephraim meant the tribe of Joseph—"the fruitful bough by a fountain."

We are going down a ravine, on a little track which runs along the side of a somewhat steep slope, when a loud cry is heard behind. The path is rough, full of loose stones. We turn in our saddles, and see our waiter rolling down the slope with the mule on top of him. This mule carries the luncheon tent, and on the top of this baggage sat the waiter. The mule slipped and rolled over, and the man followed. We braced ourselves up for a bad sight. We were spared it. The mule got hitched against a big stone, and slowly gathered itself up. The waiter ceased rolling lower down, and rose to his feet. The muleteer on the baggage mule behind came to the rescue, and in five minutes we were jogging on again. But it was a narrow shave of a bad accident.

At the foot of this ravine we came out into a beautiful valley with the ruins of an old Roman guard-house. It was placed there for the protection of travellers, for this glen is known as the Glen of the Robbers. Sometimes tourists camp here, but it has a bad reputation. We pushed on up the glen over the crest of a hill, and just on the other

side, on the fresh green sward, we saw our camp.

The position was glorious. We looked across a fine stretch of country. Some twenty miles away in front was Gerizim, clearly seen; to the left the blue of the Mediterranean; just below us the little town of Sinjil, and over all the tender light of the evening sun. Our first encampment was a delightful surprise at the end of a tiring day. As we swung off our horses, we sat down gratefully in some folding chairs with carpet seats. These were softer than the saddles. We drank our coffee and looked at the view, and then we examined our camp.

There were four tents—a dining-room tent, two bedroom tents, and a cooking tent. I forget if there was a sleeping tent for the camp attendants. I rather think not. Easterns wrap themselves in the rough outer cloaks and lie on the ground. On the floor of our tents were mats. The interior hangings were variegated. Everything was beautifully clean, and the arrangements throughout were as good as they could be. The Friend, the Boy and myself had one tent. There were three iron bedsteads, and a table holding washing utensils. We fixed a little glass up on the tent pole, and piled our luggage at the foot of the beds; but Domian made us put the baggage in the centre round the pole. We had our rugs as extra coverings for the beds, and we took the precaution of wearing night-socks. These in February are worth wearing. We also found a knitted cap of wool—something like a cap you see in pictures of Icelandic expeditions—very effective. We caught no colds, and we lay our exemption to these coverings.

At 6.30 we had dinner. A menu card with a picture of Jerusalem was on the table. I copy it as it appeared:

Potage. Rice Soup.

Relevé. Chicken with Coly Flower.

{ *Entrée.* Mutton Chops.

{ *Légumes.* Potato.

Roti. Kidneys.

Salade. Latie Salat.

Entremet. Turkish Sweet Cakes.

Fromage. Desserts assortis, Café.

All I can say is that the cook was a wonderful man.

Dinner over, we wrote up our diaries, and had evening prayer. At 8.30 we called for Domian.

"Domian, we are going to bed."

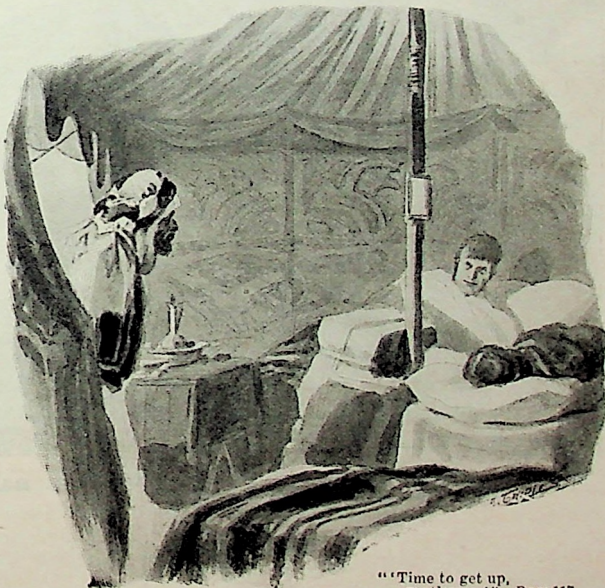
"Well, gentlemen," said Domian, "if you want anything in the night, just clap your hands, and I will come. There are watchmen round your tents all night. There are robbers sometimes. But, gentlemen, be not afraid; I will see you are not hurt." Here Domian smiled. "But I advise you that you move your baggage from the end of your beds, and put it round the pole of your tents. Then no one can put his hand underneath the tent and steal

your bag. Good-night. We call you at six o'clock to-morrow. You have breakfast at seven o'clock, or a little before, and we start for Nablous at 7.30. Sleep well."

"I shall put my revolver out," said the Friend, "but I shall not shoot without warning." The Friend would not have the heart to kill a fly under ordinary circumstances, but he looked fierce as he spoke now. I trembled for the Boy and myself. We persuaded the Friend to keep his revolver in a case, and put it under his pillow. I felt it was safer for us all, and specially for himself, to say nothing of any robbers. But we had no robbers on that night or on any other.

Before we undressed we took a look round. It was a fine night, and promised well on the morrow. The stars were shining brightly. In the centre of our camp was a watch fire, by which the guards were sitting. Little lamps suspended on sticks were all about the place. The horses were picketed in two lines, and the mules were tied up on the other side. The distant howls of the village dogs came up the hill, and a jackal cried beyond. There was not much disturbance, and we slept so well that we were surprised to have Domian put his head in at our tent door and say, "Time to get up, gentlemen."

Our first night in camp had passed. One of the party had hoped he might have a vision like Jacob's, but we told him he had a soft bolster for his pillow instead of the stones of Bethel, and must not expect the same privilege as Jacob. Yet after all Jacob's privilege was ours—his God was our God, and we had the same promise of protection as we travelled over Jacob's way.



"Time to get up, gentlemen."—Page 117.



[From the Photograph]

[by R. W. ROBINSON & SONS, Station Road, Redhill.]

DON'T WAKE THE BABY!

The Young Folks' Page.



A BOY'S PRAYER.

OD who created me,
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy."
—HENRY CHARLES BEECHING.

A REAL LOVER OF THE BIBLE.

A BLIND girl once learned to read the Bible from embossed letters, i.e., raised letters, and every day she "touched" a chapter. But paralysis attacked her and she lost all feeling in her fingers. No longer able to read her Bible she wondered what she should do. But as she took her Bible, to say "Farewell" to it, she kissed it, and in doing so, she found her lips would do to read it by, as they were not paralysed. And so she learnt to read her Bible with her lips, through kissing it, and all the rest of her life she continued to read it with her lips.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

How does the ploughman manage to plough so straight? One day I asked him, and he said, "I always keep my eye fixed upon a mark in the wall or hedge at the end of the field: when I do that, I plough straight; but if I look at the plough, or take my eye off the mark, I do not go straight." The ploughman ploughs right because he looks at something before him. Have we an object in life? What are we living for? A far object? Something far off? Are we living for a grander life to come, preparing for it by the grace of the Holy Spirit, or are we contented with the present, having no hope of a glorious future?
R.

A MAN WHO SUCCEEDED.

JAMES HOLFORD, who climbed the ladder of success to the topmost rung, began well. He determined to serve his first employer with all his might. If anything, he was more alert when his employer was absent than when he was at home, for he realized that additional responsibility rested upon him. In a single year his services were indispensable to the business. His employer said, "I could not get along without him." In twenty years he was at the head of a large, profitable business of his own, and a little later he stood upon the topmost round of the ladder. Eye-service never accomplished such a feat, and never can.

After the triumph was won, Holford used to say: "The steps from the foot to the summit are not many, but each has a name which must be distinctly known by all who would seek to climb. The first step is faith, and without this none can safely rise, the second, industry; the third, perseverance; the fourth, temperance; the fifth, probity (and this latter quality made eye-service impossible); and the sixth, independence.

A FRIEND.

The best friend is one who is wiser and better than ourselves. Says Feltham: "He that means to be a good artist will be sure to draw after the most excellent copies, and guide every stroke of his pencil by the better pattern that lies before him; so he

who desires that the table of his life may be fair will be careful to follow the best examples."

A LITTLE THING.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH introduced a single potato into Great Britain in the sixteenth century, and it has sustained the life of millions of people by its increase, conquered famine again and again, and contributed largely to the wealth, prosperity, and glory of England and America.

HE SAW THE QUEEN.

SOME years ago, a little boy, in Scotland, was very anxious to see Queen Victoria, and so he made up his mind to go to her palace at Balmoral, and ask leave to enter. The sentinel on guard, in his gay uniform and big bear-skin cap, only laughed at the child, and pushed him aside with his musket.

The little fellow had so set his heart on seeing the Queen, that it was only when the soldier threatened to shoot him, that he became alarmed and ran away.

One of the young Princes saw him crying, and on learning the cause, said, with a smile, "I'll take you to the Queen"; and past the guards he walked, into the presence of Victoria. She looked surprised, and asked her son about the child; and when she heard the story, she laughed, as any good mother would, and, with some kindly words, sent the delighted boy away, with a bright piece of money in his hand.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."
—St. John iii. 8.

WHAT a gentle thing wind is! What a powerful thing wind is! You hear of an evening the gentle breeze whispering so sweetly through the trees; you turn your face to it, and the wind falls so softly on your opened eye, that even that eye, which the smallest speck of dust can injure, is unhurt by it. The bubble which a touch of your finger will destroy floats unharmed in it; the thistle-down is borne unbroken for miles by it; and, even in winter, the snowflakes, so fragile that your touch is destruction to them, are whirled round and round uninjured in their purity and beauty. How gentle the wind is, but how strong! Those great trees of the forest that have stood for ages, and clutched the earth far and wide with their spreading roots, fall before the storm; and the mighty ships, that seemed so majestic in their power, are driven to destruction before the tempest, and cast in splintered wreckage on our shores.

Even so is the Spirit of God: speaking so tenderly to the heart of some little child; filling your young souls with every true, and beautiful, and loving thought that you have, and moving the strongest men to penitence and faith. The Spirit of God is gentle as the breeze, strong as the storm.

And God is willing to give His Holy Spirit to all who ask! How sweet the Confirmation Prayer that we may "daily increase in God's Holy Spirit more and more!"
C. B.

HOW NOT TO QUARREL.

SHALL I tell you a secret—how not to quarrel? I heard the advice once given to a man and his wife who had quarrelled. A gentleman said: "Never be angry both of you together"—both at once. Remember that rule in life. "Never be angry both at once. Give him his turn first; when he has done, you begin. Take it in turns." You try that rule. Take it in turns to be angry. Never be angry two at once.
L. M.

Bible Questions (New Series).

BY M.A. CANTAB.

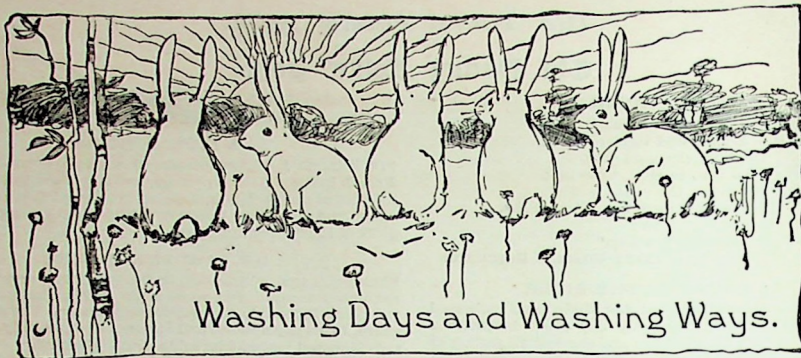
QUESTIONS.

1. AT what place did St. Paul quote some words of our Lord which are not recorded in the Gospels; and what were the words?
2. Why do you suppose that Naaman made request for two mules' burden of earth?
3. There is a passage from the Old Testament quoted three times in the New to prove three different truths—what is it?
4. Under what circumstances did God pronounce the first curse against man?
5. Shall the length of man's natural life ever be restored as it was at the Fall?

6. In what remarkable way did Christ show that the Old Testament taught the doctrine of the resurrection?

ANSWERS (See MARCH No., p. 71).

1. 2 Cor. x. 10.
2. Jer. xxix. 24, etc.
3. Col. ii. 2.
4. Phil. ii. 19, 22.
5. Col. iv. 14; Acts i. 1; Luke i. 5.
6. Col. iv. 10.
7. Eph. vi. 21 with Acts xx. 4.
8. Phil. ii. 25; iv. 13.



Washing Days and Washing Ways.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY," ETC.

V. ON STAINING OUT STAINS.

I THINK I set out on these papers with the promise of writing about less well-known branches of laundry work and giving wrinkles about them. So for a while I will say nothing about the mysteries of clear starching and ironing, though, before the end of the year, I may find time and space to give a few directions even about the things more usually left to the Steam Laundry Companies, or to Mrs. Jones and her ilk.

To-day, I am going to tell my readers how to take various kinds of stains out of various kinds of materials.

The first accident I will deal with is a very ordinary one. One knows how often Johnnie, or Joe, or Seraphina spill tea or coffee on the fresh tablecloth. When such a thing occurs, one is apt to go on using the cloth with its unsightly stain until next washing day. Or we roll it up all damp and let it rot and mildew in the clothes basket. Instead of that, directly the meal at which the accident has happened is over, get a basin and a kettle of boiling water. Then hold the stained part tightly over the bowl. At the same time pour, or get some one else to pour, the boiling water through the stain. It is a curious thing, that when thus treated, the wet never spreads beyond the edges of the basin. If you steeped the spot in hot water the whole cloth would be ruined, for it would drink up as much water as was in the bowl. Treated after my fashion no such thing happens, and you at once locate the stain. Then, as you go on pouring the boiling water through, that ugly brown mark will disappear as if by magic. Hang up the cloth to dry for a short time, and afterwards an application of the mangle or a warm iron will restore it to its pristine purity. It is well to tabulate the things you ought not to do when a white cloth is disfigured by a spill. First of all, no wine, or fruit, or tea, or coffee stain should ever be allowed to dry before being treated. Secondly, no soap should ever be permitted to come near them at first, or the stain, which may be classed as a purely evanescent one, will be turned into a fast dye. Thirdly, until my method has been tried and found wanting (and I can assure my readers it is a completely successful one if applied at once) no more stringent method should be resorted to. Oxalic acid (you will remember a wisp of this, marked "poison," was included in my list of necessities for the home laundry) does remove stains of course. But it generally removes the fabric as well! Thus a hole is frequently left where the linen strands ought to be. Chloride of lime also removes a dry stain. But it should seldom be used. Salts of lemon is a third dissolvent. But all these chemicals are strong poisons, and their use is to be deprecated in a household. Occasionally we have to apply such. But it must be done very judiciously, just with the tips of our fingers, and never allowed to go beyond the stain. My plan is so simple, and easy, and economical that I advise it being followed, and there will be no occasion to keep orange-coloured packets in the house to the possible danger of the little children therein.

Ink stains in coloured fabrics are much to be deprecated. If the master of the house will sling ink, he ought to write on a coverless table! But as we cannot assure this, we must know how to remove the black, hideous blotch. Again, this accident must be treated promptly. It also calls for another P. Patience is much required in dealing with an ink stain.

We will suppose that an ordinary crimson felt dining-room cloth has been visited by a deluge of ink. What are we to do? Well, take it off the table, and with the tips of your fingers gently rub the place in a cup of warm boiled milk. As soon as the milk looks a little dirty change it. Sometimes it will require renewing five times before the fluid leaves our fingers in the same state of purity to which we introduced them. Never be satisfied until it can be left perfectly colourless. If you grow tired before then, a slight modicum of ink will be left behind, and when once dry, will be irremovable. When you are satisfied that no ink remains, carefully wash out every atom of milk in warm water, or a sour smell will pervade the cloth for ever! When nearly dry, finish the job by pressing with a warm iron.

If ink be spilled on a damask eating cloth, rub on at once (for promptness in dealing with all stains is essential) a little salt on to the spot. This is generally at hand when a white cloth is spread for meals. Then, as soon as possible, take a lemon and cut it in half. Apply to the stain with a little rubbing, and pour boiling water through as recommended for tea stains. The ink will vanish.

Ironmould and mildew are removable in quite a different way. The latter misfortune is not an easy one to combat. First of all the linen must be soaked and washed. Then spread it on a piece of grass and sprinkle it night and morning with water out of a fine rose watering can. Turn occasionally, and the sunshine and heavenly breezes will act as wizards, slowly drawing the mould out of the fabric. There is no quicker method of getting rid of mildew. Ironmould must be treated with salts of lemon. Personally, I prefer the yellow stain to the hole which may follow its application. You may not.

Raspberry or other fruit stains must immediately be removed by boiling water. Salt rubbed in, as recommended by the unsentimental, is a course not to be followed.

I have said that promptness in dealing with stains is the great secret in their removal, as it is in dealing with most of the ills in life. Patience is another thing sincerely to be cultivated in the same branch of laundry work. Nothing that is stained ought ever to be put away. Ironmould and mildew infect everything with which they come in contact. For this reason, home laundry work is vastly superior to foreign washing. If we send out all our clothes to be washed, we are apt to be careless in attending to them in the matter of stains. If we wash at home, we are eager to save ourselves all unnecessary trouble. But if we value our linen, and it is valuable, as all know who have to purchase it, we shall treat all stains at home, before the article goes to the wash. Boiling will help in removing anything of the sort. But if boiling be resorted to as a preliminary instead of a last process, it will result in the stain being boiled into the linen and not out of it. My little girl recently spilled some tea over Angelina Ann's petticoat and frock. The one was immediately soaped by an ignorant nurse and boiled without further preparation. The result is, that Angelina's grandmother has to make her a new petticoat, as the old one is permanently disfigured. The frock, on the other hand, was taken in hand by one who knew. Boiling water was poured through the delicate fabric until the brown mark had quickly disappeared. It was then boiled, and is as the driven snow in its whiteness.

A DAILY HYMN.

Christ's Fulness.

BY THE REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, B.A., AUTHOR OF "NEW
CENTURY HYMNS," ETC.

"The love of Christ . . . filled with all the fulness of God."

—Eph. iii. 19.

I.

LORD JESUS, Thou art all to me,
And ever walkest at my side;
Thou art an overshadowing Tree,
My Morning and the Eventide.
Thou art the Fountain whence I dip
Up life of loving fellowship.

II.

Thou art the Pillow of my head,
And daily Staff wherewith I go;
My Table and the heavenly Bread
That feeds me when I faint below;
And as the flower that holds the light,
I summer in Thy Holy Sight.

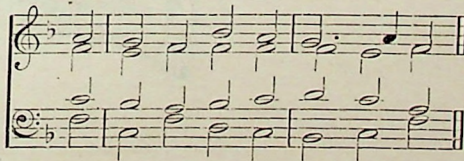
III.

Thou art my Platter and the Board
At which Thine angels also sit,
My Refuge and the secret Hoard
So full of treasures infinite;
The gold is Thine, and at the Cross
I purge me from the clinging dross.

IV.

Thou art my Sword and guardian Shield,
My Haven and the sheltering shore,
The Bounty of the harvest-field
Wherein I reap for evermore;
Thou art my one Delight and all,
Who hearest even before I call.

To be sung to any of the following tunes: St. Matthias,
Christchurch, or *In tenebris lumen*.



(St. Matthias.)



"Decorated with all manner of bones, feathers, and other trinkets, and hung round with bags containing different kinds of charms, he recounted loudly his past exploits in procuring rain."—Page 124.

HOME WORDS



For His Name's Sake.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER, AUTHOR OF "IN FARTHEST IND."

CHAPTER VI.

RIVAL PROPHETS.

WHEN Stephanus returned from the colony with his waggon-load of corn, the worst pinch of famine was over for the household at Welcome. Scarcely less grateful than the corn was the pile of letters and newspapers—the small, badly-printed newspapers of the early forties—which he brought back with him. He, on his part, was surprised by the progress made with the house; for hunger had driven the Bechuanas to work with tolerable regularity, and the rough brick building, with its three rooms and verandah, was now ready to be inhabited.

"Yes, I really think the people are getting more industrious," said Rose, as she showed him the house. "Papa is setting them to work now on the benches for the new church, so as to be ready when there is rain enough for us to make some more bricks. The wood which you cut before you started is almost all used up. We can't do without you, you see."

"If only I could be more use!" said Stephanus awkwardly. "I wish I was Andries, now—he is so strong."

"Andries!" said Rose in astonishment. "Why, he never did anything to help anybody in his life. I am very glad you are not Andries."

"I had a letter from Andries," pursued Stephanus, still trying gallantly to do his duty by his brother—"Karen wrote it for him. He sends you his respectful compliments, and says he hopes to come and see us all before long."

"Andries!" cried Rose again. "I hope he won't! I'm sorry, Stephanus,—you will be glad to see him, of course—but I'm afraid he will make the Bechuanas angry. He is always so hor—"

—unsympathetic, I mean—to the natives, you know."

"He says he hopes you have not forgotten him, and it will be the most joyful day of his life when he sees you again," went on Stephanus conscientiously.

"I wonder what Vytje Varelkamp would say to that!" said Rose, alluding to the Boer maiden whom Tant' Aleida had fixed upon as a suitable daughter-in-law. "How could Karen write such nonsense? She must have done it for a joke. But is there no news about home—about any one?" She was angry with herself that she could not mention Will Curtis's name without blushing.

"I don't think so. Oh, Karen just says that Groot Willem is growing a frightful miser, and more unsocial than ever," said Stephanus, with some hesitation.

"Karen might have spared herself the trouble of writing that," said Rose, and went away with her head held very high. Some slight consolation was awaiting her in a letter to her father from Will himself, in which he mentioned briefly that he was working very hard, and that if the harvest, which promised well, turned out a good one, he believed he should make the farm pay at last.

"There is something splendid about that young fellow's perseverance," said Mr. Hildyard.

"Splendid, indeed!" echoed Rose to herself, with her eyes full of angry tears. "And even Andries can take a journey up here to see us all, but he won't spare the time. And not a word to me—just 'Kind regards to Aunt Anne and Rose!' It's a shame—it's a shame!"

She dried her eyes impatiently, and went out to the school, resolving to think no more of a man who so evidently preferred his farm to her. If he had only said like Andries, "I hope Rose has not forgotten me"; but no, he could not forgive her for

having crossed him. "Oh, Will, Will!" she sobbed under her breath, with a fresh flood of tears which obliged her to pause outside the church and clench her hands fiercely until the spasm of pain had passed away. It was terribly inconsistent with her heroism in giving him up rather than forsake her father and mother, but she had not realized how much she was building upon the confidence that he would—he must—send her some message of forgiveness, just a word to say that he loved her still. Now she knew that she had counted upon it as a certainty. "I won't—I won't think anything more about him!" she cried.

"Work—work—work—that's what I must think of in future." And she went into the hut, where there was plenty of work awaiting her. The boy who was in charge of the sand which was spread on the floor for the writing-lesson, had quarrelled with the boy who looked after the pebbles used in teaching arithmetic, and sand and pebbles were flying all over the room, while the whole school were shrieking and fighting

like wild cats. First to separate the combatants, and then to lecture them, took some time, and occupied all Rose's thoughts until school was over, and she went home to find that a new cause for anxiety had arisen. In returning to the station, Stephanus had met Shokomi's brother and several other chiefs on their way to the Batau country, and had learnt that they were on their way to secure the services of a noted rainmaker, through whose incantations the Batau had enjoyed plenty of rain for some months. The chief himself was now come to tell Mr. Hildyard the same thing, apparently fearing that his feelings might be hurt.

"If you would only make us some rain, White-

beard," he said, "we need not send for him, and I could call the messengers back. We have you at hand, and you are much cheaper, for I don't know how many oxen we shall have to sacrifice to this rainmaker's Morimo. It need not be a great rain. A good shower or two would content the people, and they would all come to listen to you. It is not much trouble, after all, and you could talk to them as much as you liked. But if you did bring a really good rain, which would fill all the rivers, they would come to you always, and sing and pray as your Hottentots do. Don't you think you are very silly not to do it, if you care so much

about their listening to you?"

Poor Mr. Hildyard could only make the usual answer, that rainmaking was not in his power, and Shokomi went away disappointed and a little disgusted. The messengers were not recalled, and a few days later it was announced that the rainmaker was coming. All the people went out to meet him and do him honour, and it was at the head of a long procession that he entered the town. Decorated with all manner of



"He says he hopes you have not forgotten him."—Page 123.

bones, feathers, and other trinkets, and hung round with bags containing different kinds of charms, he recounted loudly his past exploits in procuring rain for his patrons the Batau, both for their own use and for the discomfiture of their enemies. Curiously enough, as he was ushered into the hut prepared for him in Shokomi's own enclosure, a few drops of rain fell, to the great delight of the people. Magnanimously declaring that this was merely a slight shower which attended him everywhere, but that the Banoga should see what he could do when he tried, the rainmaker called for a sheep and a bowl of water. Taking from one of the many bags which hung from his girdle a large

dried bulb, he set to work to pound it in a mortar, and having stirred the powder into the water, forced the mixture down the sheep's throat. In a very short time the animal was seized with convulsions; and while the people pressed round, and watched every movement with mingled terror and curiosity, its struggles grew gradually fainter, and five minutes later it was dead. The rainmaker looked round complacently upon the people. "Wait," he said. "The charm has worked. There will be much rain before morning."

Whether the man had boldly taken the risk of failure, or had made his prophecy on the strength of weather-signs which were perceptible only to himself, certain it is that rain fell in abundance during the night; and if the Hildyards had not observed the fact, it would have been forced upon their notice by the shouting, dancing, jeering crowd which thronged round the station in the morning.

"Where is your Morimo, Whitebeard?" they cried. "Months ago you said you were asking him for rain, but he has never sent it. The rainmaker's Morimo is the only one that can send rain. Yours can only keep it away."

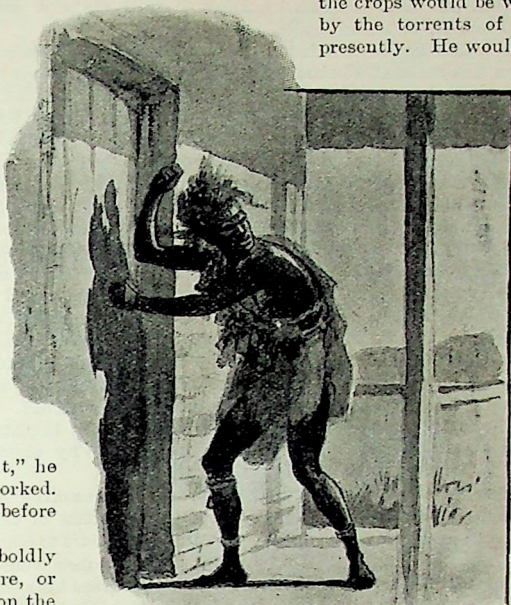
It was a bitter moment for Mr. Hildyard. "Really," he said to his wife, "one cannot help thinking that Satan is allowed sometimes to give visible proofs of his terrible power among a people like these, delivered over by their own choice to ignorance and wickedness. What could suit him better than this man's triumph to-day?"

"It seems like it," admitted Mrs. Hildyard. "But no," she added stoutly, "I don't believe it's that. God is trying our faith, or preparing a worse defeat for the rainmaker through this first success—perhaps both."

The rainmaker received modestly the applause which was showered upon him. He had just shown a little specimen of his powers, he said, and the women must not hurry off to their gardens and begin to sow and plant at once. If they did,

the crops would be washed out of the ground by the torrents of rain that would come presently. He would take a little rest after

his journey, and recruit his strength with good food, and then he would be able to devote himself to making rain for the Banoga, with every prospect of the success which had attended his labours among the Batau. This speech brought him, as it was intended to do, an abundance of every luxury that the poverty-stricken Banoga could scrape together, and any order that he cared to give was obeyed with feverish haste. In spite of his exaltation, the rainmaker was not proud, and on paying a visit to Mr. Hildyard, begged for a piece of tobacco as



"A hurried beating with bare hands upon the barred door."—Page 126.

readily as any of the other natives. Wondering whether the man himself believed in his pretended powers, Mr. Hildyard talked to him a good deal, but without any satisfactory result. He was quite willing to acknowledge that it was Morimo, and not himself, who made and gave the rain, but he persisted that by his medicines he made Morimo consent to give it. Different nations had different ways, and Mr. Hildyard's ideas might be all right for the white man's country, but it was clear they were no good in Bechuanaland, or why did they not bring rain? This was all said with a great show of open-minded friendliness, but after a time Saart brought word that the rainmaker was less friendly when he was talking to the tribe. Then he hinted that the white man did not want rain, and was always speaking against the medicines, in order to make Morimo angry, and get him to keep the rain off. Mr. Hildyard took the warning, and argued no more.

There was a reason for the rainmaker's change of front, for the further rain he had promised did not come. When he was first reproached on the subject, he replied calmly that the Banoga had only given him a sheep for sacrifice. If they would give him an ox, a proportionate quantity of rain would fall. The ox was at once sacrificed, but the

rain did not follow. Then the rainmaker demanded various unlikely things of which to make medicine. Bats, the bodies of which he burned into charcoal, the heart of a lion, the brain of a baboon, the liver of a hyena, and several rare roots and leaves, for which the unhappy women sometimes had to hunt for weeks before they found them—these were all asked for and brought to him at last. Spear in hand, he climbed to the top of the highest hill in the neighbourhood, and performed his incantations, threatening to stab the sky if it would not let the rain through. But the rain did not come. Next he tried a series of wearisome enactments addressed to the people, in the hope that they would find it absolutely impossible to keep them in their entirety, and would thus give him a reason for his want of success. That all the people were to wash their feet at the same time on a certain night, that some kinds of food must not be eaten, that certain trees were not to be touched with the axe—commands of this kind seemed impossible of fulfilment, but so eager were the people for rain that they carried them all out. Still, there was no rain, and the rainmaker, growing desperate, resolved to put the blame on the missionaries.

"They have a thing made of iron, which makes a noise, so as to wake their Morimo when they want to speak to him," he said, "and the noise frightens the rain away."

A deputation went at once to the station to inquire into the matter. It was true that the Mooiplaats congregation had subscribed to send Mr. Hildyard a bell for his new church, and Stephanus had brought it back with him. The rainmaker had seen it in the storehouse, and inquired its use from the Hottentots, but there was no place to put it up until the brick church was built, and it had never been rung. The rainmaker was somewhat taken aback when Mr. Hildyard pointed this out.

"The clouds are frightened because they

know it will make a noise some day," he said at last.

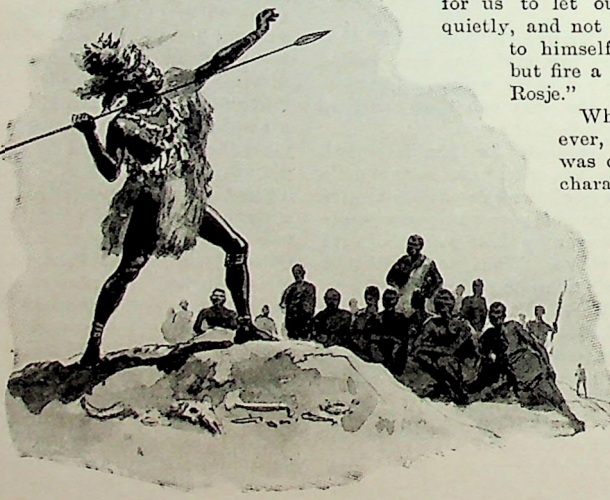
"It shall not ring until the chief and the tribe ask for it. Tell the clouds that," said Mr. Hildyard, and the deputation went away content. Not so the rainmaker, for he found himself obliged to cudgel his brains to discover some fresh reason for his failure. The next thing that the missionaries heard was that he had denounced them in the tribal parliament, speaking by the mouth of Shokomi's brother, Potino, who had always been opposed to their staying in the country. When the clouds came near, he said, the white men looked at them, and frightened them away. They did this on purpose, out of spite, because the people did not listen to them. The defence of the white men was undertaken by Shokomi himself, who pointed out that they suffered from the drought as much as the tribe did. Their oxen were dying, their gardens were blighted, they could not build their houses. Why should they wish to drive away the rain?

The chief's reasoning satisfied the people, who had a certain sense of fairness, and a lively expectation of favours to come, in the shape of wages, when the white men were able to build again; but Potino still nursed his spear as he left the meeting, and there was always the chance that he might get together a band of those who thought with him, large enough to make a night attack upon the station. So, at least, thought Stephanus, and without saying anything to Mr. Hildyard, he loaded his double-barrelled elephant gun every night, and placed it at his bedside.

"Uncle John might think it right for us to let ourselves be killed quietly, and not to resist," he said to himself; "but I cannot but fire a shot in defence of Rosje."

When it arrived, however, the night alarm was of a very different character from that

which Stephanus had expected. It came in the shape of a hurried beating with bare hands upon the barred door, and an agonized voice calling out to the white man to open. Stephanus insisted on bringing his gun in case of treachery, but



"Threatening to stab the sky if it would not let the rain through."—Page 126.

when Mr. Hildyard opened the door, there was no one there but the rainmaker, who was inside and crouching in a corner in a trice.

"Save me, Whitebeard!" he entreated. "The Banoga have turned against me. Potino declares that I have taken all the goods of the tribe and brought them no rain, whereas it is only that Morimo is angry with me as he is with you. They are searching for me everywhere to kill me. I am not safe here, though they will not think of looking for me in your house until they have searched everywhere else. Help me to get back to my own land."

Little as the man deserved it, he had come to the right place for help. Mr. Hildyard could not see him slaughtered in cold blood, and after a short consultation, sent him off with Stephanus, both mounted on oxen, to the Batau border. Once in his own country, he would be safe, and Stephanus was charged with some good advice to give him on the road. When he was gone, the rest of the household did not venture to go back to bed. They gathered in the hut which served as a church, and Mr. Hildyard read to them. Shortly after dawn, when the pursuers were able to trace the direction of the fugitive's footprints, they arrived. It appeared that Potino had discovered an intention on the rainmaker's part to gather together the gifts he had received, and make his escape, and he was indignant at having been befooled. Great was the astonishment of the avengers when they learned that the culprit had been sent away into safety by Mr. Hildyard.

"But did you know that he wanted to kill you, Whitebeard?" they asked.

"Oh, yes; we had heard it."

"But why were you not glad that he should be killed then?"

"Our Book says we are to love our enemies."

"Your Book has a foolish voice then, Whitebeard," said Potino angrily, gathering his followers together in the hope of catching up the rainmaker. But they only met Stephanus returning with the two oxen; and convinced that their prey had escaped, returned reluctantly to Lihuli, where Potino gave his opinion on the subject to the assembly.

"The white men are in league with him," he said. "Rainmakers always quarrel when other people are listening, but of course they would naturally help each other in private. Let us get rid of the white people. The Batau, who drove them away, have as much rain as they want. If we drive them away we shall have rain too."



After a time this argument so worked upon the minds of the tribe that Shokomi, with great reluctance, sent a messenger to request that Mr. Hildyard would be good enough to return to his own country. The answer came back quickly.

"If you turn us out, we must go, but we shall come back as soon as we are allowed. Our piece of land belongs to us, and you cannot deprive us of it."

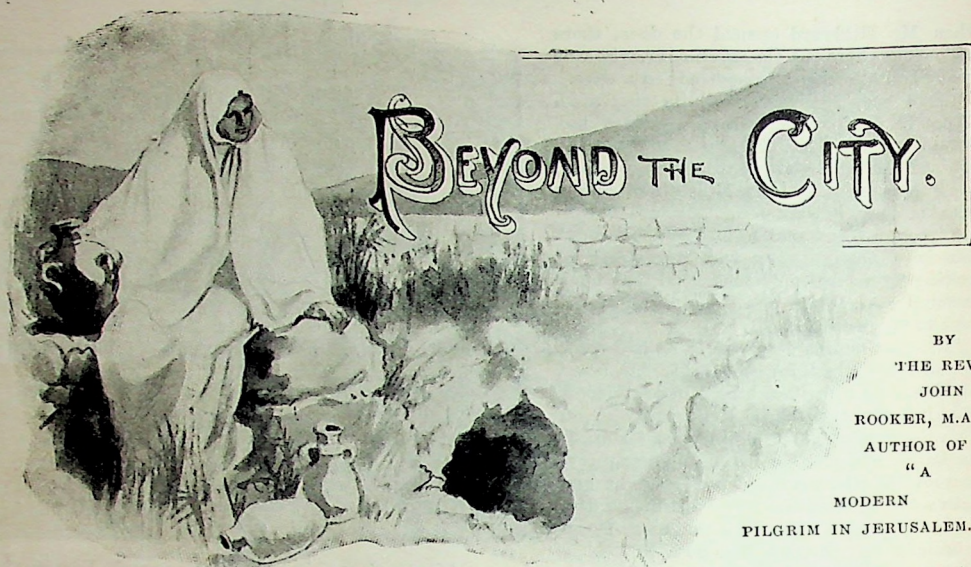
Potino looked at Shokomi with triumph in his face.

"You see," he said; "they have their Morimo in that hut. We have all seen them bow down and talk to something bad under the floor, and the rainmakers always say that Morimo is small and cruel, and lives in a cave. If we let them live, Morimo will stay and keep away the rain. If we kill them, he will go away, because he will know that no one will come to talk to him any more."

Here Shokomi interposed. Surely it was much more likely that Morimo would avenge himself upon the tribe for the death of his servants? Potino replied, putting the matter in a nutshell.

"Either their Morimo can protect his servants or not. Let us give them a week. If Morimo sends rain in that time, we shall know they can make him hear if they like, and it is their fault that there is no rain; but if not, either he doesn't care what happens to them, or he can't prevent it, and then we will kill them, and the rain will come."

(To be continued.)



BY
THE REV.
JOHN
ROOKER, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF
"A

MODERN

PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM."

V. JACOB'S WELL.



ULLO! What's that? It sounded like a pistol shot!

I turned over in bed, and listened. "Time to get up, gentlemen." It was Domian clapping his hands outside the tent to awaken us.

"All right, Domian."

"Is the Boy awake?" I asked the Friend.

"No," said the Friend, "but he soon will be." By means of a damp sponge rubbed over the face of the sleeper he accomplished the waking. The Boy grunted, but at last sat up.

"Where am I?"

"In camp, Boy. Look sharp. Breakfast in thirty minutes."

"Is it a fine day?" That most natural question repeated itself every morning.

I looked out of the tent. It was about six o'clock. The dawn was clear, and the sky bright. "Yes: it is fine." By the time we had dressed, read prayers, and finished breakfast, the dawn had brightened into a glorious day. The sky was blue; the sun was shining; the air was fresh as a May morning; and we were to see Jacob's Well before the end of the day. No wonder our party was in high spirits.

Oh the delight of that first morning in camp! No letters on business to spoil your breakfast: no knocks at the front door to disturb your quiet: no calls to make, no sermons to write,—nothing but a sense of freedom from care and worry, and the prospect of a day of utter enjoyment. My brother parson, overworked and worried, tell your congregation that the best thing they can do for you, and for themselves, is to send you a camping tour in Palestine.

It was now about 7.30 a.m., and we stood on the little plateau, where our camp was pitched, looking at the village of Singil, which lay some three or four hundred yards away to our left, a little lower down the hill. A crowd of villagers had gathered together and were in violent altercation. At length the crowd broke up into two portions, all the greybeards into one, and the younger men in the other. The younger men hung round the houses, and the older men came up the hill.

"Well, Domian, what's up? Are they discussing an attack on our camp? If so, we must be prepared!"

"No, sir," said the genial Domian, "they are not thinking about you—they are thinking about the Feast. They cannot agree whether Ramadhan is over. They sent up to me to ask if it was over in Jerusalem. I told them it was over, because the new moon had been seen. You see," continued Domian, "unless two men can swear to seeing the new moon the Fast is not considered over. The old men are going up the hill to try to hear the guns at Jerusalem. The young men say they won't wait any longer."

We sympathized with the young men after our own good breakfast, but as we rode down the hill they were still arguing.

"I am going to take you out of the direct road," said Domian, "because you will like to see Shiloh. It is not far, and you will soon be there."

So we rode and came to Shiloh.

If Canterbury Cathedral were swept away, and only part of the Deanery left, most of the trees gone, and all the houses in the town disappeared save one

or two mud huts, it would not present a greater contrast between the town as we know it to-day than the Shiloh we now saw to the Shiloh of which we read. This Shiloh? Where's the Tabernacle in which Samuel served? Where are the gardens where the Benjamites caught their wives? Where are the houses of the priests? Where are the signs of a busy little town? All you see to-day is a small stone ruin, once a Crusaders' church, a few trees, a little plateau on which you are told the Tabernacle stood, and bare open country all round.

Yet somewhere here Samuel played as a child: Eli sat waiting for news of the ark near by that mound perhaps: up the road came the anxious wife of Jeroboam the king to inquire about the fate of her sick child, and Ahijah the prophet sent her back sore stricken; and once at any rate this spot rang to the shouts of men in arms when Joshua and the tribes gathered together after subduing the land, and set up "the tent of meeting." But Jeremiah (Jeremiah vii. 14) in later centuries pointed to Shiloh in ruins, and bade the folk in Jerusalem take warning from its fall. Its day of grace came and went. Now it is a witness to prophecy.

We had our camera, but our photograph was not what we hoped. We could not reproduce the maidenhair fern which grew in quantities round about. Shall I confess it? one of the chief memories of Shiloh, as I write, is the memory of the maidenhair.

But time is going. Domian bids us mount, and once again we jog along. The path is full of wild flowers. Cyclamen and anemones of all colours border our way on either hand, and if Shiloh is ruined, it is at any rate picturesque.

"Domian, what are those hills over there?"

We are on the crest of a hill, and far away is a ridge, uneven, like the humps of a dromedary's back. "Those are the mountains of Gilboa, gentlemen." How would you feel, my reader, if you heard those words? I sat up in my saddle and gazed at those ridges. The whole story of Saul flashed across me. The pathetic end took place there. Think of it! Again and again some chance question brings a familiar name to the lips of the dragoman, and with the name comes a story that thrills your heart, and you gasp, and say: "Can it be true? Was it there? Do I really see it? Am I dreaming?" You can scarcely persuade yourself all is real.

However, if you think you are dreaming, hunger soon convinces you of your mistake. Take a ride on horseback of four-and-a-half hours in the morning over the rough ways of Ephraim, and you will find by twelve o'clock you are awake to hunger. We

found our luncheon tent down the hill, and we were not sorry.

I forget the name of the village—it was of no particular interest to us, though we were of particular interest to the villagers. About 150 villagers of all ages, mostly young, extended themselves in a long line in front of the luncheon tent, and watched us at our meal. Now and again Domian rushed forward with his whip, shouting and threatening. They fled, but only to return. After a while we lay down and took a siesta, and there being nothing remarkable in this to an Eastern mind, the crowd dispersed.

While the horses were being saddled I strolled over to the village cemetery. It was on the open without



"A poor old withered woman sat rocking herself to and fro by one of these monuments."—Page 129.

any enclosure, and consisted of erections of mud, dried hard by the sun, very much like in shape the old-fashioned, oblong stone tombs our forefathers used to place in the graveyards. A poor old withered woman was rocking herself to and fro by one of these monuments, evidently a new one, and weeping bitterly.

"It is her son's grave," said Domian, "and I dare say her husband is dead."

Along these hillsides One of old travelled, Who had pitied such a widowed mother, and turned her mourning into joy. This poor soul did not know that story, and I could not tell her. Surely HE was not

unmindful. God has His own ways, strange and mysterious no doubt, but I felt HE could and would comfort her. Are we more compassionate than HE?

It was about half-past one, and within an hour, I think, we came in sight of Jacob's Well. We had travelled along an open plain with a range of hill to our left, and suddenly saw an opening which split the range in two. It is the valley of Shechem—which is Nablous—and this valley divides the central ridge of Palestine along which we had travelled.

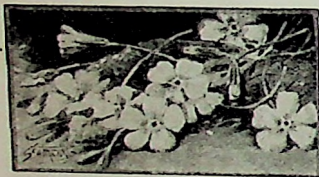
As you face this valley, which is quite narrow at the entrance, and indeed never broadens out much, you notice two or three points, which it is wise to bear in mind if you want Jacob's Well to be as interesting as it should be. The hill to the left is Gerizim: the hill to the right is Ebal. They are the guardians of the pass. At the foot of Ebal is a village. The modern name is Askar, but without doubt it is the Sychar of St. John's Gospel. Up the valley is a town. Nablous is its name to-day, but in the Lord's time it was Shechem. A fine road runs up the valley, and as you move towards it, you notice a mound at the entrance of the pass with a wall around it. What is that spot? *It is Jacob's Well.*

(To be continued.)

"Thy Word is Truth."

"SEEK YE THE LORD."

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF SIERRA
LEONE, D.D.



WOULD you receive a blessing? Then your expectation must be from God. No stream can quench your

soul's thirst which has not the living waters of Christ. Then I may remind you that in the Father's House food is provided—but food for the day only: "Give us this day our *daily* bread." In the days of old, the early morning saw the windows of heaven open; and not week by week, but day by day, was the manna given. Not in the evening, but in the morning, did the faithful Israelite gather, and that on bended knee. To fail to gather, means to trifle with the gift of God: and it means also to go through the day hindered and unsatisfied. Given daily, we must gather daily. And let daily gratitude follow daily grace.

Christ is made unto us now, this very moment, "Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption." Why not appropriate that which has been provided? Why is it for to-morrow and never to-day, seeing that we have to do with the great I AM? All that Christ could be to you, He

The Greek Church have built the wall—which I regret—for the protection of their property (Jacob's Well is theirs), and possibly for entrance fees. We tied up our horses to some rings in the wall, and pulled a bell. An old man welcomed us in. We found ourselves in a plot of ground—about a half-acre, if I remember rightly, in extent—raised above the level of the plain, so that a good view could be obtained all round.

What a throng of memories came rushing over us!

Down that valley Abraham passed in his first visit to the land of Canaan—a wandering Sheik of the desert. Here Jacob came with his turbulent family, and camped. Up that valley went the treacherous sons, Simeon and Levi, and fell upon the defenceless people in Shechem. Here came the Israelites, according to tradition, and laid the body of Joseph, whose tomb you see 800 yards away. In this valley, up which you catch the distant sound of a Turkish bugle, Joshua met his soldiers, and took farewell of the troops he had long led to victory. And once again the hills rang to the noise of a great host when the ten tribes marched to Shechem, to make Jeroboam king, and Israel revolted against Solomon's foolish son.

is for you now. Then why not trust Him now?

Where shall I seek the Lord? First, be prepared to meet Him anywhere. Seek the Lord with all your heart. You will not find Him within, perhaps; but He will come in if you invite Him. You may meet Him in silence as well as in song. We read that "when they were alone" the Lord expounded all things to His disciples. Some of us have little expounded to us, because we are never *alone with Christ*. The sweetest music is often in the minor key; but as we never have quiet and solitude, we miss the voice which speaks so often in a whisper.

Let us be clear on one thing: our seeking must be for "the Lord"—not for power for service, nor for gifts for men. Neither the large nor the small blessings may be ours till we desire Jesus Himself. With Him we shall have *all* things. Without Him we have nothing.

And then, what is the purpose of all this seeking and finding? That God may be ours and we may be God's. I give myself to God; God gives Himself to me. As we become recipients from the Divine fullness, so also we shall give forth of ourselves and our substance.

GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT.

BY THE REV. E. A. STUART, M.A.

If we examine the work of God's Holy Spirit upon the individual, I think we see that it is threefold. There is the work of the Spirit in

quicken the dead soul. Just as the Holy Spirit of God breathed upon the dark waters at the creation, so God's Holy Spirit brings forth life out of death, and quickens the dead soul to believe in Christ. Then in the second place, there is the work of the Holy Spirit in perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord; when the dead soul has been quickened, then the Holy Spirit comes and produces the fruits of the new life—love, joy, peace. And then in the third place, the work of the Holy Spirit equips us for service: giving us the tongue, giving us the thought, giving us the opportunity, opening the door of the heart, sending forth the labourer ready equipped for the work. If we were to adopt the metaphor of water, we would say there is first of all the inflowing water, and secondly the indwelling water, and then thirdly the outflowing water—just as you have it in the Gospel of St. John. You have, in the third chapter of St. John, the Spirit coming down from above and baptizing men and bringing forth the new birth; you have, in the fourteenth chapter of St. John, the indwelling of the Spirit; this is a well of water springing up into everlasting life, satisfying the cravings of the soul. And then, in the seventh chapter, you have the overflowing Spirit flowing forth from the Christian man, and spreading fertility upon every side.

To these three works of God's Holy Spirit there is a threefold exhortation added with regard to our attitude towards the same Spirit. "Resist not the Spirit"; that is, yield to God's Spirit when He is striving with you, in order to bring about that new birth by convicting you of sin. Secondly, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit," the indwelling Spirit, "whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." And thirdly, "Quench not the Spirit." When the Spirit would lead you to prophesy, to speak for Christ, "Quench not the Spirit." And so in the same way, I think, there are three metaphors under which the descent of the Holy Spirit of God is spoken of in reference to these three same works. We read the Spirit came down like the wind on the day of Pentecost; we read the Spirit came down like a dove on the Lord Jesus Christ; and we read the Spirit came down like fire—"cloven tongues like as of fire came and sat upon the heads of the disciples."

Now the chief thought in the wind, that wind coming down from Heaven, is surely the coming of the new life. Ezekiel, standing in the plain of dead bones, cries, "O breath, breathe upon these slain that they may live." So with regard to God's Holy Spirit He breathes upon us. The Lord Jesus Christ upon His resurrection day breathed upon His disciples, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit": giving them of His

resurrection life, making them partakers of that life. So the Holy Spirit comes down upon us as the breath of life to produce life in our dead souls.

Then secondly, the Holy Ghost comes down, like a dove, as He did upon the Lord Jesus Christ. He comes down with peace, in the form of a dove and abides upon us. And then thirdly, the Holy Spirit comes down like fire. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." This was fulfilled upon the day of Pentecost, when cloven tongues of fire came down upon the disciples. And for what? Surely for the burning testimony of the Apostles, that they might go forth energized with heavenly zeal to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"WITH GOD."

BY THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON, M.A.

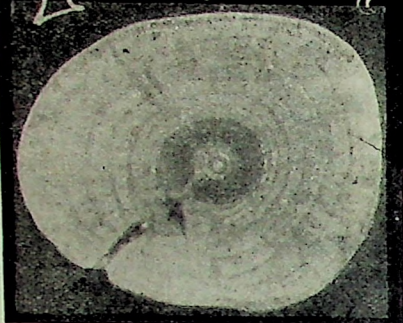
"BRETHREN, let every man wherein he is called therein abide with God." There is the secret of all worldly happiness. Kings upon their thrones with God; rich men in their mansions with God; senators in the council-chambers with God; merchants in their offices with God; tradesmen in the toil and dust of their warehouses with God; sailors in their ships with God; labourers in the fields with God; boys on their errands with God; servants below stairs with God; slaves under bondage with God. No place is too low for God to come into it; no place can be too low for men where God is with them: and none can be high enough where God is not.

One of the old Greek philosophers was sitting by himself one day in a poor little smoky hovel when the Emperor Alexander looked into it. "Come in," said the sage, as the great man was turning away; "come in; even here the Deity is present." It is our own fault if God be not present with us, in a higher and better sense than that of the Greek philosophy, wherever our calling leads us. High and low are but relative terms. The world has its scales, which rise or fall according to outward circumstances; but worldly distinctions give no real indication of a man's worth or position. Let each one try to be good and genuine and faithful in himself; and then it will be difficult for any one else to be really much above him or before him.

It is a true test of our hearts and our homes if we can pray, "God be with us in our going out and in our coming in."



Photographing in the Dark



BY H. T. INGRAM, M.A.

behind the same. Not a cottage in sight. Can you imagine anything more comical than two photographers plunging about at night with their three-legged cameras in a ploughed field, vainly peering for the whereabouts of a village where they hoped to photograph in the dark? We were nearly in despair when a ghost-like figure appeared against the sky, as though it had sprung out of the ground. It was a shepherd, who, when he had been told of our plight, and that we were carrying cameras to take night photographs, regarded us very dubiously.

"Ye ought ter bin in bed," was his gruff comment, "and not meddlin' with the powers o' darkness." In vain we tried to assure him of the innocence of our motives: "He didn't hold with any such things." However, he put us on the right track, and before long we reached the clump of cottages surrounded by

"**Y**OU will come," said my friend. "I will," I answered, "but I shall not expect to get even the worst of photographs."

Three days later, just as the twilight was flickering over the downs, we started with our cameras for the tiny village of Milhurst, which lies five miles away in a hollow of the hills. It has a grand old church, the pride of the countryfolk, and quite recently the electric light has been installed. I have heard it said that this is the only genuinely rural church thus illuminated. It has been very simply done, the tiny globes being quite in keeping with the simplicity of the ancient building. My friend had determined to photograph the church as it appeared for evening service, with its lighted windows gazing out on the village like the quiet eyes of a friend always ready to receive our confidence and affection. With this in view, he had arranged with the Vicar for the church to be lighted up late one night long after service was over. By ten o'clock he had calculated there would be a full moon high in the heavens.

So much for the preliminary arrangements, which had been made before we set out on our five-mile-walk to the village. For the first mile we were deep in calculations as to the exact time we should have to allow for the photograph to be taken. We had just settled the knotty point when it simultaneously occurred to us that we were out of our way. It is one matter to strike the correct route over the downs in broad daylight, and quite another to avoid mistake in deceptive semi-darkness, when every distant landmark is hidden. Though we had ten legs between us (each camera boasted three) we stumbled into unexpected hollows, proved the prickliness of plantations and gorse bushes, and finally found ourselves in the middle of a heavy ploughed field. For the life of us we could not have told where we were. To right and left the wave-like folds of the downs, in front,

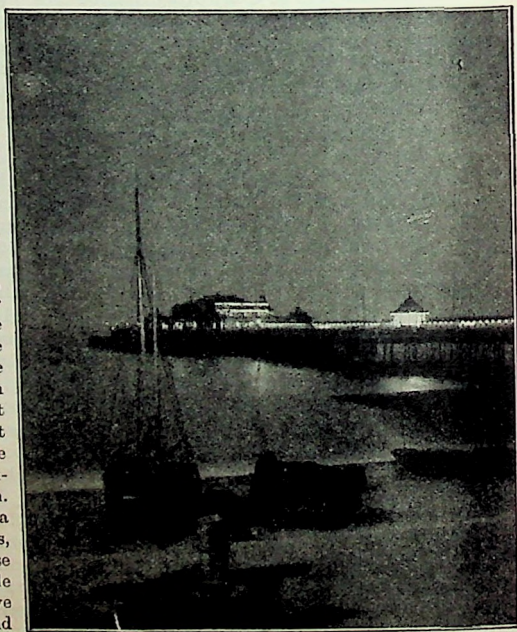
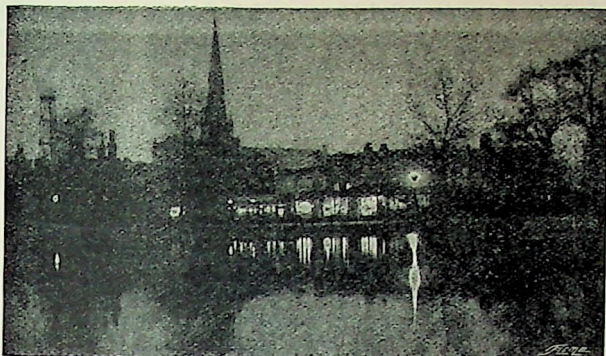


Photo by]

BRIGHTON PIER AT NIGHT.

[E. KELLEY,



ON THE EDGE OF CLAPHAM COMMON.

trees, like brown eggs in a nest. We had taken rather more than two hours and a quarter to cover five miles!

The Vicar accompanied us to the church, helped to select the best point of view, and waited while we set up the cameras and started the process of taking a photograph.

"How long shall you be?" he asked. "I can have supper ready for you any time you name."

We thanked him, and asked if we might have supper in sections. "You see," my friend explained, "it will need half an hour for the photograph we are now taking, and I should like to have two more from different points of view." So we promptly left the cameras standing on sentry duty and retreated to the vicarage.

The half-hour was nearly up when the Vicar remarked that his people seemed to be keeping late hours, for he had heard several passersby, an unusual occurrence in this early-to-bed village. Suddenly my friend started up.

"They will be wondering what is the matter—the church lighted up!"

Away he went, without waiting for our comment.

And well it was that he hurried, for he arrived just as the boldest villager was mustering up courage to remove the camera "neck and crop."

It was within a quarter of an hour of midnight when the cap was put on for the last time, and with a hearty good-night we started homewards.

* * *

How is it done? Quite easily, so long as you have a camera, some patience, and a little skill. It is best to select a moonlight night, or lacking that, the last half-hour of dusk. If possible focus by day, and mark the spot where the camera is to be fixed. Do not use very fast plates since they fog easily; and give an exposure varying between ten minutes and three-

quarters of an hour. The results show best as lantern slides, which are most effective.

The photographic prowler has his best, though chilliest, opportunity on a snowy night, when he may get the most lovely tracery of trees against the sky. The only "dodge" he need descend to is to introduce the moon into the picture. The method is very simple. Suppose you have as your subject an old Norman church lighted up for evening service. For the foreground you choose an ancient yew tree bowed down with snow, as well as the weight of many years. The moonlight gives plenty of shadow definition, but you are bound to give at least ten minutes' exposure. My lady moon

may be particularly charming, but you dare not include her in your study, for she cannot sit still—nor, for that matter, can you make your camera independent of the rotation of the earth on its axis. But you have a clever resource. Take your church, your tree, your snow, leaving the moon out of count; then, when all have been correctly exposed, take a snapshot at the moon on the same plate, tilting up your camera to get her in the right place. You will be pleased with the result, though possibly astonished at the small size of the face of the moon, which, owing to the exaggeration of artists, invariably suffers from a swelled head in all pictures.

A good story is told of one of the early pioneers of this branch of photography. Mr. Paul Martin was taking a study of Trafalgar Square on a wet night. It was one of the few occasions on which he included a figure in his studies, and this time it was quite accidentally. When he developed the plate he found that he had secured the clearly defined figure of a policeman standing by the Nelson column. As the exposure lasted twenty minutes, the representative of the majesty of the law must have remained on exactly the same spot during the entire period.



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT BY NIGHT.

Lastly, a word about our heading, which is a genuine example of photography in pitch darkness. It shows a section of a log of spruce; this was placed in a dark cupboard together with a

plate, and the two were left alone for some time. On development by an ordinary process the spruce was found to have succeeded in impressing a complete picture of itself on the sensitive plate.

Quiet Thoughts.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

GIVING THANKS ALWAYS.

LEARN to look up. You have not truly known
All the soft depth of summer's melting blue,
Nor all the safe, dear rest of that lulled tone
Whose nestling tenderness is born for you,
Till you have glanced to God, with eyes grown dim,
And shared the joy with Him.

THE WELL IS DEEP.

(The Bible.)

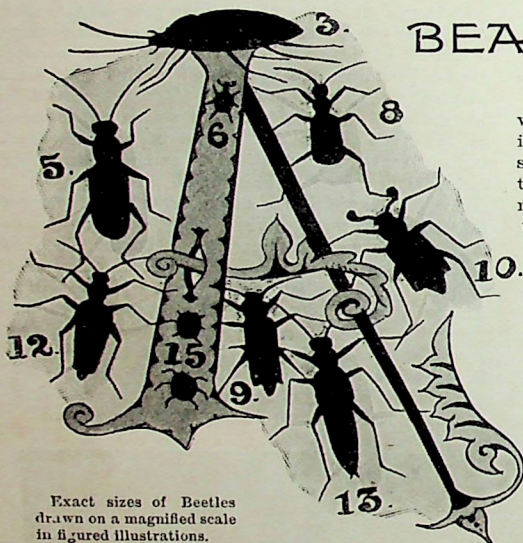
Come day by day and draw: this well is deep:
From God's old granite doth its fountain start:—

Who knows but from thy childhood's text shall leap
The truth ordained to break and heal thy heart?

Not solely on our Sabbath days,
We render Service fair:
For duties done go up like praise,
And kindly thought is prayer.

KEEP A COUNTRY HEART.

Keep a country heart, and feed it
With the lore of field and spray.
Ah, if we could hear and heed it—
All a daisy has to say!



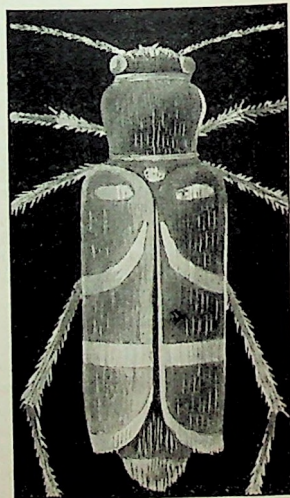
Exact sizes of Beetles
drawn on a magnified scale
in figured illustrations.

BEAUTY SHOW.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S.

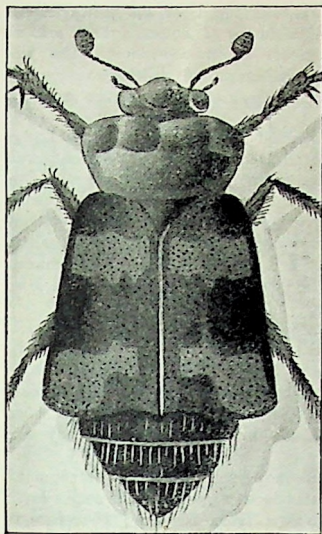
wonder, for, although the life history of butterflies is not quite as marvellous as that of bees, ants, and some other insects, their beauty of colour and pattern is unrivalled. Perhaps, indeed, it is not too much to say that no class of creatures on the face of the earth, not even excepting birds, can compare with these elegant creatures in magnificence of decoration and brilliance of hue. I have, again and again, heard artists express their despair of ever being able to produce such harmonies of colour as appeared on the underside of the wings of even a "common" brown butterfly.

But the colours and patterns of butterflies are patent to every eye, and nobody denies that they are exquisite; but who gazes with rapture on the crimson of a "sunshiner" beetle or the gold-dust sprinkled along the back of a turnip-fly? Yet



Wasp Beetle. (Fig. IX.)

IF the lovers of insects had been asked to confess their hobby on the Census paper, and say what they had collected, it would probably have been found that at least seventy-five out of every hundred were collectors of butterflies, the rest being divided among all the other orders of insects. That is to say, in spite of the saying of a great entomologist that beetles were fit subjects for the study of men while butterflies were fit only for boys, most men who are drawn to the collection of insects, and the investigation of their history and habits, devote themselves to butterflies and moths. And it is no



Burying Beetle. (Fig. X.)

In the first place, if we are competent to judge, the Creator loves beauty in itself, and often scatters it apart from any particular benefit to man or beast. And often the beautiful things contained in the world come to light and are admired after having been long concealed. The diamond, which has lain for centuries in the heart of the earth, at last flashes its rays of light into the eyes of man; the flower, which wastes "its sweetness on the desert air," may leave some descendant to gladden a sorrowful soul. We doubtless err in believing that Nature's treasures are wasted simply because *we* have not enjoyed them.

It is clear that besides this general use of beauty special purposes are served by special colours and combinations of colours. The protective uses of the apparel of animals have been so often described that it is only necessary here to call them to remembrance. The dull tints, and sometimes even the bright ones, so harmonize with the surroundings—the leaves and flower, the trees and rocks—that they become to the owners a veritable mantle of invisibility; while, on the other hand, the gaudy, staring patterns and hues of others are an unmistakable warning to would-be tasters of an unpalatableness which the bird or lizard can, if it be so foolish, test by experiment.

Another purpose has been suggested which, from our ignorance of the mental powers and of the tastes of lowly organized creatures, it is difficult to verify. The theory is that male animals are dressed in luxurious and gorgeous array because it is a plea-

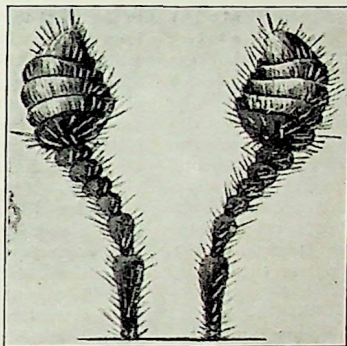
sure to their mates to see their husbands in splendid uniforms. The ladies, in spite of the fact that they are themselves clothed in gowns of quiet colours, look out for and accept, as a rule, only well-dressed suitors. How far a butterfly is capable of appreciating beauty it is hard to say. It is probable, however, that the capacities of insects are higher than is generally supposed.

Why have these insects received their peculiar colour and patterns, beautiful almost always, even when not of brilliant hues?

If colour were a mere question of the sun's rays smart husbands would have smart wives; whereas, in fact, males literally blazing with colour have females clothed in plain browns and greys when the two sexes live in the same locality, have similar habits, and live on precisely the same kind of food.

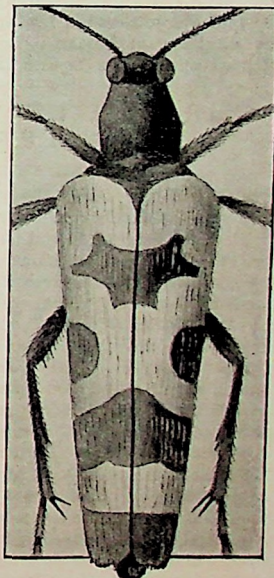
There is hardly a weapon or a tool used by the human race but finds its counterpart among insects. Balloons and flying machines are as old as the hills with them. They make the one and are themselves the other. As for shears, nippers, saws, chisels, gimlets and bradawls, they can all be furnished, in excellent condition and of the best design, out of the

mouths of insects; and these same mouths contain a veritable armoury of swords and spears, of knives and lancets, plain or poisoned, according to taste. The rhinoceros and the stag, the ox and the elephant, are put to shame by the tusks and antlers on beetle, moth, and fly. Are the whale and the seal modified in limb and body to

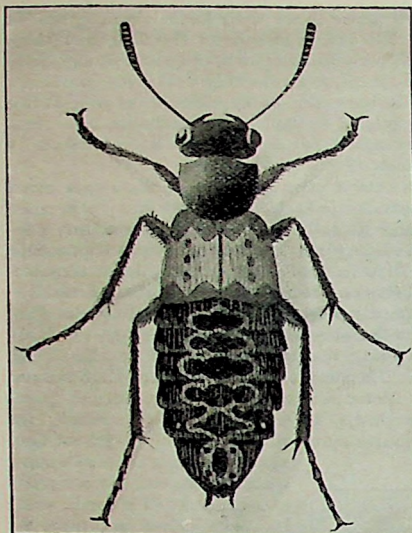


Horns of the Burying Beetle. (Fig. XI.)

fit them for their aquatic life? So are the water-boatmen and the water-beetles. Diving birds can live a few minutes under water by holding their breath; insects take in a supply of air under their wing-covers and stay down two or three hours. When I was a lad I used to think it a very clever performance to hold a stone at the bottom of the sea with my hands, while my



A Beetle found on Flowers. (Fig. XII.)



A Carrion Beetle. (Fig. XIII.)

rushing stream and holding on with its toe-nails.

In the matter both of instinct and of reason there is no end to the marvels of insect life. Tiny creatures whose brains can hardly be seen with the microscope, much less with the naked eye, plan and build structures with the wisdom of the philosopher and the skill of the trained mechanic; but apart from the bee and the ant, and a few other common species, the unobservant human being passes them daily without notice or with disdain.

OUR BEETLE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

BY JAMES SCOTT.

FIGURE IX. shows the portrait of the Wasp Beetle, which is a lover of flowers. For its exact size, see initial letter. Figure X. is the famous Burying Beetle. It derives its name from its habit of burying the dead bodies of animals far larger than itself, such as a mouse, lizard, or small bird. The colour of this queer beetle is a brick-red, and its horns are sufficiently eccentric to deserve a special drawing. Figures XII. and XIII. speak for themselves, though it may be remarked that the latter is a most exquisitely formed insect. Its head, shield and legs are jet black, and very highly polished. The pattern, clearly defined in

feet stuck out of the water at the top; but I have found out since that a poor little grey beetle does a much cleverer thing, by calmly hiding under stones at the bottom of a

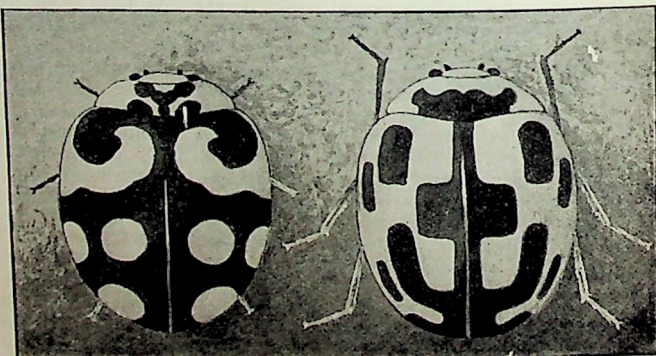
the illustration, is composed of an arrangement of black and white hairs of so minute a size as to provide the insect, when seen with the unaided eye, with an embossed velvet-like surface, far more beautifully made than the dress of the greatest lady in the land.

Who has not admired the charming little Ladybirds which fly so nimbly in the sunlit meadows? I am inclined to the belief that nearly everybody is familiar with the commoner forms of these quaint beetles—for they *are* beetles. People are aware that the lively things are definitely speckled with white or black dots; but I doubt whether many persons would recognize the two creatures pictured in Fig. XIV. as Ladybirds.

In the collection which is beside me as I write, there are contained a large number of variously spotted and adorned Ladybirds, and among them are to be seen the two chosen as calculated to surprise the reader. Notwithstanding the fact that these particular kinds are seldom seen, they are fairly numerous.

I wish to reiterate my previously made statement to the effect that all the designs in this series have been accurately drawn from Nature; therefore it will be understood that these Ladybirds' markings are not exaggerated in the slightest degree. One carries a pattern embodying a resemblance to an anchor; whilst the other is marked with beautifully neat scrolls and circles. The dark parts are black, and the remainder either ivory-white or pale yellow.

Beetles have, folded and concealed beneath their elaborately chiselled and decorated surfaces, gauzy wings, which enable them to fly quite easily when the desire to do so seizes them, which is generally the case at seasons when family matters require their attention. Each pretty back is composed of two exactly similar halves, joined near the portion (the thorax, or chest) situated immediately behind the head. The slit dividing these halved parts (or wing covers) extends lengthways along the back. It is thus possible for a beetle to elevate these decorated wing covers, unfold their pinions, and fly instead of crawl.



A pair of curious Ladybirds, the horns being withdrawn from sight. (Fig. XIV.)

For God and Humanity.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY, AUTHOR OF "A LITTLE BLACK CAT," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHANGE.



NORA rode to Heather Gate the next evening when the heat of the day was over, and the air was full of the scent of the late hay. They were carrying it in the old field where she had played in her babyhood, and she went slowly past the gate, looking at the great wagon with its fragrant load. The wild convolvulus was beginning to show its sweet little pink face by the wayside; the foliage in the copse was full and dark; the early bloom of the summer was gone.

"Our last summer at the old farm," thought the girl, keeping down a sob. "We might have stayed here for ever if it had not been for the selfishness of one man. Well, I can't forgive him, but I won't speak of him. When one can only say dreadful things, one must keep silence. Now, Jerry, don't go to sleep!"

The last words were addressed to the cob, which responded to a touch of the whip, and presently broke into a gallop. A level road ran like a ribbon through a vast tract of heath, where the ling was in all its purple glory; and you caught sight of a thick cluster of trees and the yellow walls of a long, low house.

The front of the house faced the heath, and was protected by a well-fenced garden. The door was open, and an old woman, in a white apron, sat knitting in the shelter of the porch.

"Mrs. Blake," called Nora, "I've come to see the place. Is no one here but yourself?"

"My son is at the back, miss," answered the old dame, bestirring herself at once. "I'll tell him to come and take the horse."

A young man appeared in the next minute, and Nora dismounted. Before entering the porch she paused, and looked at the ample seats it contained, and noted that it was in good repair. It was covered with Virginia creeper and climbing roses.

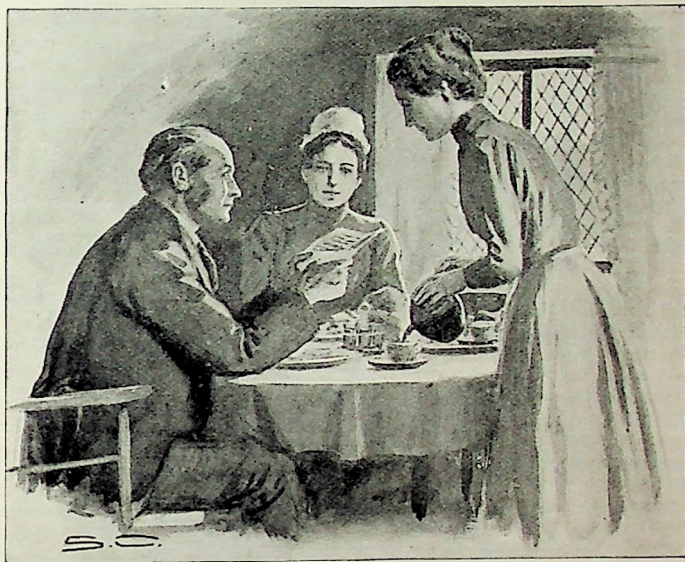
"This looks home-like," she said.

There was plenty of space indoors, and as she went through the empty rooms she furnished them in imagination. She marked the spot where the old

sofa, covered with dull crimson, was to stand, and chose the right corner for the box ottoman. Each of the front rooms could boast of four windows with small, old-fashioned panes. Yes, it was a house which could be made habitable; but Nora sighed.

"It takes years," she thought, "to make a home. The dear old chairs and tables cannot get used to a new place all at once. Some time must pass before they can settle themselves to their liking. The old sofa, now, will be very much put out when it finds itself here."

If there was one bit of the furniture which Nora



"Father and mother in consultation over a letter."—Page 138.

loved better than the rest, it was the sofa—a heavy, cumbersome thing, with a bolster at each end, and comfortable corners. It had been by turns a stable, a lions' den, and a dolls' bedchamber in her childhood; and nowadays it was a favourite resting-place when her strong young limbs were a little tired. The girl's life had been so simple that she clung to all her early associations, dreading the very thought of change. And now her chief care was how to make the new home look as much as possible like the old.

When she mounted Jerry again, and turned his head towards Priory Farm, she was in a thoughtful mood. Riding, more slowly now, along the lanes between hedges scented with sweet-brier, and coming in sight of the familiar roof, she pondered over the words, "There shall be new heavens, and a new earth." She felt saddened, not gladdened, by these

words; her untried heart would fain have built its heaven out of old materials; nothing seemed so desirable as all that she had long loved and known.

When she came indoors in her riding-habit, she was met with questioning eyes. The mother and Anne sat sewing at one of the windows, and she went up to them with rather a grave smile.

"I shall try hard to be very happy at Heather Gate," she said, and then turned suddenly away. They knew that she hurried upstairs to hide her tears.

All too quickly that last summer in the old home glided away. And then the touch of autumn was laid quietly upon the garden; brown and crimson leaves strewed the paths; sober-coloured flowers filled the borders; great clusters of Michaelmas daisies told the time of year. They seemed to say, "Arise ye, and depart," as Nora rambled here and there, taking a silent leave of the things that had grown with her growth, and lingering longest in the piece of ground which she had called her own.

When Christmas came the family were fairly established at Heather Gate; and, if they were not reconciled to their new surroundings, not a murmur escaped their lips. It was a bleak December; keen winds, cutting as a knife, swept over the heath and assailed doors and windows, but their house was substantially built and well sheltered by the fine old trees. On Christmas morning Nora, a little late at breakfast, found Anne pouring out coffee and her father and mother in consultation over a letter.

"My cousin, Joseph Carter, has written to me," Mr. Carroll said. "A client of his has taken a fancy to learn practical farming—a Mr. Taunton; a young man with plenty of money, he tells me. And he wants us to take him in, Nora; what do you say to that?"

"Well, father," Nora answered, "I think I shall say let him come."

CHAPTER III.

A BORN HELPER.

MORRIS TAUNTON looked as if nature had intended him to be a farmer. He was a man of medium

height, by no means stout, but sturdy and strongly built. His light-brown hair, cut close to his head, had a ripple running through it. As to his face, it was a good one, with a straight nose, a firm, well-chiselled mouth and chin. The eyes, dark grey, were deeply set, and held in their depths a look of quiet power and peace.

When he stood in his bedroom on the first morning of his arrival at Heather Gate, he said to himself that he was decidedly a fortunate man, for he liked the aspect of the place.

Nora, with her own fresh taste, had made the room

as charming as she could. She liked full, sunshiny tints, and Mrs. Carroll had left matters to her arrangement. So the middle of the floor was covered with a carpet of deep garnet, and the walls were hung with a rich cream-coloured paper, with a light pattern of brown and crimson leaves. There were curtains to the bed and windows of cream colour also, just bordered with a crimson stripe; and on the antique toilet-table stood two tall stoppered flacons of ruby glass. Morris Taunton had arrived at nightfall, and the room had been only partially revealed by fire and candle-light. But now that the tardy sunshine of a December morning was creeping in through the windows, he saw that the whole chamber looked mellow and home-like, and knew that the hands of women had been busy here.

He had been living in bachelor quarters in London, and it was there that he had received the unexpected news of a rich inheritance. He had never been really poor; his modest income had sufficed for his own needs, and enabled him to help others, but not as he had longed to help them. For Morris Taunton was a

born helper, with a deep belief in God and a profound love for humanity. He felt that if one member suffered, all should suffer also, and knew that the Father ordains that human needs shall be supplied through human means. He believed that you should never lose a chance of giving the cup of cold water, for He who turned water into wine can make the simple draught a rich cordial to a fainting soul.

Now Morris was a man who made a great many friends. He was so genial, so wholesome, that people loved to have him in their houses; and as he had



"He said to himself that he was decidedly a fortunate man."—Page 138.

been brought up in a country home, he was glad to accept invitations to stay in the country. Men who liked him asked him to ride their horses, and there was nothing that he enjoyed more than a good gallop across country. So when he came into his money, his first yearning was for a horse of his own and a farm that he could manage for himself.

Not only for himself! He began to dream happily of taking some of his poor brethren out of their slums and teaching them how to till the ground. Then he would send them out, well instructed, to some new country where land is cheap and labourers are few. Their wives and daughters should be taught how to make butter and cheese, and grow vegetables and rear poultry. But before he could teach all these useful things, he had himself a great deal to learn. So he had applied to his solicitors, Messrs Carter & Son, and the result was that he had come to live for a time at Heather Gate. He was to take meals with the family, although he had a sitting-room for himself; and when he came downstairs, with apologies for having slept too well, he found that the farmer had already gone out of doors. The mother and daughters were waiting for him at the table.

It was an ideal table, he thought. The Carrolls had some good silver of their own—small old-fashioned tea-spoons, with scallop shells upon the handles, and a dainty tea-pot and coffee-pot that belonged to the past. In the middle of the board there was a tall glass vase, filled with white chrysanthemums and Christmas berries set in their dark green leaves; and the three women, in their simple homespun dresses, had a quiet air of refinement which harmonized well with their surroundings.

Nora, who always wore flowers when she could get them, had fastened a sprig of holly near the white collar which encircled her round young throat, and it gave just the touch of colour that was needed to her grey gown. Her fresh youth and the strong brown light of her eyes attracted Morris Taunton's gaze to her side of the table.

"Do you think you will find the country dull after London?" asked Mrs. Carroll.

"No," he answered; "I have longed for a country life always. Living in London has only made me long for it more. Pure air is one of the unattainable blessings there."

Afterwards, when he went out upon the heath, he felt as if he had got into a new world. Here there was pure air indeed, clean and strong-scented, even in winter, with the fragrance of wild herbage—blowing towards him from the solemn hills, rising so



"The entrance to the familiar path was stopped up."—Page 140.

grandly against the grey December sky. Here there was a vast open space—freedom, room to think in, stillness after the clamour of many tongues, and rest from the tread of thousands of feet. His heart was filled with thankfulness and peace.

In the evening he sat in his own sitting-room, writing letters to the friends he had left behind in town. It was furnished with soft shades of olive and dull gold, but a red cushion or two gave a touch of brighter colour here and there. A log crackled cheerfully in the old-fashioned grate; the flames quivered over the room, sending sudden darts of light into the corner cupboard where some quaint china was stored. Close to his desk stood a glass bowl of chrysanthemums, yellow and white, set in feathery sprays of green. Nothing that could add to his comfort had been forgotten, and the odour of good housewifery pervaded all.

He was so glad to be in a true home—so glad to hear, now and then, the pleasant sound of women's voices in the other room—so grateful for having found at last the rural rest that he had sighed for so long.

A few days later Anne and Nora were admiring Morris Taunton's horse in the paddock. In colour he was a rich brown, and in shape he was the realization of all that a horse ought to be. And as

Morris looked from his horse to Nora he was glad to see her eyes shining with delight.

"You must ride him one of these days," he said.

Nora did ride him. Her seat was so firm and assured, and her attitude so lithe and easy, that Morris was more charmed with this slim girl in her country-made habit than with any of the perfectly-turned-out horsewomen he had seen in the Row. He himself, mounted on the placid Jerry, enjoyed that ride across the open country, and found that it placed him on terms of pleasant intimacy with his young companion. After that it happened somehow that he generally found himself walking by her side when they went to church and came home, and they fell into a way of having long talks together.

There was a path which led from the village right through the land belonging to the Priory Park estate, a short cut to the church and to the neighbouring market town which the villagers had used as long as could be remembered. But on a certain Sunday morning in January the people of Ellwood were astonished and dismayed by an unexpected sight. The entrance to the familiar path was stopped up. A high gate, sternly closed, forbade them to enter,

(To be continued.)

and a board announced that trespassers would be prosecuted.

The Carrolls and Morris Taunton were among the disappointed crowd who stood before the gate. Mr. Carroll took the matter very quietly, scarcely even betraying any surprise; experience had taught him that Mr. Donnington was capable of hard things.

"Come," he said gently to his wife and children; "we'll take the highway, and step out as briskly as we can. We don't want to be late for service."

They obeyed him at once; but as they went they heard much muttering and grumbling behind them. Morris turned to the two girls for information.

"The great man of these parts is a bit of a tyrant, isn't he?" said he.

"He is a new-comer," Anne answered, lowering her voice; "and it seems that he does not mean to respect old claims. I am very sorry for this."

Morris looked towards Nora, and saw an angry flush on her cheeks and fire in her brown eyes.

"He is everybody's enemy," she said hastily.

"Then he is his own bitterest foe," Morris replied.

"No man who does not recognize the claims of human brotherhood will ever do well for himself."

Some Famous Church Clocks.

BY A. C. HARLAND.

I.



BEYOND "Big Ben" of Westminster we have few famous clocks in Great Britain. Perhaps the nation has been too busy making the most of time to spend patient ingenuity in the construction of marvellous time-keepers.

For many centuries the Swiss have shown a special, if not unique, aptitude for turning out clocks which surpass all others, and to this day the trade is very considerable. But the nation of mountaineers have largely lost both the ability and desire to construct mechanical wonders of the world, and prefer to manufacture what their customers demand, and play the part of Cheap Jacks.

The last great clock to be added to the horological marvels of Europe came from a mountain district. It was due to the effort of Christian Martin, of Villingen, in the Black Forest. This picturesque country must have a remarkable "air," for every inhabitant seems more or less ingenious. But Christian Martin won the reputation of being the most remarkable of all the deft and patient mechanics of that industrious, thriving, and out-of-the-way district noted for legendary lore, pine-clad mountains, tumbling streams, straw hats, musical boxes, and cuckoo clocks.

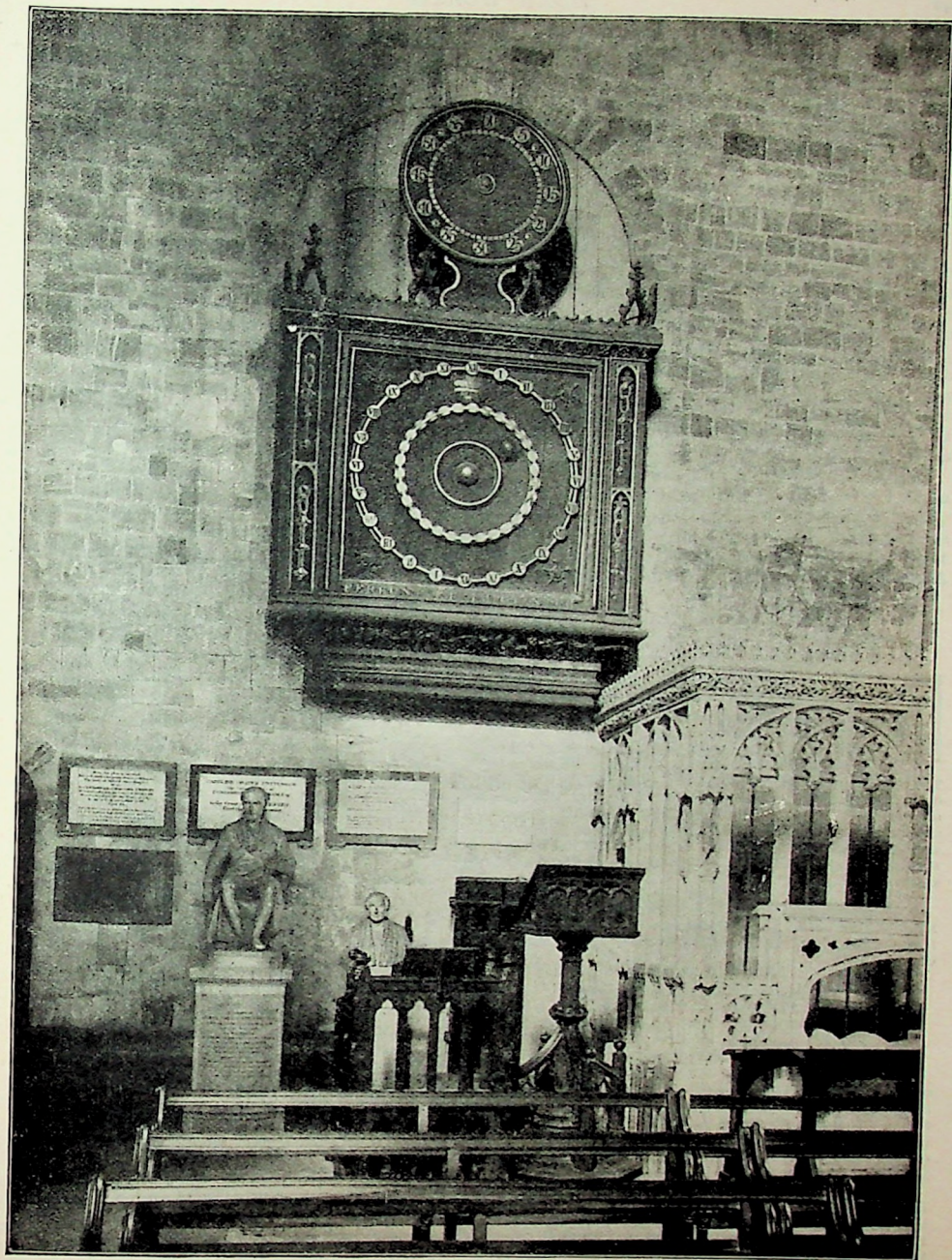
His addition to the curiosities of clock-making, in its way, surpassed anything of the kind before attempted. It is three and a half yards high, two and three-quarters broad, and will, it is declared, show the seconds, minutes, quarter-hours, hours, days, weeks, months, the four seasons, the years, and

leap years until the last sound of the year 99,999 of the Christian era. Moreover, it tells on its face the correct time in every latitude of the Northern and Southern Hemisphere, together with the phases of the moon, and a variety of useful information generally confined to the pages of an almanack. It contains a vast number of working figures representing the life of man, the creed of Christendom, and the ancient Pagan and Teutonic mythologies. Sixty separate and individualized statuettes strike the sixty minutes. Death is represented in the form of a skeleton. In another part appear the Twelve Apostles, the Seven Ages of Man, modelled after the description of Shakespeare, the Four Seasons, the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, and so on. During the night time a watchman sallies forth, and blows the hour upon his horn, while at sunrise chanticler appears and crows lustily. The cuckoo also calls, but only once a year — on the first day in spring.

Besides the figures there is a whole series of movable pictures in enamel, exhibiting in succession the seven days of Creation and the fourteen stations of the Cross. At a certain hour a youth rings a bell in the spire, and kneels down and folds his hands, as if in prayer; and, above all, the musical works have a sweet and delicious flute-like tone.

The Strasburg clock, which when perfected excelled every other work of the kind, was contrived by Conrad Darypodius, professor of mathematics in the University of Strasburg; and under his superintendence it was finished in the space of about three years, 1571-1574.

The first Strasburg clock was made in 1350, and



From a Photograph]

[by Messrs. FRITH & Co., Reigate.

THE GREAT CLOCK, EXETER CATHEDRAL.

it was replaced by one yet more extraordinary in 1574.

A curious circumstance is related of its construction. The artizan who contrived and made this clock becoming blind before he had terminated his labour, it became a question of some difficulty and of much importance how the work was to be completed. The public authorities engaged other mechanics; but they, being ignorant of the design upon which the whole was meant to be constructed, were unable to proceed; and the blind artizan, anxious to reap all the honour himself, not willing that others should have the credit of finishing that which their genius could not have enabled them to begin, refused to communicate any information, but offered to complete the work, blind as he was; and this very wonderful and ingenious piece of mechanism now remains, not only a monument of the genius of the maker, but a curious illustration of the power of habit, as well as of the acuteness communicated to one sense by the deprivation of another.

In 1838-42 a new clock took the place of the blind man's masterpiece. It was made by Charles Schwillque. The cathedral official who showed it to me scorned the very idea that it would ever cease to tell the time while Time continued to run its course. According to him the clock was like an encyclopedia

of information; what it did not know about years, months, days, and hours was scarcely worth knowing. And all this praise was spoken to its face! One globe shows sidereal time, tells of the rising and setting of all the known fixed stars and planets, and acts as a perpetual calendar, which actually includes the saints' days. Up above is the dial and an hour-glass. The representatives of the four ages of man strike the quarter-hours. The first quarter is struck by a baby with a rattle; the second brings out a boy dressed as a hunter, who strikes the bell with an arrow; at the third appears a warrior with his sword, with which he touches the three-quarter bell; then lastly comes an old man leaning on a crutch, and this acts as his weapon for sounding the hour.

We have in England a few representatives of British skill, but we cannot match the continental clocks. A single example may be given this month to serve as the promise of other quaint time-keepers to be illustrated in July.

Exeter Cathedral possesses a clock which on the face of it is false. It was made in the reign of Edward III., when the earth was believed to be the centre of the universe. Hence the world is represented with sun, moon, and stars revolving round it. This clock has gone for five hundred and fifty years.

The Young Folks' Page.

RIGHT AND WRONG.



HAVE you any doubt sometimes in deciding what is right and what is wrong? Remember the story of the Mississippi pilot who knew the right course to steer and did not trouble about any other. A passenger said to him one day, "How long have you been a pilot on these waters?" The old man answered, "Twenty-five years, and I came up and down many times before I was pilot." "Then," said the passenger, "I should think you must know every bad rock and sandbank on the river." The pilot smiled at the man's simplicity, and replied, "Oh, no, I don't! But I know where the deep water is; that is what we want, to know the safe course and keep to it."

GREAT SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

LORD HERSCHELL, Lord Hatherley, Lord Selborne, and Lord Cairns, were Sunday School teachers as well as Lord Chancellors.

THE DAY'S EYE.

"THICK-SET the English daisies grow,
The close fresh turf between;
On breezy downs or meadows low,
In lawns, upon the banked hedgerow,
Star white, 'mid pastures green."

"Daisy, or 'Day's eye,' opens her eye the first thing in the morning upon the sun, and keeps it fixed upon him all day. So should we be always 'Looking unto Jesus,' who is the Sun of our souls. We cannot do as the daisy does, look at the sun in the skies; our eyes would be dazzled and injured. Yet one day our eyes 'shall see the King in His beauty,' and 'behold His glory.'"

GOD'S BOOK.

IF you would love your Bibles, you must not love the book only, but you must love Him who wrote it. When you receive a letter from somebody you love, you may perhaps love the letter, but it is because of the writer of it. It is a very pleasant thing to receive a letter from somebody that we love, because it reminds us of them. The Bible is a letter from some One far off. It tells us how He loves us. And we love Him because He first loved us.

THE RIGHT KIND OF BOYS.

WE need the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.
The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.
The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.
Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

ANON.

Bible Questions (New Series).

BY M.A. CANTAB.

- WHERE, in Scripture, do we find the fruits of the earth—
1. Given, in mercy, by God to man?
 2. Taken away from men in punishment for their sins?
 3. Offered by man to God with acceptance?
 4. Offered once, in like manner, but without acceptance?
 5. Offered, by man to man—
As a peace offering? In goodwill?
As an encouragement? In doubtful goodwill?
As a means of cure? In compassion?
 6. Refused, to their lawful owner, when undoubtedly due?

ANSWERS (See APRIL No., p. 95).

1. "Passed from death unto Life." 1 John iii. 14; John v. 24
2. Chron. xxix. 20 (Hezekiah).
3. Abijah. 1 Kings xiv. 13.
4. Judges xix. 20.
5. That in "the upper room." Acts i. 14.
6. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." John ii. 5.
7. Nathaniel. John i. 47.
8. Claudius. Acts xviii. 2.



ON THE SHORES OF THE OLD WORLD.

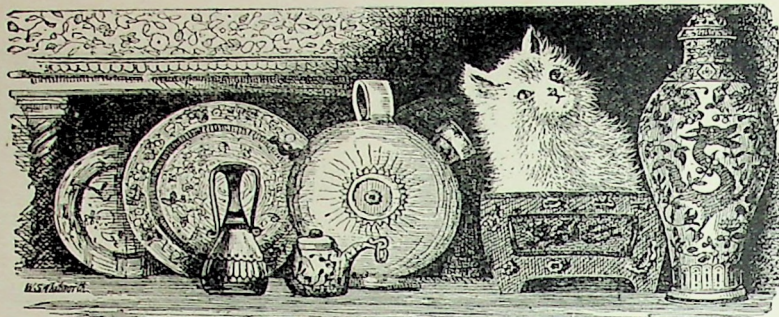
THE VALUE OF THREE DAYS.

WHEN Columbus was searching for the New World, his ship's crew became discouraged and rose in rebellion. They insisted upon turning back, instead of persevering on what they called a fool's errand. There was no New World to be found said they.

But their commander expected to find it; he had not the least doubt of it. Still, under the circumstances, he was obliged to yield something to them; and he promised that, if they would be patient and faithful three days longer, he would abandon the enterprise unless land should be discovered.

Before the three days expired, however, the New World burst upon their view.

That last three days was the gift of perseverance, and it saved the expedition from disaster and disgrace. The three days were only a tiny part of the time consumed by the voyage, but they were worth to Columbus all that his life and the New World were worth. Months and years of labour, study, and care had been spent, requiring decision, energy, industry, and courage clear up to the last three days, all of which would have been worse than wasted had Columbus yielded to the mutiny and abandoned the enterprise.



Washing Days and Washing Ways.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY," "OUR HOME LAUNDRY," ETC., ETC.

VI. MAKING UP LACES.

NEVER was there such a time when laces of all sorts were more worn. Of course, I know that in the last century ruffles of delicate Mechlin and costly Valenciennes were more often seen than they are now. But in those good old times lace was for the wealthy classes. Not for the many! Nowadays, imitations are almost as lovely as real lace, and much of such is worn even by the economical housewife. But laces are apt to suffer much in inexperienced hands. They require such delicate, scientific handling. Fools verily rush in here where angels fear to tread. Which thing is of course metaphorically spoken!

I shall never forget the anguish of my youthful mind, when certain cream coloured cravats of creamy hue, which formed part of my trousseau, were returned to me by an energetic maid after being bleached for a week on a thorn hedge and then plentifully starched.

"I bleached 'em and I gave 'em a squeeze of blue," announced Mrs. Mary Molloy as she handed me the terribly biscuity things. "They just look lovely wi' a squeeze of blue. Don't they, Ma'am?"

Alas! I could have wept, but was far too much afraid of stately, peppery Mary Molloy to do anything but take them humbly and, thereafter, hide them away in an unseen corner of a lumber box! Now, it may be laid down as an axiom, that no lace ought to be stiff. And no lace ought to be bluey-white. We want to retain the crispness of thread when fresh from the pillow. Anything more than that is hideous.

One way of cleansing really valuable, delicate lace, is to wind it round and round a bottle. The edges must just overlap each other. Sew this firmly at the end, and then with a new tooth-brush brush it with soap and water. After rinsing, this bottled lace, if very discoloured, may with safety be boiled, on the bottle. For I do not mean to say that lace discoloured by dirt is a lovely thing! When sufficiently done, lift the bottle from the saucepan and unwind the lace. It will come off perfectly smooth, and will not generally need ironing at all if sufficient care has been spent on winding. All the scallops and edges will be found to be in place, and the raised parts will be as when it was new.

But more frequently it will be found necessary to iron. If so, add to a second rinsing water the same amount of gum-arabic recommended to be put with silk. That is, a teaspoonful of gum mixture to every pint of water. Put the lace into a soft cloth after this, and pat it over to distribute the moisture evenly. Have ready an ironing board covered with many folds of blanket and linen. Lay the lace face downwards, pricking out the tiny vandykes and curves before applying the heater. Iron like this, and if your under cloth be thick enough, every "rope" and roughness will be distinctly raised when the lace is lifted. The impression of it will remain on the cloth. *Never iron on the right side.*

There is another hasty, quick method of washing and finishing lace. To me, and to all lace connoisseurs and lovers, it is a dis-

tinctly disappointing one. Some folk, to ensure sufficient stiffness, add to the rinsing water a lump of sugar. It dissolves of course, and acts much in the same way as does the gum-arabic, or, at least, it ought to act in the same way! But alas! it very frequently does nothing of the sort. The sugar is liable to catch colour under the pressure of a hot iron, and will then permanently stain the fabric. That brown mark can never be eradicated. So I advise the right way of doing lace. It is really best in the long run, as well as in the short one!

Muslins I consider are a branch of lace laundry work. So here I must tell you how to wash and make up such. Clear starching, as it is called, is not such a very difficult process if done scientifically.

For this I advise use of the best Glenfield starch. No other is so satisfactory. This must be made into boiled starch with hot water. The proportions I give.

To every tablespoonful of white starch you must allow two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and half a small teaspoonful of melted borax. Mix well together until it is of the consistency of cream. To this we add a quarter of an inch of wax candle. Whilst stirring with one hand, the other must pour into this wax-borax-and-starch cream as much boiling water as will turn it into a transparent jelly. No exact proportion can be given, but the mixture must be cooked by stirring and boiling until it looks like arrowroot.

As it now stands, this jelly may be used for starching ruffles, or servants' aprons, and white caps. But for muslin articles it needs to be much diluted. For this purpose enough cold water is added to make it into a thin stir-about.

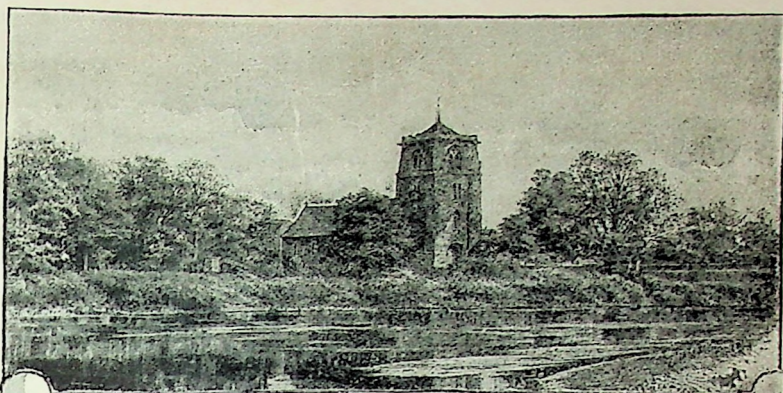
Into this, any muslin dress or curtain may be dipped, and well stirred in it to distribute the starch evenly. Then it must be wrung out and left to dry on a clothes line.

When quite dry, the gown has to be sprinkled with hot water. Sprinkling with cold aqueous fluid results in the white spots which so often disfigure clear muslin with their opaque appearance. This hot water is best sprinkled by means of the toy watering can I mentioned as desirable in our laundry. The fine rose will do the sprinkling far better than the most experienced hand or fingers.

After sprinkling all over, roll up very tightly and leave for awhile. When evenly and thoroughly damp, ironing can take place. This smoothing must be given with perfectly clean, very hot irons, or rough disaster will follow.

If the readers of this paper will follow my instructions to the letter, using hot starch (in a future article I shall tell of other things which call for cold starch), their muslin garments and curtains will be, as one elegantly and forcibly put it, "the delight of the nobility and gentry."

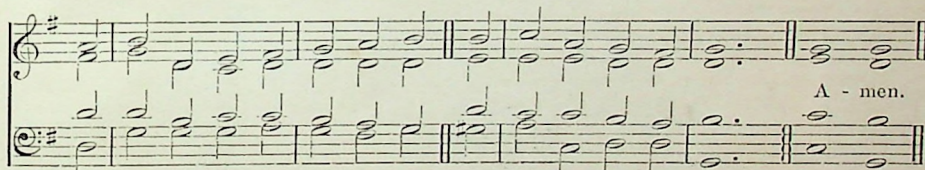
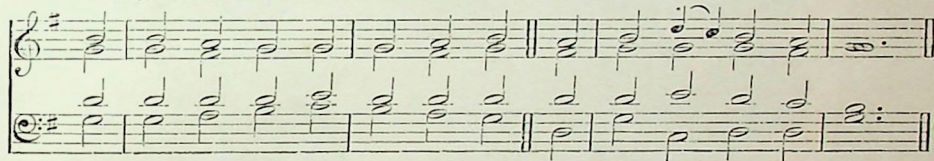
I cannot explain the scientific reason why cold starch has to be used for table linen, etc., whilst boiled starch is called for by muslins. The fact only remains. If cold starch be ironed wet the irons will stick to it, and if hot starch be ironed dry the irons will equally misbehave themselves. It is a thing to be remembered in our Washing Ways and on our Washing Days.



God, the Only Comforter.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Music by ALBERT H. OSWALD.



mf. **O** THOU! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
p We could not fly to Thee!

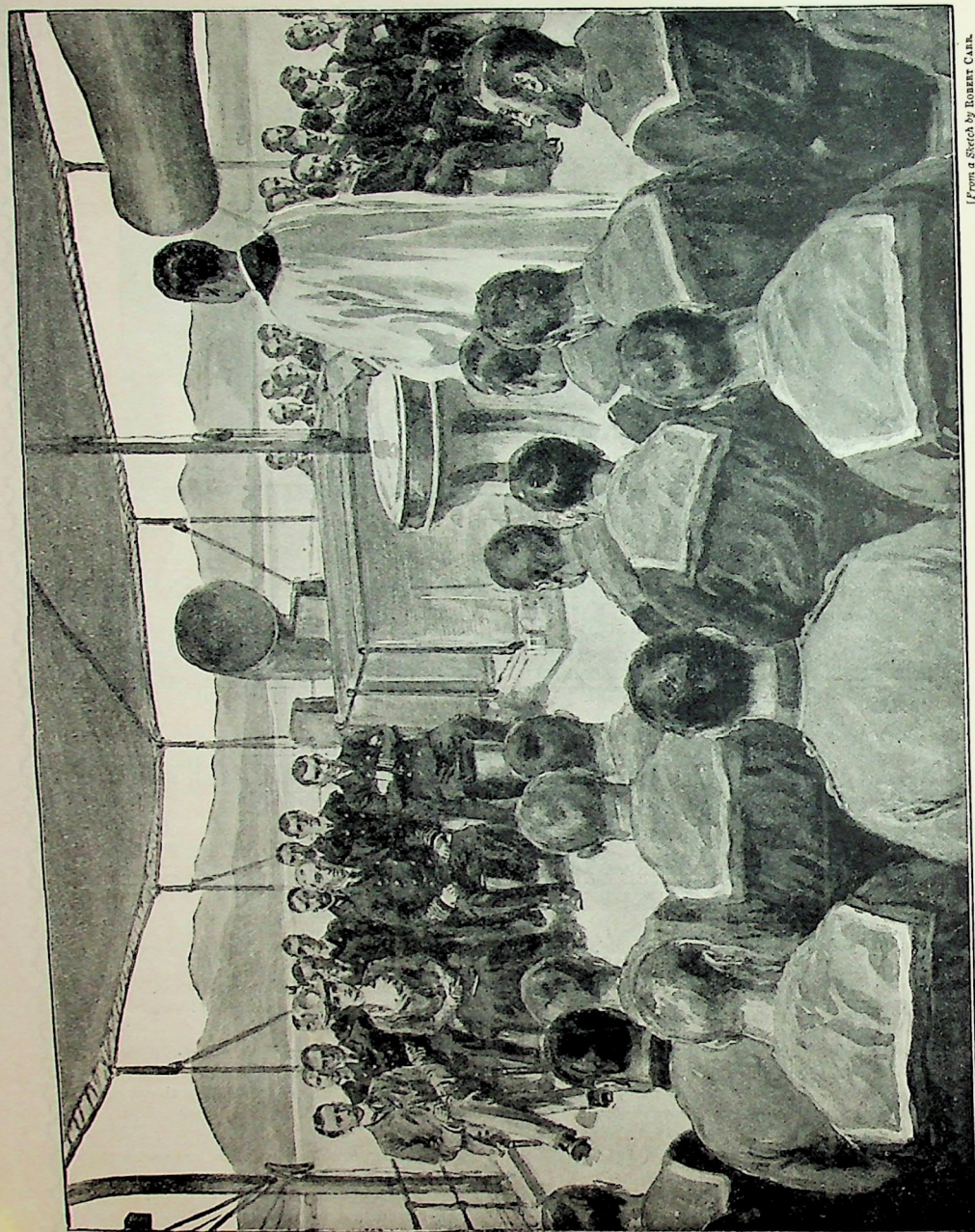
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
cr. And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

f But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

mf. When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
cr. A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too!

p Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our Peace branch from above?

mf. Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
cr. As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

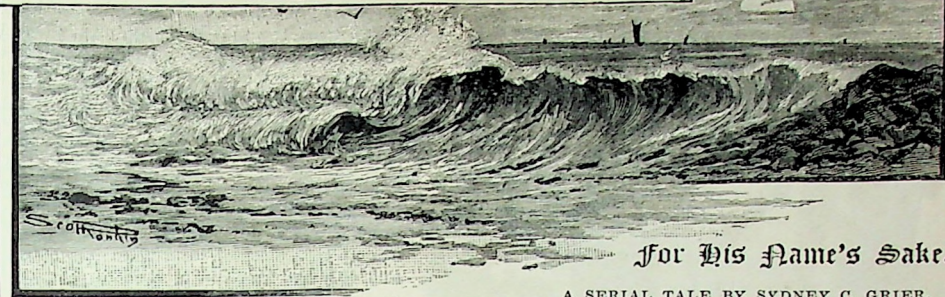


[From a Sketch by ROBERT CARR.]

SUNDAY AT SEA.

Drawn by FRANK DADO, R.I.

HOME WORDS



For His Name's Sake.

A SERIAL TALE BY SYDNEY C. GRIER,
AUTHOR OF "IN FARTHEST IND," "THE KINGS OF THE EAST," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

SIGNS FROM HEAVEN.



HE test proposed by Potino was entirely to the satisfaction of the rest of the assembly, and Shokomi's efforts on behalf of the missionaries were met by the suggestion that he had been bewitched by them. The chief found himself in a difficult position. He was fond of Mr. Hildyard in a way, and he was intelligent enough to appreciate the benefits which his presence brought to the tribe; but once the majority in the parliament had adopted Potino's view, he did not dare to resist them. Accordingly, he agreed that a week should be allowed to Mr. Hildyard in which to produce rain, leaving it uncertain what should follow if he failed to do so. Potino would vote for killing the whole party, he knew, but there was just the chance that something might happen in the meantime which would enable him to save them without too much risk to himself.

But Potino had another arrow in his quiver, and having gained his first point, went on to the second, for the purpose of making rain absolutely certain. A day or two before his sudden departure, the discredited rainmaker had suddenly accused the neighbouring Bushmen of being the cause of the drought, saying that they had cut down a whole thicket of the thorns which he had forbidden to be touched. He wished the Banoga to set out at once and extirpate the whole community; but Shokomi had opposed him successfully, reminding the tribe that the little people had very unpleasant ways of avenging themselves when any of their kraals were destroyed. But on this occasion Potino carried the assembly with him when he recalled the rainmaker's advice, and recommended that it should be followed, and Shokomi could not succeed in making his voice

heard against it. Even his contemptuous declaration that he refused to lead the expedition, since it was beneath the dignity of the Banoga to send a large force against a few Bushmen, seemed only to make things worse, since Potino at once asserted his willingness to undertake the business with his own vassals. Shokomi, he said with a sneer, would have enough to do in seeing that the white men did not escape, and, in order to help him to do it thoroughly, Potino's son, Seketlu, would remain in command of the guard which was to be set over the station.

With his usual shrewdness, Shokomi perceived at once that his position in the tribe was at stake. If he offered any further opposition to their plans, his people were quite ready to forsake him and elect Potino chief in his stead. Yielding with dignity to the general voice, with which he did not pretend to be in agreement, he gathered his cloak about him, and retired into his own enclosure. A few minutes later, when twilight was coming on, he slipped out again, and crept by back-lanes to the mission-station, where he called softly to Mr. Hildyard, and held a low-toned conversation with him in the shadow of a hut.

"Is your Morimo able to save you, Whitebeard?" he asked, like Darius of old, but without mentioning the danger he feared.

"Yes," answered Mr. Hildyard boldly, though the thought of his wife and daughter made his blood run chill for a moment.

"Then make great medicine, Whitebeard, so that he must listen to you. Your medicine has not been strong enough yet to get him to hear."

"He always hears, but He chooses His own way of answering."

"Then he might hear you, and yet not save you?"

"He might."

"Well, I don't see the good of talking to a Morimo like that," and Shokomi slipped away in



"He refused to lead the expedition."—Page 117.

disgust. His quick ear had caught the sound of footsteps approaching, and before Potino arrived to post his guard round the mission premises, he was safely on his way home. When there was no possible chance of escape, Potino and several minor chiefs went up to the door of Mr. Hildyard's house, and rattled their spears against it loudly.

"Come out, Whitebeard; come out! We wish to speak to you."

"Papa, don't! They'll kill you!" gasped Rose.

Stephanus said nothing, but ran for his gun.

"Hush, Rose! If they mean to kill me, it is easy enough for them to break in," and Mr. Hildyard opened the door and stood on the threshold, his wife clinging to one arm and Rose to the other, with a vague notion of protecting him. Their forms showed dark against the lamplight, but behind them the visitors had a very clear view of Stephanus, white-faced but determined, with the double-barrelled gun pointed straight at Potino's head.

"Whitebeard," said Potino, trying hard to look at Mr. Hildyard with one eye, while he kept the other fixed on Stephanus, "we know now that it is your fault there is no rain. You have set on your Morimo to kill our cattle and make us all

die of hunger, and therefore it is just that you and all your house should die. To-morrow morning I start to kill out the Bushmen, who have also made medicine to frighten the clouds away, and when I come back it will be your turn. You have seven days in which to bring your Morimo to a better mind, and if rain has come by that time, you shall go safe out of the country, and take your Morimo with you. But if there is no rain, then we will kill you, and burn your houses and everything you have—all the things with which you have bewitched the clouds—and we will dig up this piece of land with our spears, and if your Morimo is still in his cave underneath it, we will kill him too—"

"Hush! hush!" cried Mr. Hildyard. "Man, do you know of Whom you are speaking—of the God who could strike you dead this moment as you stand? Beware how you mention His name. No one has ever yet defied Him and prospered."

"What do I care for your Morimo?" Potino became bolder when he saw that Stephanus did not fire, and apparently did not intend to do so. "He can't do anything for you, so how could he do anything to hurt me. I am not afraid of him."

"He could kill you with the arrow of one of those poor Bushmen whom you are so wickedly going to attack. There is no cure for the poison they use."

"He won't have the chance, Whitebeard."

We shall take the Bushmen by surprise, and I mean to kill them from such a distance that they cannot shoot their arrows. They cannot possibly stand against us."

"Wait!" said Mr. Hildyard solemnly. "Once more I warn you, Potino, as I have often warned you in the past, that Morimo will judge you for these treacherous raids upon tribes with whom you are at peace. The spoil you may capture will do you no good, and the souls of the men you kill will rise up with you in the Judgment at the last day."

"He is in league with the Bushmen," said Potino to his followers, laughing rather uncomfortably, "but we will take care he doesn't warn them what we are going to do. He will find that we shall finish off the Bushmen first, and then come back and kill him and his Morimo."

"Wait and consider the matter," urged Mr. Hildyard. "You have been warned; no good will come of this expedition."

"All lies, Whitebeard; all lies!" cried Potino, rattling his spear against the doorstep. "Seketlu will look after you while I am gone, and when I come back from killing the Bushmen I will send this spear through your heart."

He went away with his companions, and the missionaries stood looking at one another.

"I should have liked to blow his brains out," said Stephanus. "I could have done it, but it might only have made things worse."

"Worse indeed!" cried Mr. Hildyard. "At present we have no man's blood upon our hands. I am sorry you showed the gun, Stephanus; it might incite them to demand it. Mine is safe, I see. When Potino talked of killing the Bushmen from a distance, I was half afraid that he might have got hold of it."

"They have three old trade muskets in the tribe," said Stephanus, "but no powder for them. By the bye, what about our powder?"

The gunpowder was kept in the old hut, which was now used as a storehouse, and Stephanus was lighting a lantern to go and see that it was safe, when Mr. Hildyard held him back.

"Wait till morning, Stephanus. If we go to look now, they will see where we keep it, and that may be just what they want. If they have to hunt for it, we shall hear them."

Stephanus hung up the lantern again, and the family returned to their places, conscious that they were being spied upon through the crevices of the shutters, and that bare feet were creeping about the verandah. That night none of the inmates of the house took off their clothes, but no attempt was made to disturb them. In the morning Mr. Hildyard and Stephanus went to the storehouse as soon as it was light, under colour of getting out some coffee for breakfast. The rush-covered hurdle which served as a door was fastened by its hide thongs as usual, but it was clear to both men that the stores inside had been disturbed. In great anxiety they lifted the stone which covered the hole in the ground in which the gunpowder was kept, to perceive at once that one of the large canisters was gone.

"That destroys the unhappy Bushmen's last chance!" said Stephanus sadly.

"No," said Mr. Hildyard; "it is of Potino and his men I am thinking. They know scarcely anything about gunpowder, and they will blow themselves up. We must speak to Seketlu at once."

The men posted at intervals round the mission-buildings refused to allow them to pass, but consented to summon Seketlu from the hut which he had made his wives build for him. He had chosen the site carefully, just outside the boundary of the land

sold to Mr. Hildyard, lest he should be bewitched during the night. Hearing that the white men were earnestly desirous to speak to him, he made his appearance, after keeping them waiting for some time, to show his importance. He was an ill-looking young ruffian, his face showing all Potino's cruelty, but more cunning.

"So, Whitebeard," he said, "you have come to your senses? I thought you would soon promise us some rain when you found your life was at stake. But we are not going to let you escape yet. You will stay where you are until Potino's return, that we may see whether the rain really does come, and plenty of it."

"I don't know whether rain is coming or not," said Mr. Hildyard, "but Potino is in great danger. Some of his people have stolen a box of thunder-seed"—this was the Banoga name for gunpowder—"and it is almost certain to destroy them. Send after them and get it back, I entreat you."

"Is the seed bewitched?" demanded Seketlu sharply.

"No, but it is dangerous by nature."

The savage roared with laughter. "Oh, Whitebeard, do you think Potino is a child, that he should not know how to use the thunder-seed? He will use it to kill the Bushmen, not himself. And do you think Seketlu is a child, that he should deprive his father of what will make his victory sure! Go back and make rain, or your lives will be the forfeit."

For three days the missionary party were kept



"'Whitebeard,' said Potino, 'we know now that it is your fault there is no rain.'"—Page 148.

close prisoners in their own enclosure. As had often been the case during the long drought, black clouds gathered overhead each evening, lightning flashed, and thunder rolled deceptively, but not a drop of rain fell. The guard round the fence jeered derisively.

"Try harder, Whitebeard! Your Morimo is like us; he won't listen to you. How many times a day do you bow down and talk to him?"

Nothing could shake the natives in their belief that the white men's God lived in a hole under the church floor, and at last, hoping to discourage this superstition, Mr. Hildyard assembled his congregation for prayers on the verandah of his house. The change aroused great interest, and Seketlu gave it as his opinion that Morimo had gone away without letting his servants know, which explained their want of success in calling upon him. These three days were a sore trial of faith and patience for all at Welcome, but they did their best to carry on their daily work as usual, without inquiring whether all trace of it would not be destroyed before the week was out, and joined constantly in prayer and exhortation to the accompaniment of the mocking cries of "Where is now your God?"

The evening of the third day was dark and close like those before it, with thunder rolling among the hills. In the middle of the night Rose, who had lain down half-dressed, awoke in terror from a dream that she was on board a ship taking part in a sea-fight. The flashes of the guns, the roar of their discharge, the howling of the wind and breaking of the waves, were all round her, and voices of entreaty were raised above the din.

"Baas! Missy! let us in. There is a flood, and the hut is washed away!"

Hearing her father stumbling to the door in answer to the appeal, Rose realized that the Hottentots were seeking shelter from a storm. They crowded in, drenched to the skin, and crouched round the fire grinning from ear to ear, and chattering loudly. Finding their hut giving way, they had snatched up what they could and fled to the house, hearing the Bechuanas' cries of alarm and terror as they ran.

"They called for rain, and the Lord gives them more than they wanted," chuckled old Kobus.

Mr. Hildyard rushed to the door again, but it was impossible to stand against the storm on the

verandah, or even to see out. The force of the wind made it necessary to close the shutters, for the windows were without glass, but after a time the door was wedged open far enough to allow the firelight to shine out and act as a beacon to any one in distress. Only one man took advantage of the gleam, and this was Seketlu's lieutenant, who crawled up to the verandah battered and exhausted, with a broken arm. It seemed that a sudden rush of water had swept away the hut in which he and his comrades were posted, and he was whirled along among masses of wreckage until he was carried against a tree, by the help of which he managed to drag himself out of the stream. Humbled and terrified, he expected little mercy at the hands of the triumphant white men,



"One of the large canisters was gone."—Page 119.

whose prayers had been so signally answered, and when his arm had been set and dressed in rough hunter's fashion, and a drink of herbs administered, he still lay uneasily in a corner, looking at his hosts with fearful eyes.

The worst of the storm was over by morning, but the rain continued to pour down, and the hill-side on which Welcome stood was seen to have been swept almost bare. Muddy heaps marked the sites of the church, the storehouse, and the men's hut, and a large piece of the fence was blocking the back verandah of the house. As the day wore on, it was seen that a group of men were standing on the further side of a deep cutting made by the flood, and making signs, and Mr. Hildyard and Stephanus went out to them. It was Shokomi who stepped forward and saluted them reverently.

"Oh, Whitebeard, can your Morimo understand

the difference between one man and another?" he asked.

"Certainly. God knows all men one by one."

"Have you told him that I had nothing to do with the deeds of Potino? I tried to save you, and I would not attack the Bushmen."

"But what has happened to Potino?"

A loud wail from Shokomi's attendants answered Mr. Hildyard, and stepping forward to the brink of the chasm, the chief told his story. The night before, after much manœuvring, Potino had reached a position from which he intended to take the Bushmen by surprise. While hiding among the rocks, he proceeded to serve out the stolen powder to the three men of his following who had muskets. They had no fire lighted, but suddenly a light from the sky ran down Potino's spear, and in a moment, so said the solitary survivor, who had been acting as sentry at some distance, rocks and warriors were all alike gone.

"It is even as you said, Whitebeard," the chief concluded. "Your Morimo is strong both to make rain and to punish those who defy him and threaten his servants. But can he be in two places at once?"

"Yes. He is everywhere."

"Then why did he not kill Seketlu at the same time? He is in the town now, vowing vengeance

on you for bewitching the thunder-seed to kill his father. He says that you bewitched the storm, and did your utmost to kill him too, but that his medicine was stronger than yours, and he lived. Ask your Morimo to kill him quickly, Whitebeard, or he will kill us."

"But I don't want him to be killed," said Mr. Hildyard. "I want him to live, and learn to worship God."

(To be continued.)



"Suddenly a light from the sky ran down Potino's spear."—Page 151.



BY
THE REV.
JOHN
ROOKER, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF
"A
MODERN
PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM."

VI. JACOB'S WELL (*continued*).

THE story of the past equals the interest of the story of Jacob's Well. Jacob dug it centuries ago. Why? We don't know. Half a mile away at Askar there is a supply of water, and one puzzles over Jacob's labour.

The fact, however, remains. Long after he had dug it, long after it had served its purpose, a tired Traveller rested one noon in early spring upon the stone head. He had been walking some hours, and was thirsty. From the village, over there, half a mile away, comes a woman to draw water, by preference from Jacob's Well. A conversation ensues, and that conversation has immortalised the spot. "There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water. Jesus saith to her, Give Me to drink." Away up in the valley the disciples had gone to buy their food. So Jesus sat and talked to this woman, and drew her on by sayings, simple yet mysterious, that probed her heart. A sudden lifting of the curtain of her life convinced her she was talking to a prophet. Here was an opportunity to settle a vexed question. On Gerizim was the Samaritan shrine. Was it not really the true shrine of God rather than the Temple at Jerusalem? "Ye say"—and the woman, in earnest, I believe, over her question, leans on her waterpot, which rests upon the well, and looks inquiringly at the strange mysterious Jew—"Ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." Then came those words which set every one's heart free who really accepts them: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father. . . . But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

A little group of men come near. The disciples are back again. It was a strange sight they saw—their Master talking to a woman! Such things were not the custom of the Jews. Men in public did not speak with women. But their habitual awe of Him, or confidence in Him, prevented questions. The woman hurries off across the cornfields, that stretch to the right of us, and calls the villagers of Sychar. As the disciples sit around the well and eat their meal, gently urging their Master to share with them, He points to the cornfields round, and then to the little stream of people hurrying out of Sychar, and bids them see the spiritual harvest of Divine teaching. The fields round Jacob's Well are only just springing with the seed of earth; the spiritual field of Sychar—of immortal souls—is ripe for harvest.

The crowd comes on and gathers round. The sun is getting low, and the evening is near. They pray Him to tarry in the place and tell them more of this "wonderful well of life"; and so for two days He stays round about this village and well, under the shadow of these hills, and convinces the fierce Samaritans that He is the Saviour of the world.

But come, let us go down those steps into the little chapel. A chapel? Truly, a chapel. How did it come here? Why, my good friend, the Crusaders built chapels over every sacred site. If a sacred spot was identified, the first thing a good man did was to build a chapel over it. For 100 years there was a Christian kingdom in Palestine, and castles and churches rose fast.

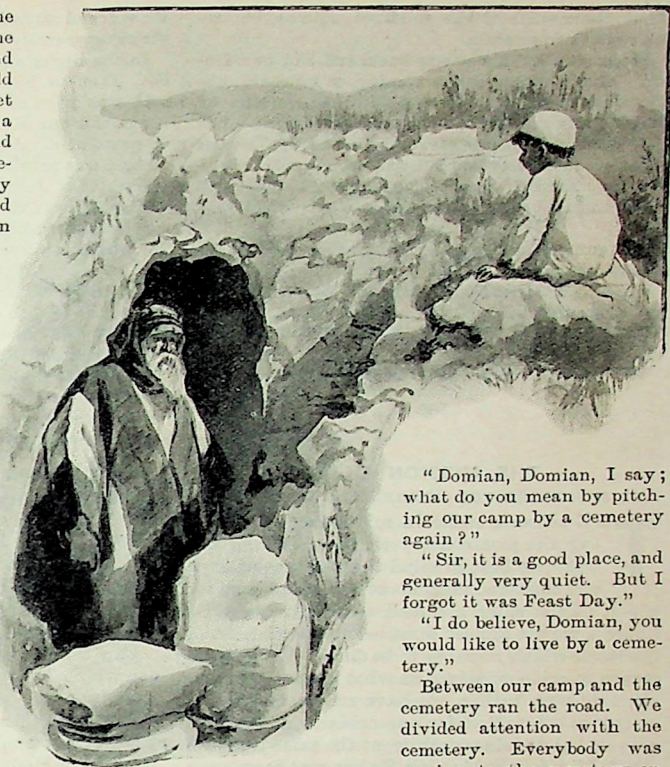
Over Jacob's Well was a church, and the mound round about is the *débris*. Go down a few steps and you are in a little chapel, and in front of you, in an alcove, is the well. It has been lately cleared out.

The well-head is scored with the marks of ropes. Many beside the Samaritan woman came here and let down their pitcher. The old man who showed us the well let down a tin, and brought us up a draught of water. The Friend drank freely. The Stranger declined. I took a sip, and the Boy likewise. The well is deep and shows good work. It has been cleared out at the bottom, and the water is well water. There was a sceptic who said the monks filled the well daily during the season to keep the supply up. We were not in the season, and I can vouch for a fair depth of water. But I care not for the water. It was the well-head at which I gazed. On those stones may have sat the Son of God. I should like to have knelt there, but I did not dare to sit upon those stones. I suppose I did what most people would do at the spot—prayed the Master to give me of the water which in each believer becomes "a well of water springing up unto eternal life."

Then we tried a photograph, which was a failure. Then we came up and sat on the top of the mound and read the story in St. John's Gospel. How real it all seemed! "This mountain," Gerizim overshadowing us; "the fields ripe unto harvest," the stretch of cornfield to our right; "Sychar," the little village just over there at the foot of Ebal. As one read it seemed as if we must see the people running out across the fields. And what would not we have given to see the Traveller by the well!

And now our time is up, and we must leave the famous shrine. We thank the courteous old monk (as a mark of gratitude we give him extra fees, which is a most immoral proceeding), and then, "with many a backward look intent," we slowly ride up the vale of Shechem.

To our right is a square block of masonry with a dome. It is called Joseph's tomb. We did not stop, for which I am sorry. The building, however, is modern, and was restored some thirty years ago; but the Jews burn votive offerings at the spot, and I daresay the place is authentic. We are now on a good road—a carriage road—and we push on past the Turkish barracks, the telegraph poles looking strangely out of place; on through the town, noisy with guns and shouting people; on to the very head of the vale, to the outskirts of the town, and—there are our tents!



JACOB'S WELL.

"Domian, Domian, I say; what do you mean by pitching our camp by a cemetery again?"

"Sir, it is a good place, and generally very quiet. But I forgot it was Feast Day."

"I do believe, Domian, you would like to live by a cemetery."

Between our camp and the cemetery ran the road. We divided attention with the cemetery. Everybody was coming to the cemetery on the Feast Day, and every-

body stood and looked at us. The noise was great and the situation unpleasant. However, it was not worth moving, and on an ordinary day I daresay the place was quiet enough.

Two of our party went down to the Church Missionary Settlement, and had tea with Miss Reeve, a devoted Christian worker. She took us over the hospital, and showed us the place where they had hopes of building a new hospital. Such hopes, I am glad to say, have been realized. But it must be terrible work—terrible, I mean, from the disappointments. The fanaticism of Nablous is proverbial. The town is wholly Mahommedan. If a Moslem became a convert he would probably be murdered. Poor people come to the hospital, where they find the greatest attention. The schools are also patronised up to a certain age. But you must be prepared any day to find your scholars absent, and the school deserted. Yet the workers work on, and God has blessed them.

The contrast between the ordinary home of a poor woman in sickness, and the hospital with its nurses and comforts, is striking. Here is no doubt about the blessings of Christian work. I have little doubt

about the results of the spiritual witness, but we don't see them so plain.

About six o'clock we came back, and had our dinner. The evening was threatening, so we could take no walk, and the excited crowds in the town and by the cemetery rendered a walk scarcely wise. We had some guards from the barracks in addition to our own watchmen, but Domian was not altogether comfortable. The Friend complacently eyed his revolver. I contemplated getting away as soon as possible.

The sun set, and the night came on. With the night came rain.

"Now, gentlemen," said Domian, "don't touch the roof of your tents. If you see water don't shake it off, or it will come through. Leave it alone and you will be all right."

We turned in early, and the Boy fell asleep. The

(To be continued.)

"Thy Word is Truth."

THE MISSION CALL.

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

THE advance made in missionary work during the past century was remarkable; but when we bear in mind the fact that at least one thousand millions of our fellow-men for whom Christ came and died are still outside His Church, we are almost appalled at the vastness of the work which remains to be done. We have no reason to pride ourselves on what has been accomplished; nay, rather, we have reason to humble ourselves before God, for our coldness and selfishness and slothfulness, while, at the same time, we thank Him for the blessing He has sent down upon our efforts, so much larger than we have deserved.

In these days there is a manifest spirit of disquiet in the nations and kingdoms of the world. What changes in its empires and states the nearer and the more distant future may bring forth, we do not know; but we do know, "that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men," and that "the God of Heaven has set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed"; and that He has committed to His servants—that is to His Church—the duty of maintaining and increasing it. May we be more faithful to our great commission in the future than we have been in the past. May we fulfil it more zealously by fervent prayer and self-sacrificing effort. If we do this, then we ourselves, and those who come after us, will have, as we have this day, good reason to "thank God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place."

MYSTERY NO WONDER.

BY THE LATE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

To me the mystery of the Trinity is no wonder. It seems to me the most natural thing in the

world that there should be a great deal, entirely mysterious to us, with reference to God. It seems only reasonable that it should be so.

Friend and myself found the noise of drums and shouting scarcely soporific, but at last we dozed off. In the night the Friend thought he was going to die. Domian had brought a sweet cake, which he said was popular in Nablous, and presented it as dessert for our dinner. The Boy and the Friend took it gratefully. About twelve o'clock, midnight, the Friend was parched with thirst. He declared it was the water of Jacob's Well. I deny this stoutly, and declare it was the cake. We argued about it, and he finally drank all the water in the tent set apart for washing purposes. I thought he would die then, but he did not.

Later on we heard our guards digging a trench round the tent to carry off the rain, and I wondered whether we should be blown down or drowned. While speculating on these probabilities I fell asleep, and woke to find ourselves safe and sound.

For, if we find the mysterious in what we see, and feel, and have to do with, in common life, is it any wonder that we should find it, in what transcends all common life—in what we cannot see, and cannot touch?

Can the wisest man on earth tell me, why the sap which is flowing through two pieces of wood exactly alike, will turn to berries of different colour, and different taste, and ripening at different times? Let him delve in the earth at the roots of these little bushes—it is the same round each. Let him gaze up into the heavens above him—the same dew falls on them—the same sun shines on them; and, round about, the same air encircles them.

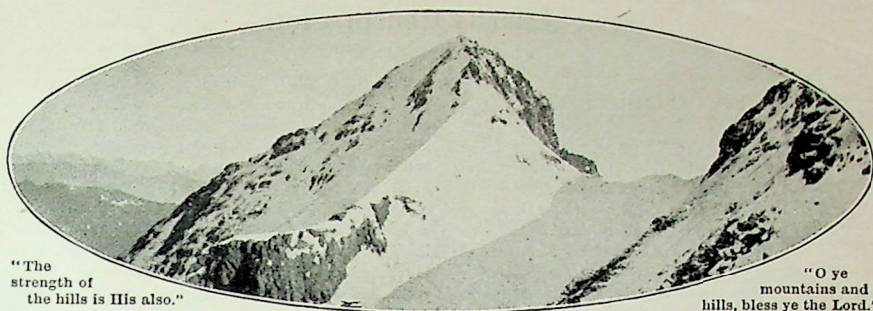
We accept all that. I see hundreds of things around me in common life which I cannot explain—which perhaps never will be explained. I use them without comprehending them. I enjoy them though I cannot dissect them. I say, "O you lesser gifts of God I accept you, though I cannot understand you."

Shall I treat my God worse than I do the grass of the field? No! the intellect that has to bow before the commonest things of earth, shall certainly bend to Him—He shall be my God as He has revealed Himself—Trinity in Unity; I will stand upon the shore, though I cannot venture into the deep, and I will wonder and adore, where I cannot understand.

HOME.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "WHAT CAN A YOUNG MAN DO," ETC.

LET me urge young men away from home not to forget home. Let your aim be to give joy at home, and draw home bonds tighter and tighter.



"The strength of the hills is His also."

"O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord."

Remember you are in trust with home happiness. Don't forget what a young man can do. You can make a mother's heart merry, and a "glad" father, or you can bring down grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. So live that you may often "dream that home is heaven": so die that you may "wake and find that heaven is home."

Cultivate home affection. Nothing will grow without cultivation—except thorns and weeds. Keep up home letters and home gifts. Trifles, into which you have thrown some personal effort or handiwork, will brighten home for many a day, and bring back the "sevenfold" blessing to the filial hearts that prompted them. Perhaps swift thought reminds some of us of "failures" when you were at home. Aim now, like Zaccheus, to "Restore fourfold." The Divine Friend who became *his* Guest shall enter your now distant dwelling-place, and though it cannot indeed be *Home*, hallowed memories, like visions of angels, shall still recall the old familiar spot. I once was a guest at a house, between church services, and I happened to say I thought that at family prayers there always ought to be one petition for the increase of home love. I was startled when I saw two or three young men and women shedding manly and womanly tears. I was surprised: and it was presently explained to me that I had touched a very tender chord. It was a loving family, or they would not have been so sensitive; but "one was not," and memory did the rest. The love of Home should be the pole-star of the young man's life.

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS."

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

THE mountains and hills comfort us and uphold us and inspire us, because in this changing world they are the best symbol of the Changeless, of the great I AM, "the Same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

The Unchangeable! How as we grow older our hearts cling to that Divine attribute. We see the empty places; we miss the dearest faces; or, worse

still, our hearts are wrung by the bitter changes wrought, not by death, but by life. The hills stand before us as the symbol, not only of God's unchanging truth, but of God's unchanging love! There we have the Great Rock in a weary land; there we have the foundation on which we may safely build. It does not shift; we always know where to find it. It surrounds us with the beauty of God's creation, with the comfort of neighbourliness, with the great joy of service; it makes our bed in our sickness; it gives us songs in the night season; its measure is only the measure of our power to see and to seize. A sign of God's love never fails the heart that is watching for it.

And the hills have one more message for us. They call us to go upward! They say to us, "As step by step you could ascend us, so step by step you may ascend the heights of God's Truth and Love, and so scale the heights of life." There may be clouds or miasma, and all kinds of worship of the Golden Calf in the low ways of life. There is always room on the top! And from the top of a hill there is always a grand prospect—above all, a glorious sky view—a width of horizon we can't get in the valleys.

MYSTERIES.

I MET a child amidst a deafening maze
Of wheels, and bands, and engines loudly
wrought;

On which the child fixed a bewildered gaze,
Viewing such products rare, so strangely
brought.

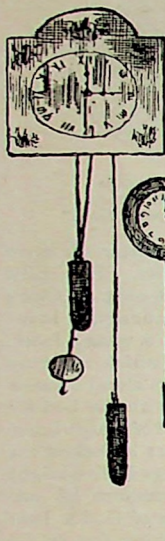
The master of the work stood by, and taught,
How this revolved, whence that its action drew;
The child looked up, with eye of pure clear blue,
And ne'er the while but half his meaning
caught;

Yet was his smile so sweet, his mien so kind,
The child believed it all, nor held one doubt:
Then I, whose faith in Thee was nigh worn out,
My God, went from the spot with bettered mind.
I am that child, content Thy word to take,
For all Thy world holds strange, for Thy love's
sake.

LORD KINLOCH.

Some Famous Church Clocks.

BY A. C. HARLAND.



II. **W**IMBORNE is one of the favourite coaching and cycling excursions from Bournemouth. I cannot help saying that I know no sleeper town. Possibly the drowsiness belongs to the place and not to the inhabitants, who may be wide-awake enough to know the value of time. Anyhow, they are quite aware of the worth of the ancient minster clock as an attraction to visitors. It is not the only curious relic of the past connected with the church, for it possesses a wonderful library of chained books, and the tomb of a man who is buried neither in the church nor out of the church, but half in and half out—in fact in one of the church walls. He it was who was so firmly convinced that he could foretell the year of his death that he had the date engraved on

his coffin. However, he survived some years after, and the figures were altered by the ingenious addition of a few strokes of the brush. So futile is it for man to think that he can put the hands of the clock forward and tell the tale of the future.

The minster clock, which is clearly illustrated in our photograph, is said to date back to the fourteenth century, and Peter Lightfoot is credited with its construction. If this is correct, Peter Lightfoot must have been a remarkable man, possessed of scientific knowledge such as few of his age could boast. Lightfoot is also declared to have designed another astronomical clock for Wells Cathedral, and there is certainly a family likeness between the two old timepieces.

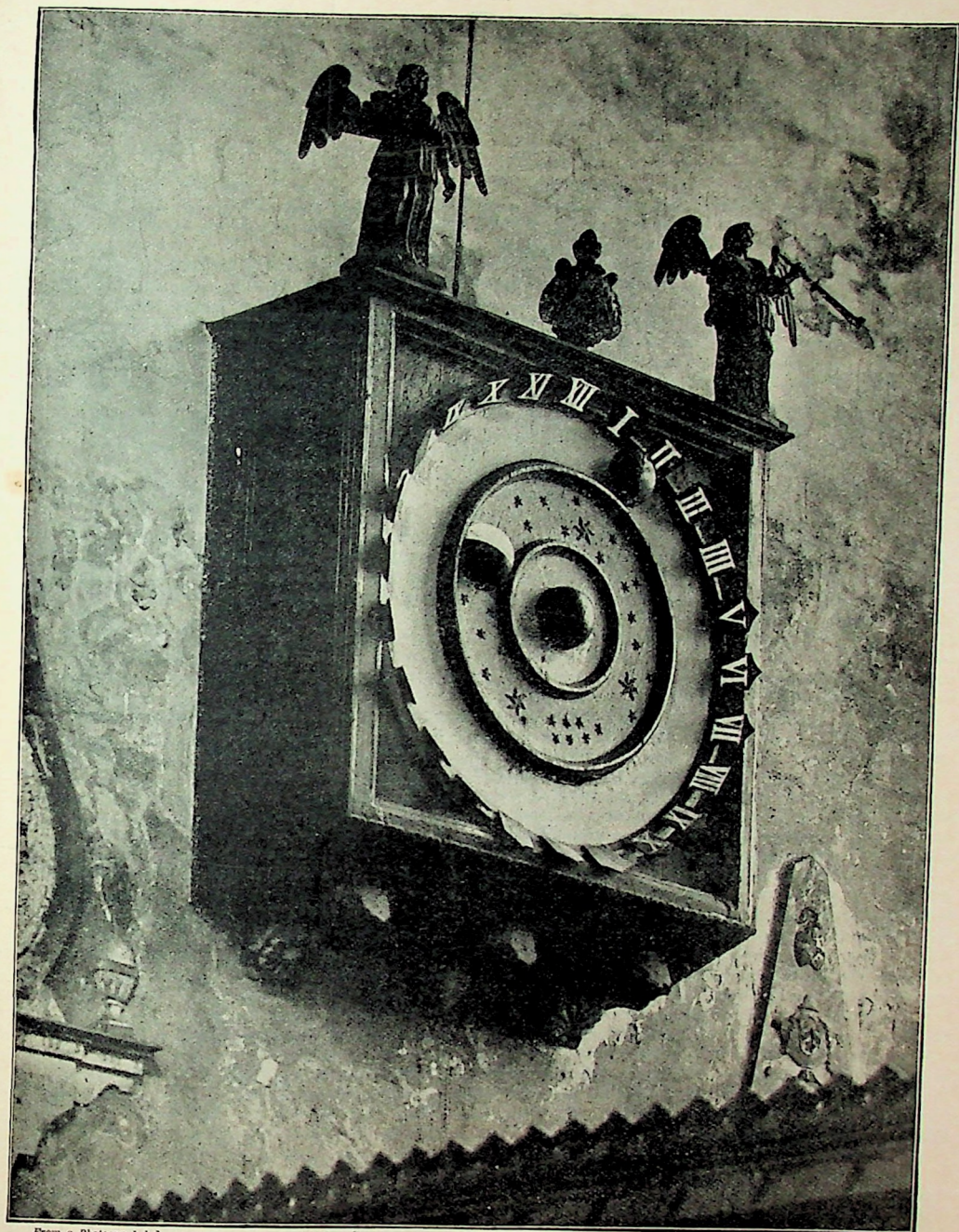
A glance at the Wimborne specimen shows in the middle of the face a ball, which represents the world. Circling round it, "in the saucer" as it were, are the sun, moon and stars, in accordance with the old belief that the earth was the centre of the Universe. Now compare this with a description of the Wells clock. The dial is divided into twenty-four hours as in the Wimborne masterpiece, and it also shows the motion of the two great heavenly bodies. Above, in a couple of niches or caverns, are seen eight knights on horseback, fully equipped, and tilting at one another. Four angels, carved in relief, ornament the corners. Lightfoot, by the way, made this clock for the monastery at Glastonbury, whence it was removed to Wells at the Reformation. The original works, however, gradually wore out, and were replaced by new ones in the last century.

The most ancient clock in actual use during the present generation was that erected in St. James's Palace; next comes St. Paul's, a fine example of its kind; and another excellent specimen of eighteenth century manufacture is that attached to the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road. The actual oldest clock in England was set up close to Westminster Hall in 1288, and paid for out of fines levied by the King's Chief Justice. Who made the first clock, or where it was manufactured, no one can tell. All we know is that Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, sent as a present to the Emperor Frederick II. of Germany, in 1232, "a machine of wonderful construction valued at five thousand ducats." This clock, for such it undoubtedly must have been, was governed by weights and wheels. It told the time with "infallible certainty," as the world then supposed, although a few minutes' loss or gain in the hour was not considered of much consequence by our slow-going ancestors.

The old town of Rye, so hardly treated by the fickle sea, professes to own the most ancient clock still doing work in England. But this claim can scarcely be upheld, since Exeter's clock has told the time for five hundred and fifty years.

The Black Forest manufactures find their way all over the world. In the ninety-two parishes known as the clock-making country there are over four thousand masters, employing some fourteen thousand hands—men, women, and children; and this industrial army annually turns out little short of two millions of timepieces, at an average value of ten shillings apiece. Less than forty years ago all the clocks made in the Forest were handwrought throughout, and each artisan began and finished his work under his own roof. The introduction of machinery, however, has greatly altered the character of the trade, to the advantage of the customer, and, be it said, of the excellence of the manufacture.

Any one wishing to visit the Black Forest should not fail to travel by way of Berne, if only to see the famous clock. I well remember my first sight of the quaint performance at twelve mid-day. We had a tremendous race from our hotel to arrive in time, and the leisurely evolutions of the mechanism were an excellent rebuke to us, breathless as we were with our exertions. A little before the hour a wooden cock gives the signal by clapping its wings and uttering a shrill crow; and the troop of bears, solemnly and somewhat grotesquely, march round the seated figure of an old man, while Harlequin strikes upon a bell. When the hour sounds, the old man opens his mouth, nods his head, turns his sand-glass, and raises and lets fall his sceptre. Then the bear on the right also bows his head, while a figure on the tower above marks the flight of time by beating on a bell with a hammer, the cock concluding the performance by crowing loudly, as it is said in the Scripture, for the third time.



From a Photograph by]

WIMBORNE MINSTER CLOCK.

[VALENTINE & SONS, Dundee.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN CONSTRUCTED IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.



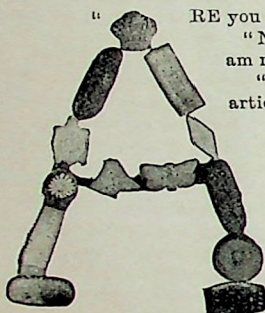
In Biscuit Town.

BY H. SOMERSET BULLOCK, M.A.

"Which is the way to Biscuit Town?"

Is it up in the Land o' Cakes?"

"No, cakes for a wedding you'll find down in Reading,
And biscuits which every one takes."



"Are you an engineer?"

"No, I am sorry to say I am not," I solemnly replied.

"Are you an architect, artied to an architect, or a student in architecture?"

"I wish I could say Yes," I answered, "but the only house I ever built was a hen-house, and that fell down."

The important official in blue uniform coughed me a deprecating

little cough by way of rebuke, and intimated that he would like to have my card.

I presented it with, I hope, satisfactory humility and respect. Anyhow, some of the starch in the region of his backbone seemed to unstiffen, and he offered me a seat (two, in fact, if my offended dignity saw fit to take them), while he consulted those who were in authority as to whether I should be allowed to inspect Biscuit Town.

I sat surrounded by the pasteboard evidence of Royal Patronage, Grands Prix, and other Honourable Awards. It struck me as absurd that the judges should vie with each other in their efforts to write their names so badly that one could not say whether the scrawl represented Brown, Jones, Robinson, or somebody less distinguished.

"Perhaps," I thought, "people are expected to know the identity of the big-wigs who present gold medals and the like, and bad writing simply means you ought to know their signature without being able to read it."

After I had come to this conclusion the official in the blue uniform returned and asked me to "step

this way." I tried to step his way, but I am not naturally important enough, and the attempt was a failure. However, I arrived at a kind of enlarged booking-office window. Up went the glass with a click.

"Are you an engineer?" said a voice.

I started. Was I never to escape this extraordinary question?

"No," I gasped.

"Had any experience of machinery?"

"Bicycles!" I urged in desperation.

"No matter!" the voice snapped. "Anything to do with architecture?"

"Yes," said I with renewed hope.

"What?" he asked suspiciously.

"I've lived in quite a lot of different houses. I've got a second cousin who is going up for the R.I.B.A., and I know a little about Gothic and Norman churches."

Such learning evidently staggered him; but I did not quite understand his concluding remark:—

"That sort of knowledge is no bar," said he. "I think I can get you a special permit."

A few minutes later the uniformed official told me I was the favoured recipient of special permission to inspect the vast Biscuit Factory. Would I mind signing my name in the Visitors' Book?

"Now," thought I, "shall I be great and illegible, or commonplace and clear?" The steely eye of the official was watching me. I decided it was safer to be clear. Satisfied with my name and title, he proceeded to introduce me to a young man who, he said, would personally conduct me through the maze of Biscuit Town. But before setting out he politely requested me to leave any stick or umbrella I might have about me in his hands—also my coat. I felt I was still under suspicion. But how could he think I should conceal biscuits in my umbrella?



"You will find it quite warm," were his parting words, and I felt a trifle mollified.

A sliding door opened, and the conductor waved us within. "I shall now proceed to show you, gentlemen," said he, "the various interesting processes through which the immature biscuit passes until it is ready for the tin."

I wonder, I thought, recollecting the tip to be, if he expects to pass through the same processes until "he is ready for the tin."

We were led to a huge mechanical biscuit-eater, a ravenous contrivance that gobbled yards and yards of dough, rolled into stuff of the consistency of chamois leather. Our guide seized a fold of the food as it was about to be swallowed by two greedy rollers, and invited me to feel or taste it—I am not sure which, for the machine seemed to be making noisy objection.

"Now come and see how this dough is prepared and kneaded," said the conductor.

Reluctantly we left the gobbler gobbling to examine two gigantic cauldrons containing dough in a state which reminded me of a floury sea serpent of unknown length vainly trying to swallow itself. A short distance away some men were engaged in mixing the secret constituents with the flour. We were told that the particular compound before us would in due course turn into cracknell biscuits. How?

"This way, please." A little gobbling machine faced us. In went the dough; it evidently liked the taste of immature cracknells, for it kept it quite a long time rolling it about in its mouth. Then crack went its teeth, and before you could express your surprise forty or fifty biscuits had taken shape before your eyes. The ponderous teeth are but metal shapes which descend upon the dough and cut it into stars and other devices. As one watches, thousands of biscuits are thus stamped out and hurried along on trays to the far end of the machine, where a number of boys await them. Without a moment's hesitation each trayful is thrown into a cauldron of boiling water. These are, I believe, the only biscuits which are boiled before they are baked, the object being to give them a feather's lightness. As soon as they rise to the surface they are fished for with a net. Then they are arranged once more in regular order on tins, and despatched on a particularly warm journey.

"Here," said our guide, "is fifty feet of travelling oven. That is to say, the floor consists of jointed plates which move like the cover of a roller-top desk. The movement is, as you see, quite slow; in fact, this tin which is now starting will not have finished its journey on the oven plates for from a quarter of

an hour to twenty minutes. I will show you how they drop out of the ovens when they are baked literally to a turn."

We went, saw, and sampled the work of the vagrant oven. Surely biscuits can only be eaten to perfection when they are crisp and hot from the baker's pan!

Our evident appreciation seemed to please our guide, and he became more communicative. I ventured to ask him why I had been met with the questions, "Are you an architect or an engineer?"

"Well," he replied, "we used to allow all visitors in without examination, but the plans of our machines were stolen by foreigners, and we now have to be more careful. If you had been either an engineer or an architect (who is trained by his profession to notice details), you would not have been admitted."

How nearly had I shut the door in my own face by my vain claims to a little knowledge—in this case, no less than in some others, "a dangerous thing"!

By this time we had passed a large band of bakers' men who were busy rolling out dough by hand—a slow process only employed for wafer biscuits. To my inexperienced eyes it seemed as thin as paper. Several nagging machines that never ceased their clatter were in charge of men, who I was told did not notice the noise, so accustomed were they to it. Several of them had been years at the work, and were as keen of hearing as the rest of us. A few minutes was as much as I could stand with any comfort. Then on to another department.

"Don't you find the ramifications of the factory fearfully confusing?" I asked the conductor, for galleries and rooms opened out in every direction.

"I have been sixteen years in this employment," he answered, "and this morning I lost myself in the Store Section, and had to ask my way. Then I found for the first time that a tunnel connected that section with another with which I was well acquainted."

We stopped opposite a row of rabbit hutches with the tops off. Each was filled with dessert biscuits of all shapes, sizes, and sweetnesses. A boy with a basket slung round his neck was shuffling from rabbit hutch to rabbit hutch as though his life depended on his speed. As he moved he made sudden grabs into each hutch and drew out handfuls of biscuits.

"That is how they are mixed," said our guide briefly.

"Is not the temptation very strong to the boys to eat the most tasty biscuits?"

He smiled at the question.

"When we start work here," he answered, "we are told to eat as many biscuits as we like. For a week the new hands live on biscuits: after that—strange as it may seem to you—no one cares to eat more than an occasional biscuit, and many eat none at all when in the factory. You can have too much of a good thing."



In corroboration I can say that I did not see, during the couple of hours I was in the factory, a single biscuit being eaten by one of the hands.

"There is an enormous foreign trade," continued our guide, as he led us into the packing department, where the bales and cases of biscuits are made ready for despatch. "I have a brother who was employed here, and volunteered for service in South Africa. The other day he wrote home to say that happily our biscuits were fairly plentiful out there, but in some up-country districts they have been several times hard put to it for food, and even he, sick of biscuits as he is, said he would often have given something to have had a tinful handy."

We noticed from the huge stamps that the biscuit has larger dominions than Great Britain herself. To be a packer in this department must include a liberal education in geography.

Along a corridor laid with rails, down which trolleys and trucks are pushed; over a bridge, which spans the river; through some swing doors into the store rooms—in and out of department after department until we finally bring up in a quiet retreat where icing is going on. My only impression by the way was of the men engaged in soldering tins for the foreign trade, and others papering tins with lightning rapidity. This is piece work, and it makes the onlooker dizzy to see the extraordinary rapidity with which the work is accomplished. Take the latter for example. "Are you ready? Go!" Tin bare and shiny. Slap! Paper floats on a sea of

paste. Smack! Paper kisses the tin. One, two, three, four, five—all sides and the top done. Bottom needs a fresh piece, lately designed in honour of the Paris Exhibition Award. Done! No, three done at least, while you have read this. I am really nervous of standing close to these human automatic machines. Any moment they might, I feel, seize upon my person, and before I could say "Excuse me," have me slapped with pasty paper and set in a warm compartment to dry.

Our guide impressed upon us it was a mark of special favour that we were allowed to visit the

icing department—more particularly that jealously-guarded sanctum of the head decorator, who designs and carries out those wonderful sugar sculptures which crown the most expensive wedding and Christmas cakes. We had good reason to congratulate



A LOVER

OF BISCUITS.

late ourselves, for the decoration of the enormous cake that had been exhibited at the Paris Exhibition was shown to us by its designer, who afterwards favoured us by instructing us in the way the most delicate work is done with the utmost speed and certainty. But since I hope to return to the subject at a more seasonable time, when we are all thinking of Christmas cakes, I will write no more now.

Enough that we bade good-bye to Biscuit Town, convinced that here, at least, Great Britain is unrivalled. Go where you will British biscuits "appropriate the cracknell!"

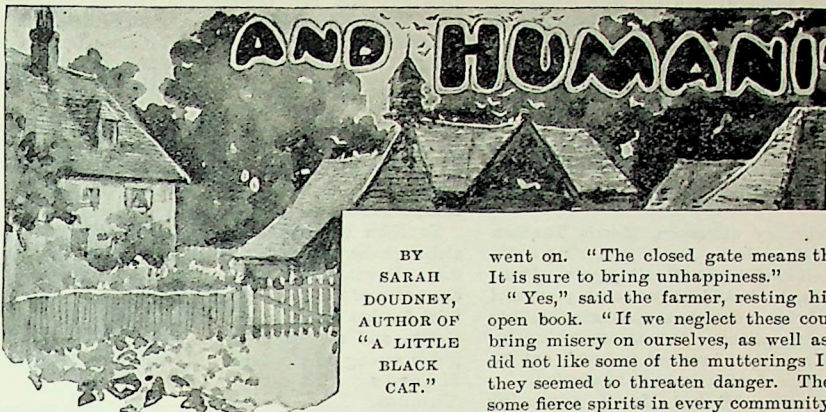
"Tabby & Married Her!"

IN the biography of Lord Lawrence an anecdote is told eminently characteristic of the man. He was one evening sitting with his sister and other members of the family, all of whom were reading. Looking up from his book, in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" said he to one of his daughters. "She's upstairs," replied the girl. He returned to

his book, and looking up again a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter, and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading, and once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on for five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied.

FOR GOD

AND HUMANITY



BY
SARAH
DOUDNEY,
AUTHOR OF
"A LITTLE
BLACK
CAT."

CHAPTER IV.

A LIFE MOTTO.

FOR GOD AND HUMANITY," said Nora, repeating the words softly to herself. "Do you know, Anne, that is Mr. Taunton's motto. It is a very good one."

It was Sunday evening;

out of doors there was the deep blackness of a starless night; within, the fires burnt merrily, and the sisters sat in their favourite nook side by side. Mrs. Carroll was reading in her armchair; the farmer, sitting at the table, had the big Bible open before him. His ears were quick, and Nora's words chanced to reach them.

"A very good motto," he said, turning towards her. "And what does he say about it, child?"

"He thinks that we cannot love God unless we love mankind," she answered. "Our willingness to help each other is just an expression of love to Him. He uses our hands to succour our brethren; only some people will not let themselves be used at all. Father, don't you see that Mr. Donnington did a dreadful thing when he put up that gate?"

"I do see it," he replied gravely.

"He is trying to shut his fellow-men out of his life," she

went on. "The closed gate means the closed heart. It is sure to bring unhappiness."

"Yes," said the farmer, resting his hand on the open book. "If we neglect these counsels, we shall bring misery on ourselves, as well as on others. I did not like some of the mutterings I heard to-day: they seemed to threaten danger. There are always some fierce spirits in every community, and it is unsafe to provoke them too far."

"Oh, I hope we shall not have any rioting!" sighed Anne.

"I hope not," said her mother, looking up. "But I am afraid that some of the men are inclined to be violent. Jane Eden was speaking to me yesterday, and she says that her husband has had to bear a good deal from Mr. Donnington.

He won't spend a shilling on their cottage, and it is in a dreadful condition. Anne, you know you have always been interested in little Tom? He is a very sharp boy, fond of echoing his father's words, and Jane is quite afraid he will do some desperate thing."

"Boys are given to big talking," said Anne. "I think Tom will stop there. He's not a bad little fellow."

There was a never-ceasing strife about the right of way—a strife which had begun on that wintry Sunday. Old Lord Wildover had contented himself with putting up a hurdle once a year, just as a reminder that the path belonged to him; but he had never thought of denying the way to the people. They were as free to come and go as



"Nora felt as if her heart stopped beating."—

Page 103.

he was, and he never met any of them without a cheery greeting. Mr. Donnington, however, had determined to show them what a big man could do; and when the gate was pulled down in the night, it was put up next day as strong as ever. There were plenty of other charges to be brought against the owner of Priory Park; Mark Eden's cottage was really a disgrace to civilization, but when the tenant complained, he was merely told to go as soon as he liked, and dwellings were scarce in those parts. "I always take my own way," was Mr. Donnington's unflinching reply to any one who tried to reason with him.

Late on a February afternoon, Morris Taunton chanced to be walking home in the gathering dusk, and found himself close to the offending gate. Pausing for a minute, he looked at the stout posts and strong bars; and then a curious sound came thrilling through the winter silence. It was something between a sob and a wail, and seemed to break out involuntarily in spite of an attempt at repression.

"What's the matter?" said Morris, advancing close to the gate, and speaking in a kindly voice.

"I'm caught," came a piteous whimper in return, "and I can't get loose nohow."

Morris did not waste time in asking more questions. He climbed the gate, and saw a shapeless object crouching on the disputed way. It was a boy, wound up in a cunning net of barbed wire, which had been adjusted, with fiendish ingenuity, to catch an unwary trespasser. Little Tom Eden, a true braggadocio, had ventured on the forbidden ground, and had fallen a victim to the snare.

To set him free was a difficult matter; but Morris went to work with a will. He did not himself escape without a few nasty scratches, but the lad was sadly torn, and his wounds were bleeding profusely. His deliverer released him at length, and then lifted him carefully over the hated gate, and took him to the Carrolls' house to be washed and comforted. He was not sent back to his poor home till his tears were dried, and his pain assuaged; but even then he was in a sorry condition. And there was a very dark look on Mark Eden's face when he saw the plight that his boy was in.

"It was naughty to climb the gate," said the mother, almost weeping over him.

"It was a light offence, and a heavy punishment," said Mark, with a fierce light in his eyes.

So it was. Little Tom was so cruelly lacerated that he could hardly bear to put his clothes on next day. Mr. Carroll, usually so self-restrained, said some strong things about Donnington, and there were mutterings and growlings all round. After that, no one climbed the gate, and there

was a lull which bade fair to last for some time; but all the while the resentment was strengthening and growing; and Mr. Donnington treated the people with lofty contempt. Loads of splendid furniture, pictures, and hangings came down from London for Priory Park; and meanwhile the labourers struggled with their poverty, and patched up their roofs and walls as well as they could.

Two things happened nearly at the same time. Mr. Carroll sprained his ankle severely, and had to lie on the old sofa almost for the first time in his life. And Morris Taunton was hastily summoned to London to see a relation who was dangerously ill.

To Nora the days seemed rather long and flat, although she went about her occupations in the usual way. It was something new to see her father in the character of an invalid; and inaction was a great trial for his patience. He grew weary of his captivity, and seemed to think that everything was going wrong on the farm. Moreover he too missed Morris

Taunton, and wanted him back in the house.

One evening, when she felt more restless than usual, Nora



"It was a boy, wound up in a cunning net of barbed wire."—Page 102.

threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, and wandered aimlessly out into the gathering darkness. The evening was very still; scarcely a breath of wind came wandering over the heath, but there was no moisture in the air; it was cold, and sweet with the scent of wild herbage. The girl's light footsteps made no sound; but as she passed through the farmyard she heard a murmur of voices behind a hayrick, and instinctively paused.

"Well, it's all been planned right enough," Mark Eden was saying. "We've got everything ready, you know. He won't forget this night to the end of his days."

Nora felt as if her heart stopped beating. The thing that she had greatly feared was coming to pass; these men were exasperated beyond endurance, and they were wrought upon to do some desperate deed. She stood quite still, and held her breath till the voices began again.

"There won't be much left of his fine things when the morning comes. And it's my hand that shall pay him for the ill he has done to me and mine."

"We'll muster at the gate in an hour's time," said the second voice. "Softly, Mark; don't lose your head."

Then came silence, and Nora heard the faint sound of footsteps going away. She felt that there was only a very little time, but that time must be used speedily and well. They must not be permitted to carry out their plan; they must not take Donnington's punishment into their own hands. Something must be done to stop this wild project of revenge.

For a few seconds she stood still and thought. If Morris Taunton had been at home he would have taken the matter into his own hands. What would he do at this moment? The question was answered as soon as it arose in her mind. He would go at once to the hall and give its master a timely warning.

All was quiet indoors, and her resolution was quickly taken. No one had heard what she had heard, and she must say nothing.

There was a short cut to the hall, but it was by no means a way which an inexperienced horsewoman would have chosen. Still, it was her only chance. If she took any other route she could never reach Priory Park in time to warn its owner of his approaching danger. There was not a moment to be lost in indecision.

In a few seconds she was upstairs in her own room, and had put on her riding-skirt with swift fingers, which never trembled over their task. Then she slipped into her coat, put a hat on her thick hair, and glided down the old staircase like a ghost. Out of the back door again, across the farmyard to the stable, where Morris Taunton's hunter stood in his loose box, and waited for the touch of his master's hand. The horse had missed him, but another had learnt her way to Merlin's affections, and he turned at the sound of her low voice at his side.

With her usual skill and quickness she saddled and bridled the good horse, and led him out into the gathering darkness. Then she mounted him and rode forth, keeping under the shadow of the trees, and following the narrow road which skirted the park.

The road broke off suddenly on a bit of waste land, always purple with heather in summer and haunted by rabbits all the year round. They were coming to it now—the leap which must be taken if the goal was to be reached; a spot

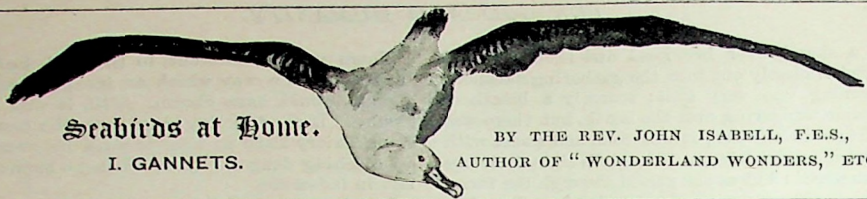
where many a good rider had come to a spill; a low, sunk fence which divided the piece of common from the side of the park nearest to the house.

Merlin knew the obstacle well; he had faced it once before; and now, in the dying light of the winter day, it did not daunt him in the least. His rider had no need to cheer him with her voice, but her "Up with you, good boy!" rang out into the silence of the place. And up he went—up and over—and the pair landed safely on the other side.

(To be continued.)



"And up he went—up and over."—Page 163.



Seabirds at Home.

I. GANNETS.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S.,
AUTHOR OF "WONDERLAND WONDERS," ETC.



EW white animals are to be found in a wild state. A white garment attracts the attention of every enemy, and the owner, unless exceptionally strong or swift or crafty, finds that death is the penalty of being conspicuous. There are however two regions where white harmonises with the surroundings, and where, therefore, the green plumage or the grey fur, which would be invisible in the tropical jungle or on the sandy desert, gives place to robes devoid of colour. The Polar regions are the home of the white bear, the white fox, and the white hare; and the great deep is the haunt of countless thousands of birds whose pinions rival the purity of newly-fallen snow.

White then is the badge of the sea-bird. Often, indeed, there are markings and patches of colour, but these are so subordinated to the white as to be overlooked. Thus the Common Gull is described as the "white" gull, whereas its wings are distinctly grey with vivid black bars across the tips. But the general impression is one of whiteness, and that the whiteness renders sea-birds conspicuous is evident to any one who has watched them attentively. But, in the first place, they are usually big and strong and quite able to take care of themselves, and therefore in no danger through being conspicuous; and, in the second place, it is probably an advantage to them to see each other quickly, so that when one darts upon a shoal of fishes notice may thereby be given to all.

One of the finest of the white sea-birds frequenting the British coasts is undoubtedly the gannet. It is large, striking in figure, and majestic on the wing. Owing to its habit of nesting in such spots as the Bass Rock, St. Kilda, the Orkneys, the Hebrides, Ailsa Crag and the Skelling Isles, and to the fact that even at other seasons it does not attach itself to any particular bit of coast, it is comparatively little known in England. It is an occasional visitor, not a resident. Many pages have been written to explain how the death of an animal will, in hot climates, bring together great numbers of vultures to feast on the carcase, where previously not a vulture was in sight. The advent of a flock of gannets is equally puzzling. Shoals of pilchards may tell their presence by red patches of broken water, and not a white feather is to be seen; but let one of the shoals be enclosed in a net, and straightway—to use a fisherman's picturesque and pardonable exaggeration—"all the elements are filled with gannets."

The gannet is as large as a goose, but longer and lighter, as befits its more aerial mode of life. It resembles in shape its near relative the shag, but its wings are longer, and the beak less hooked. When hatched the single nestling is naked and of a dark leaden colour. For a few days the skin is covered with white down, and in about two months the bird is fully fledged. The first plumage is brownish-grey above, with white triangular spots on the ends of the feathers; and white beneath, with grey edges to the feathers. In the second year the head and neck become white, and the white increases in subsequent moultings until the adult garb is assumed in the fourth year, and the bird stands in white, with the exception of the black quill feathers and a golden blush on the head and neck. Gannets live to a great age, as is proved by the fact that certain individuals with peculiar markings, which could be identified, have been known to frequent the Bass Rock during the breeding season for a period of forty years.

The gannets on St. Kilda and the Bass Rock have long been protected with a view to their feathers and flesh, and are interesting, therefore, as articles of commerce and of food to large numbers of people. But to the writer the chief interest lies in the living birds, their manners and customs and mode of life. Killing and plucking do not improve beast, bird, or creeping thing.

Few birds are more at home in the air than gannets, or more skilful in the use of their wings, and no bird can surpass them in diving. It is a wonderful thing to see a thousand of these grand creatures attacking a shoal of herrings. White wings seem to fill the air and white bodies the sea. Rising to a great height they sweep around so as to receive the impact of the wind, and then fall headlong, closing their wings just before they fall into the sea with a splash which suggests the bursting of a shell. They are up again in a few seconds, and immediately sore aloft and repeat the evolution, with a rapidity and persistence which almost makes the beholder dizzy. Apparently gannets are able to stay long without food, and this is probably necessitated by their habit of feeding in flocks on shoals of fishes instead of scattering like gulls in search of isolated meals. But when they find ample food their appetites prompt them to dine heavily, and sometimes blinds them to the danger involved. Where fishes are enclosed in nets there is always a risk of the bird entangling itself in meshes too strong for the hard beak to cut through, even when driven with the weight of the

owner. But the gannets dart at every pilchard, herring, sprat and sand-eel which shows itself, reckless of the consequence.

Some time ago a large number of gannets entered Whitesand Bay, near the Land's End, in pursuit of a shoal of sand-eels. The sand-eels, as is their custom, sought to bury themselves in the sand at the edge of the water. Under ordinary circumstances the gannets might safely have followed their prey into the breakers, but on this occasion this was ren-

collected a cartload of gannets and took them off to market just as if they were a flock of geese, others disposed of single birds as curiosities, while a third

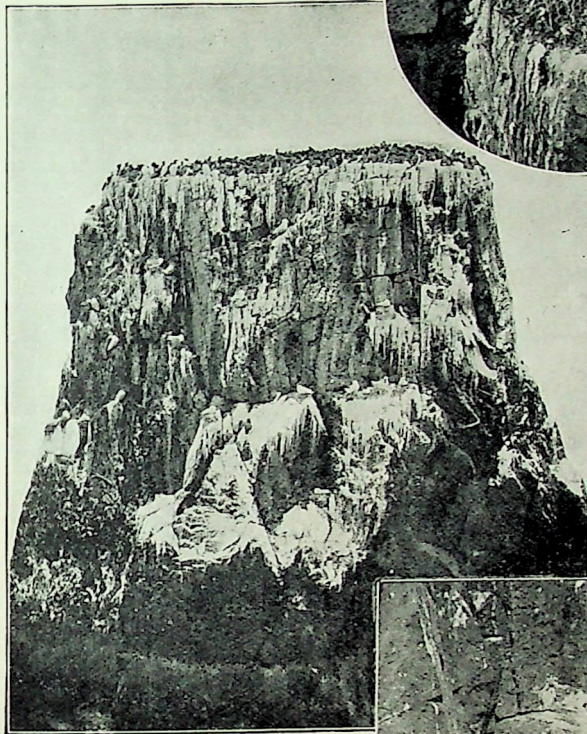
set caused them to be stuffed as ornaments for their own cottages, where, as witnesses to feathered voracity, they remain in glass cases unto this day.

Other extraordinary instances are at hand of the gannet's blindness to danger when seeking

food. An individual has been known to dive on a herring fastened to a board twelve feet below the surface of the water with such force as to shatter its skull. It is the custom in Cornwall to place pilchards out of doors to dry. A gannet, flying over a town, espied some savoury morsels drying on a board in a back yard, and, overlooking the fact that a hard board was beneath instead of soft water, closed its wings and fell upon them head first. The sharp beak pierced the pilchards and the board, and the bird was instantaneously killed.



KITTIWAKE
ON HER NEST.



GUILLEMOTS.

dered perilous by a heavy ground sea. Nevertheless, driven by keen hunger they continued to dive, and at length reached the danger zone. On rising to the surface they were struck by a tremendous wave and hurled headlong toward the shore; and then, before they could recover their breath, successive waves so beat and pounded them that at last they were flung upon the sand stunned and helpless. Now sundry fishermen were attracted to the spot by the struggling, floundering birds; and, contrary to their wont, played the part of wreckers to the shipwrecked mariners. One thrifty person



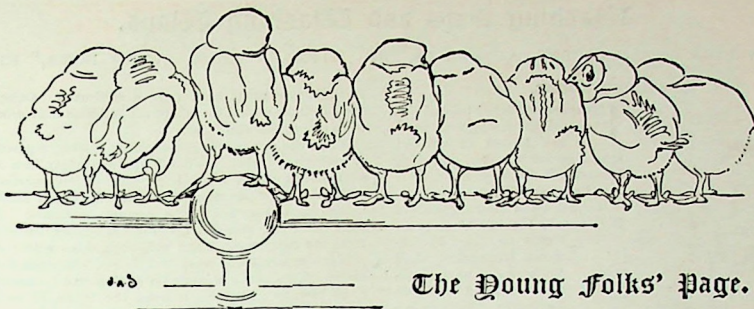
GANNETS.



Drawn for this Magazine

"WHO'S THERE?"

[By C. H. FINNEMORE.]



The Young Folks' Page.

A BEE'S BUSINESS.



WHEN you eat a spoonful of honey you have very little notion as to the amount of work and travel necessary to produce it. To make one pound of clover honey, bees must deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar, and to do this requires 3,750,000 visits to the blossoms by the bees. In other words, one bee to collect enough nectar to make one pound of honey, must go from hive to flower and back 3,750,000 times. Then, when you think how far bees sometimes fly in search of these clover fields, oftener than not one or two miles from the hive, you will begin to get a small idea of the number of miles one of the industrious little creatures must travel in order that you may have the pound of honey that gives them so much trouble. It may also help you to understand why the bee is unamiable enough to sting you if you get in its way. When one has to work so hard to accomplish so little, it is irritating to be interfered with.

A. P.

A VOICE FROM THE SUDS.

BY THE LATE MISS ALCOCK.

QUEEN of my tub, I merrily sing,
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash and rinse and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry;
Then out in the free, fresh air they swing,
Under the sunny sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls
The stains of the week away,
And let water and air by their magic
Make ourselves as pure as they;
Then on the earth there would be indeed
A glorious washing day.

Along the path of a useful life
Will heart's ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom,
And anxious thoughts may be swept away
As we busily wield a broom.

I am glad a task to me is given
To labour at day by day;
For it brings me health and strength and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say—
"Heard you may think, Heart you may feel,
But Hand you shall work away."

THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

WHAT can the leaves teach us? "Surely," you will say, "they do nothing worth knowing." Wait a moment. Had you any idea that leaves work for their living? Yet they do. It is quite a mistake to think that the roots are the only way by which plants and trees can draw nourishment; the leaves have their important share in gathering air and light and moisture, each one doing its work faithfully and steadily in storing up strength. The work, too, is noiseless work. A great many people make a great fuss when they have anything on hand, and do not fail to let others know how busy they are.

Then the leaves teach us a lesson of kindness. A twig when examined carefully will be found to have its leaves all arranged with a special object in view, the foliage in some cases even being arranged spirally; they all try to keep out of each other's sunshine. So we must learn not to grasp everything we can, but shed instead as much light and love as possible on those around us.

Lastly, there is a lesson of hope. The leaves bid us all hope, like them, for a beautiful resurrection. The work the leaf is doing is stored up for the future. In the same way not a single kindly thought or gentle deed does God ever suffer to be lost. "Our work is not in vain in the Lord."

DAVID CHRISTIE.

"I'VE PITTEN DOWN MINE."

HERE is one of the earliest speeches ever made in favour of the Temperance cause. It came from a Scots laddie, who was very clever in drawing pictures with chalks. He was asked to go to a temperance meeting and draw a temperance picture. So well did he succeed that the whole meeting called for a speech. The boy went very red, but the people were resolved he should rise. And at last, after we also had pressed him strongly, he got up and spoke something to this effect—

"Am nae great drawer; but I can draw better than I can speak. But I can say this much, that it's a gude wark we've begun this night. It's the wark o' pittin' down drinking and saving drinkers. An' we can a' help in this wark if we only bide awa' frae drink oursel's."

"I believe the wark will succeed. I houp every lad and lass here will pit down their names. Am gaun to pit down mine. No that the pittin' down o' our names will make us sober, but it'll show what side we're on. An' it'll help to keep us awa' frae drink. We can aye say, if we're asked to drink: 'I've pitten down my name.' That's a' I have to say."

This was in 1842.

Bible Questions (New Series).

BY M. A. CANTAB.

QUESTIONS.

- THE initial letters of the words which answer the following questions will form a prophetic name of Christ—
1. What name of Christ expresses His perfections?
 2. What name is significant of His offices?
 3. What name proves His Divinity?
 4. What name asserts His faithfulness and truth?
 5. What name expresses His perfect purity?
 6. What name signifies His power?

7. What name proves His eternity?
8. What name points to His atonement?

ANSWERS (See MAY No., p. 119).

1. Acts xx. 17, 35.
2. Exod. xx. 24.
3. Hab. ii. 4; See Rom. i. 17; Gal. iii. 11; Heb. x. 33.
4. Deut. xxvii. 20.
5. Isa. lvi. 20.
6. Matt. xxii. 32.

Washing Days and Washing Ways.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES," "HOME, SWEET HOME," ETC.

VII. STARCHED GOODS.



AS STIFF AS STARCH.

IN my last article I told of the occasions on which we need to use boiled or cooked starch in our laundry. To-day, I must talk about cold or, as it is called, raw starch.

We all know how expensive it is to send many blouses or shirts to the Professional Laundries. And yet many of us are perforce obliged to ruin ourselves, because we cannot wear the limp, raggy things made up at home. Besides this, our babies do not like the board-like undergarments sent home by Mrs. Jones and her sisterhood, and our husbands groan over the wooden collars with which Mrs. Jones likes to swathe the manly neck.

Follow my fashion, and adhere strictly to the formula I am giving in this paper, and you will rid yourselves of the iron yoke laid upon ignorant shoulders by the genus washer-woman.

We will take the collars and cuffs first. For these little articles sent by the dozen are apt to swell our washing bill after an alarming extent. Besides that, our boys and men are most likely longsuffering folk, who go on torturing themselves behind "whitewashed fences" without saying a word. So we will undertake their stocks and Etons first of all.

Come with me into my home laundry this fine autumn morning.

First of all, tie on a big apron and, if you possess such, a pair of sleeves over your dress ones. Let these be white and always kept in a basket in the laundry ready for work.

Lying on the table are, say, eight of Robert John's Eton collars and two pairs of cuffs. Of course they are in the pure clean cold soft water in which they were placed to soak overnight. So they only need to be washed out in hot water, rinsed in some still hotter and slightly blueed, and hung out to dry.

In the meanwhile we will prepare our starch—

Two tablespoonfuls of white Glenfield.

Two teaspoonfuls of cold water.

Two small teaspoonfuls of borax.

It is easy to remember these couplets of material. Melt the borax in a small drop of boiling water, and stir the lumps of starch into a smooth paste with a little cold ditto. Add the borax to the mixture when quite free of lumps.

Into this cream all the collars must be put *bone-dry*. The amounts given will be found to make enough starch for the eight collars and one pair of cuffs.

When well soured, take up each article and rub it all over with a bit of hard, dried, yellow soap. It will seem exactly as if you were washing in starch instead of in water. If you prefer it, instead of the soap, you can add a few drops of turpentine to the starch cream. This will answer the same purpose. All we want is to prevent the iron from sticking to the collars, and either of these two ingredients will be efficacious.

Be careful to rub in the starch impartially and thoroughly.

The mixture must be evenly distributed. Otherwise the stiffened collars would be full of air-bubbles and creases when they were put under the iron.

When the operation of starching is over, squeeze out each cuff or collar separately, and roll up separately in a soft towel. On no account use a huckaback one, or the surface of the damp collars will be ornamented with a diapered facing! Leave the things in the towel for a couple of hours. At the end of that time, pat and roll the collars before removing them singly from the envelope. Then rub both sides with a clean dry cloth.

Have ready some very hot irons. Be sure they are perfectly clean. This state of smooth polish can be ensured by rubbing each one, as you take it from the stove, on to the knife board, or on to a board kept in the laundry especially for the purpose, on which some fresh Bath brick powder has been scraped. The latter is the best plan. Dust over with a dry clean cloth, and you can apply to your collars without fear. Iron on the wrong side first. When a little bit stiffened, turn to the right side, and finish by pressing heavily to keep the shape. If a china-like surface is thought essential and beautiful, give an extra glaze with a polishing iron. This is a small convex affair with a steel face and can be bought for 10d. Personally, I do not care for this last touch, it makes the collars look like patent celluloid affairs. But undo utterly it makes them last clean and look like new.

Our cuffs we treat much in the same way. These may always have the "veneer" applied.

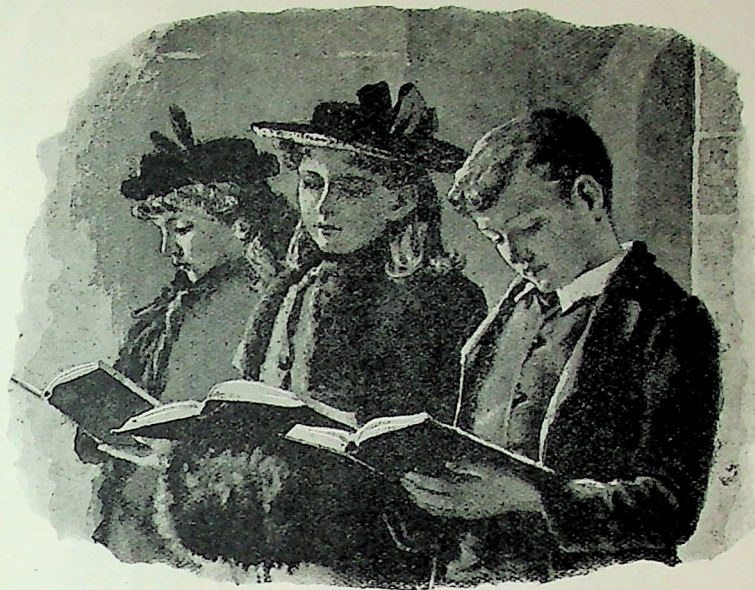
White shirts are made up in precisely the same way; for the principle I have given applies to all starched goods. But we need "a cast iron back with a hinge to it" to do up large things like shirts properly. My advice is always to know how everything should be done, but not always to do it! But there are occasions when knowledge how to satisfy the master in his laundry is most necessary. For instance, if Mrs. Jones has scarlet fever in her house, and if she be the only available laundress in the village, it is comforting to dispatch to her (poor afflicted woman!) plenty of beef tea and sanitas, and yet to keep the shirts, etc., at home!

One more direction regarding cuffs and collars. Always string them together and hang before the kitchen fire to air. These will be properly aired then when called for. Some folk may smile at the thought of collars needing airing, and may say it is unnecessary as shutting the gate to a field for fear of the chance sleeper therein catching cold! But it is quite possible to give a delicate child cold by letting him wear collars fresh from the ironing board.

If the cuffs, etc., have been lying for a while in a drawer, and have lost their pristine crispness, it is only necessary to treat them in the same way. A few minutes before the fire will restore the stiffness to them.

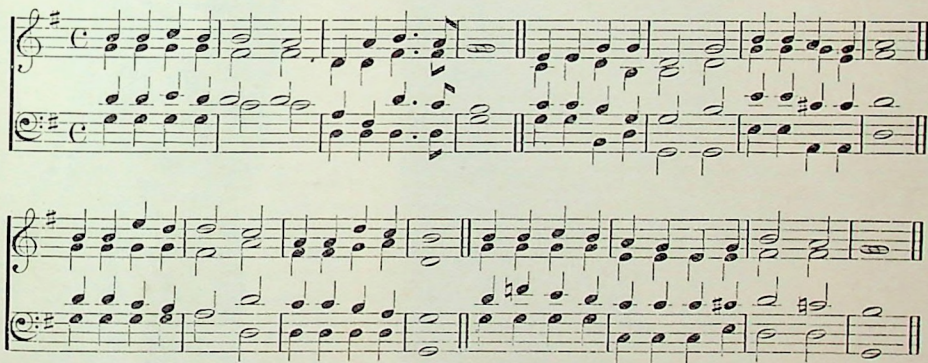
Ladies' shirts and blouses are managed after the same fashion. The cambric parts, sleeves, etc., are stiffened in boiled starch, whilst bosoms, collars and cuffs are treated by the cold starch process. It is not as intricate as it sounds. And *ad.* a shirt is not to be despised. It would be a good thing if mothers would encourage their daughters to make up their wearing apparel, by allowing them, say, the minimum price paid to a professional for each blouse they make up successfully. It will cost a modicum only of the *6d.* to give Maude or Violet sufficient starch. Two teaspoonfuls can hardly be missed out of a pound of Glenfield, and a whole pound of Glenfield costs fourpence! Bits of candle-ends and scraps of soap too small for personal ablution are only refuse. Then pay *3d.* to the girls for each article, and they will learn and you will not lose.

Mr. Ruskin, in one of his books, writes that every woman should be a Princess and a washerwoman! Yes! a washerwoman to keep things radiantly clean and wholesome. "It is not the purpose of education to turn a girl into a dictionary," he adds elsewhere. So part of our plan of life should be to train our daughters in this branch of housewifery, thus fitting her for that "complete living" which Spencer says is the ultimate end of all educational environment.



A Children's Hymn.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY THE REV. H. H. ABDY, B.A., WIGAN.

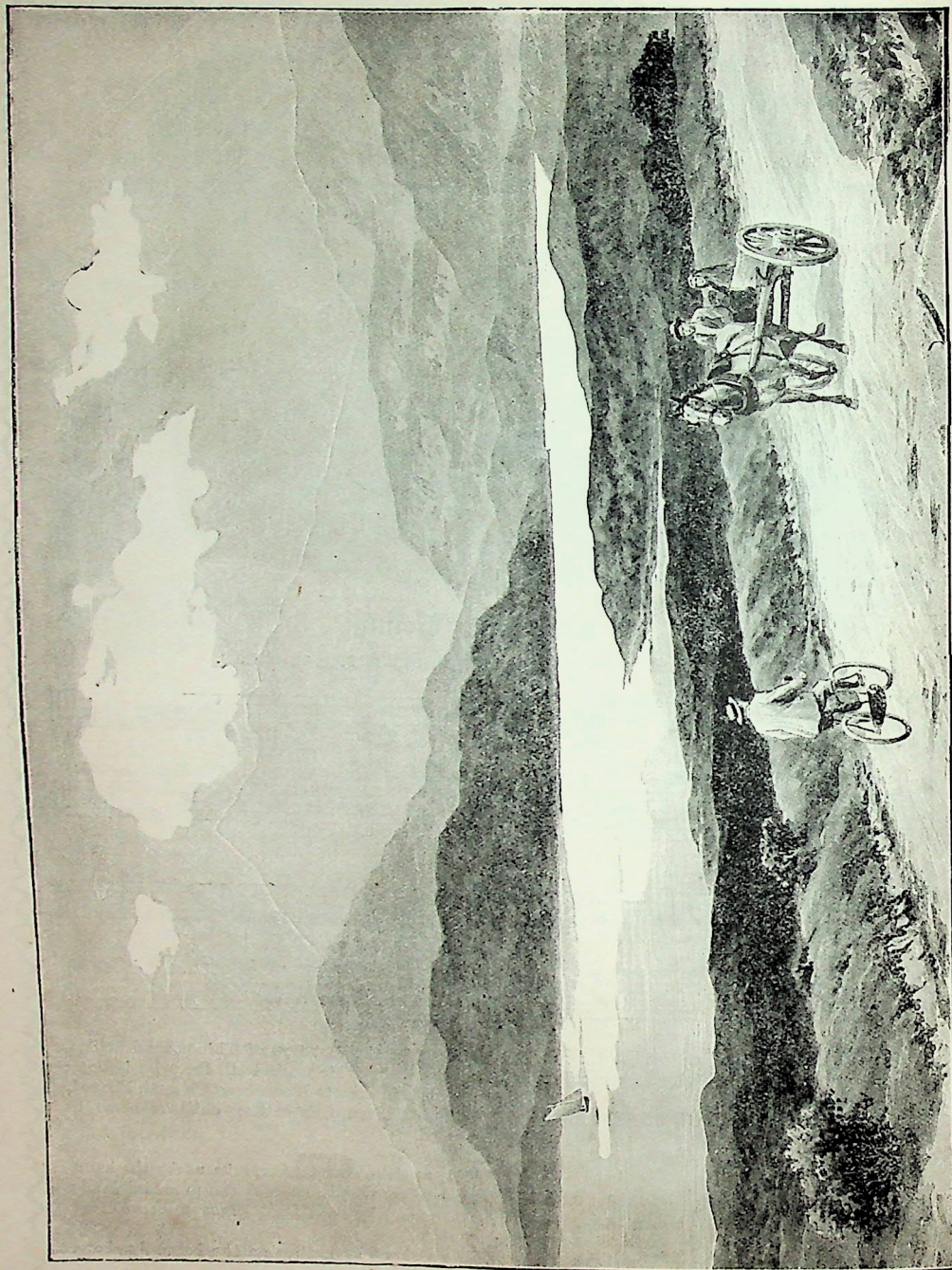


LOVING, tender Father, we to Thee draw nigh,
Though we are but children, Thou wilt hear
our cry,
Cleave our hearts from evil, fill us with Thy
love,
Lead us on, dear Father, to Thy Home above.

Evil lies around us, tempts us to the wrong,
And we are so feeble: but Thine arm is strong;
Pity then our weakness, help us in the fight
To resist temptation and to do the right.

Lead us in the footsteps of Thine own dear Son,
May we walk as He walked till the prize is won:
He called children to Him when this earth He trod,
Still in Heaven He's calling children home to
God.

Guide us then, dear Father, take us by the hand,
Bring us on our journey to the promised land:
Give us day by day, Lord, grace to serve Thee
more,
Till we sing Thy praises on the heavenly shore.



A HOLIDAY IN IRELAND: BANTRY BAY AND THE GREAT SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN.

HOME WORDS



SUMMER NUMBER

For His Name's Sake.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER, AUTHOR OF "IN FARTHEST IND."

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE SINNER THAT REPENTETH.

SOME three months after the death of Potino, Dirck Muller paid a visit to Welcome as he was returning from his expedition into the interior. There was much to tell him, and much also for him to see. The new church, with its four rough walls of sun-dried bricks, was at present covered only with a temporary roof of reed thatch supported on forked posts, the joint engineering skill of Mr. Hildyard and Stephanus having failed to solve the problem of getting the ridge-pole into position. Dirck was equal to the occasion, and not only explained how the work should be done, but lent his own services and those of his Hottentots to help in doing it. When he left, the permanent thatching was nearly complete, and the interior, with its rough wooden benches and desk, was more beautiful in the eyes of its architects than the most splendid cathedral. But there was one thing still wanting, the most important of all—a congregation. True, the natives would saunter in to morning and evening prayers, or to the Sunday services, in varying numbers, and they had learnt that they must not talk out loud, or go on with any work they happened to have in hand; but they seemed only to care to look about them, and never to dream of listening. Moreover, it was a never-failing delight to try to sit on the benches like the white people. Accustomed to sit upon the ground, the Bechuana would crouch upon the seat sideways, with his knees up to his chin, and presently, when he grew tired of staring

about, a long-drawn snore would proclaim that the dimness of the place and the unheeded voice of the preacher had not been without effect. After this Mrs. Hildyard and Rose learned to listen apprehensively for the bump and scuffle, followed by a roar of laughter from the rest of the congregation, which proclaimed that the sleeper had fallen off the bench. Nothing could be done to remedy this state of things until the people chose to cultivate the unknown art of listening, for to keep them out of the church would have been to deprive most of them of any opportunity of hearing the Gospel.

"You don't seem to have made as much way with the Banoga as I should have expected, preacher," said Dirck, on the evening before his departure.

Mr. Hildyard smiled. "No; we have had the very miracle you wished for—two miracles, indeed, for the rain was as unexpected as the lightning that killed Potino—but they have not served to convert the people, you see."

"Still, the rain saved your lives, and Potino's death was just as useful in another way," said Dirck gruffly. "If nothing had happened to him, the tribe would have thought that whenever they wanted rain they had nothing to do but ill-treat you; but I think they got a pretty good warning against that. They're all friendly enough, aren't they?"

"All but Seketlu, and even he doesn't dare say anything openly against us. But they are not—*not* neighbourly, Muller, as I should like to see them. Stephanus has shown you our canal from the river?"

"Yes; not a bad piece of work for you and the Totties."

"Well, it is most important for our gardens, of course, as otherwise every drop of water would have to be carried from the river. When we began it, we invited the natives to join with us, and make it large enough to supply their gardens as well, but they refused. Now, before it had been finished two days, it ran dry. When we went to see what was the matter, we found that the Bechuana women between us and the river had calmly diverted the water into their own gardens: and as often as we put things right, they did it again. At last we remonstrated sharply, and then a body of them went to the dam which turned the water into the canal, and actually destroyed it with their picks, so that neither they nor we got any water at all. The end of it is that, to enjoy the use of our own canal, we are obliged to let them have the water half the day, which means that Stephanus and one of the Hottentots must go some miles every afternoon to close the outlets into all the native gardens."

"It's just as you said at first, preacher; one can't get hold of these people," said Dirck.

"Yes," said Mr. Hildyard with a sigh; "it grieves me to

realize that we have been here so many months without apparently gaining the heart of a single creature—unless it's Rose's little ragamuffins. They are all over the place, calling 'Ra-Rosy' at my heels wherever I go; but I believe the young rascals have a sort of fondness for me, and I'm certain they have for Rose. Sometimes I am tempted to think that after all, the only hope lies with them, and that the older people are too far sunk in degradation to be reached; but I trust it is not so."

"And you've tried every way, preacher?"

"Every way, yours and mine, example and

precept. I talk to them whenever I can get any one to listen, and we all, I know, try to live a Christian life before them. And we pray for them night and day, which is the chief thing. I am sowing the seed now in tears; perhaps it will fall to Stephanus to gather in the sheaves, years hence."

"You thought well of the chief when I left, I remember."

"Shokomi? Ah, I fear he has gone back. He seems to avoid conversation with me now. I think he may have got just far enough to see what he must give up if he became a Christian, and not realized what the gains would be. And he is by far the best affected man in the tribe."

"He seems to take kindly to tools, and all that sort of thing that doesn't interest you much, preacher. I was having a talk with him to-day."

"Yes; and I think the whole tribe would do more in that way if they had an opportunity. I wish we could get a Christian man to come here and open a store. His influence would reinforce mine, and he might do a great deal to help us. I wish you would settle down with us, Muller."

"That would not answer for long, I'm afraid."

After a month or two you'd find the shutters up and a notice nailed on: 'Gone off' hunting. Store closed.' Why, I could never stay quiet anywhere, preacher. But if I meet the right man for you in the Colony, I'll send him up."

"Don't do anything rashly. An ungodly, or even a careless man would do more harm than we could ever hope to undo."

"I'll remember. But can't I do anything else for anybody? Does not one want a holiday? Rosje now—won't she come down to Mociplaats with me? I'd take care of her as if she was young Queen Victoria herself."



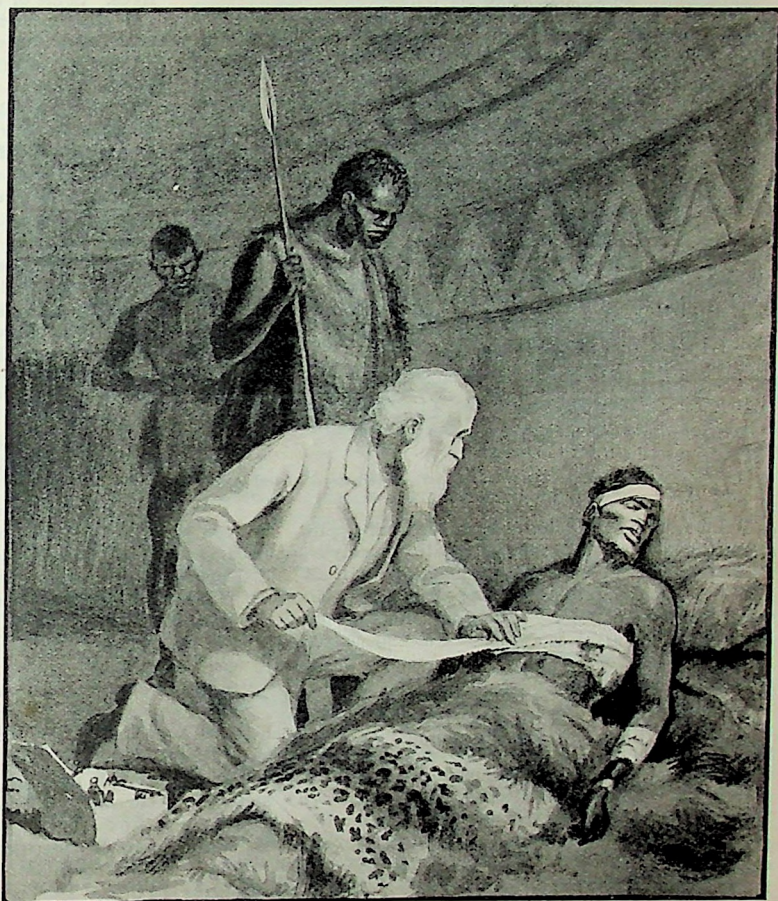
"Dirck . . . not only explained how the work should be done, but lent his own services."—Page 171.

"I know you would, Oom Dirck," said Rose, smiling at him; "but I am much too busy to go away. Papa and I are just trying to translate some very simple hymns, so that the children may learn them and say or sing them to their parents. They love music, and we hope we may perhaps reach some of them in that way. We have finished 'Jesus, who lived above the sky,' this evening, and I am going to begin teaching it to them to-morrow."

"Ah, we can't spare Rose," said Mr. Hildyard. "But if she can't go to the Colony, Muller, a bit of the Colony is coming here." Rose looked up eagerly. "Andries Duploitt has written to Stephanus that we may expect him before long on a visit." Rose's colour faded, and she returned quickly to her needlework. What should have brought Will Curtis into her mind? Probably the simple fact that a moment before she had been resolving that nothing should take her to Mooiplaats, lest Will, who clearly cared nothing about her now, should think she was running after him.

Not long after Dirck's departure, Shokomi came to Welcome to ask Mr. Hildyard to lend him a cooking-pot. He was going on a hunting expedition, and the earthenware pots generally used were apt to get broken on a journey. The chief was very cheerful and communicative, even showing Mr. Hildyard the flintlock musket he had lately bought from a Griqua adventurer who had passed

through the country without coming near the station. He should be able to bring down as much game as the white men now, he said proudly, and went off in great good-humour, with the borrowed cooking-pot carried before him. Only a few days later, however, Mr. Hildyard was summoned to the town by an urgent message. During his



"He found the chief with three ribs broken, besides several smaller injuries. Mr. Hildyard had often acted as surgeon during his colonial life, and now he made haste to do what he could."—Page 174.

second day's hunting, Shokomi had wounded a rhinoceros with a bullet, but before he could reload, the infuriated animal had charged and knocked him down, trampling upon him fiercely. Before it had time to gore him, his attendants managed to despatch it with their spears, but the chief had to be carried home, and was believed to be dying. Mr. Hildyard hurried into the town at



"When Mataba was out of school, his services were requisitioned as teacher."—Page 175.

once, taking with him such medicines and appliances as experience warned him would probably be needed, and telling his wife that he should in all likelihood stay thenight. He found the chief with three ribs broken, besides several smaller injuries. He was bruised all over, and there was a fear of internal harm as well. Mr. Hildyard had often acted as surgeon during his colonial life, and now he made haste to do what he could. The wailing women and terrified children were turned out of the hut, and when the injuries had been dressed the missionary sat down by the chief's side, ready to moisten the bandages afresh with the herb lotion which his wife had sent. Shokomi was perfectly conscious, and well aware of the gravity of his condition: but for a long time he said nothing, lying motionless upon his couch of skins, with his eyes fixed on the candle which Mr. Hildyard had brought with him and fastened to the wall. At last he spoke.

"Whitebeard, is it true what you told me long ago, and what you said to Potino, that all men will rise again from the dead?"

"All that have ever died will live again."

"All that I have killed in war—the Bushmen and the Batau, and my own people who have defied me—will they rise?"

"All of them."

"Oh, Whitebeard, I see them all. They stand up and accuse me. They demand vengeance—my blood for theirs. What can I do?"

"Of what do they accuse you, Shokomi?"

"They say I robbed them of their lives. Some of them I slew in fight, but most I took by surprise. And they demand my life in return."

"Will anything else satisfy them?"

"Will it? Tell me, Whitebeard; you know. My cattle—my women and children—if I gave them up?"

"Not if you give up everything you have or ever will have in the world, Shokomi. The wages of sin is death."

"Oh, Whitebeard, have you never heard that evil is harder to bear when a man knows of it beforehand? If there is no remedy, why do you come here to trouble my mind about this terrible Judgment, of which my fathers knew nothing?"

"Because there is a remedy. As you say, it would be cruel indeed to tell you of the danger without showing the way of escape. But

between you and those men who cry out for your blood, there stands Some One, who says, 'I have died instead of Shokomi. He may go free.'

"This man has died instead of me? Why?"

"Because He loved you."

"But I never did anything for Him. It cannot be you, Whitebeard?"

"No, I am only His servant."

"You love us, I know, because you have come here and been kind to us when we would not listen to you. Who told you about us?"

"This Man Who has died instead of you. He said to me, 'Go and tell Shokomi and the Banoga how much I loved them, and what I did to save them, that they may learn to love Me.'"

"And how did He know about us?"

"He is the Son of Morimo, and He looked down from heaven and saw you—saw how ignorant and miserable you were, and how helpless you would be in the Day of Judgment; and because you could never save yourselves, He gave up His life for you."

"Is He the 'Jesus, who lived above the sky,' that Mataba sings about?" Mataba was Shokomi's son, one of the most troublesome of Rose's mischievous scholars.

"Yes," said Mr. Hildyard, and he was going on to repeat the Sichuana version of the hymn, but the chief stopped him.

"I know it, Whitebeard. Before I went out hunting, Mataba was singing that song to everyone he could get to listen to him. I heard it everywhere, and the words have stayed in my mind."

He repeated the hymn half under his breath, in a monotonous, sing-song voice, evidently an echo of that in which Mataba had rehearsed the lesson he had mastered, and at the end Mr. Hildyard took up the last verse.

"Oh, dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too—"

Do you love Him, Shokomi?"

"I do, Whitebeard, though I cannot understand it. Why He should do so much for me, when I had done nothing for Him? But you tell me it is so, and I believe your words. Perhaps there is something I can do for Him still?"

"—Trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do—"

quoted Mr. Hildyard again. "We will talk of that later, Shokomi. There is a great deal you can do for Him, and you may find some of it very hard."

"I am glad of that, Whitebeard. I should like to work hard for Him all the rest of my life."

He was silent, and Mr. Hildyard, as he sat beside him for the rest of the night, rejoiced with the angels of God over this repenting sinner. It was a time of unmixed joy, which he felt repaid him for all that he had suffered since leaving Mooiplaats.

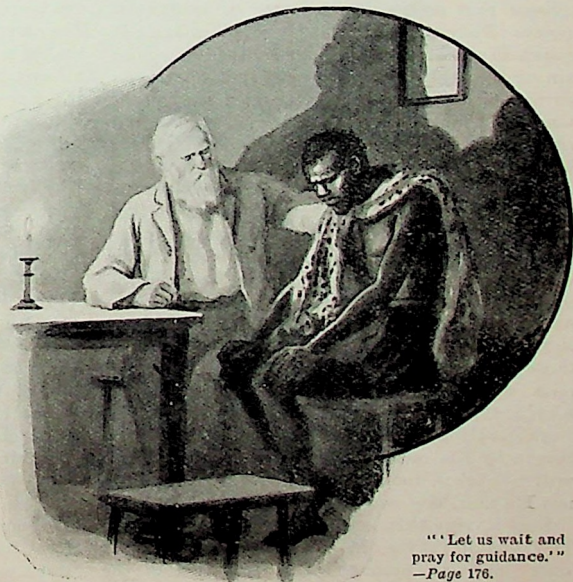
"I can say like Rutherford," he told his wife when he went home the next morning, "that the joy of Heaven itself will be doubled when I see one of the Banoga standing at God's right hand."

Shokomi's recovery was a long and wearisome business, but he profited by his enforced retirement to learn all that he could from Mr. Hildyard. He asked questions innumerable, and actually set himself to learn to read, that he might study the Bible for himself. When Mataba was out of school, his services were requisitioned as teacher, and great was the youth's importance when he found his father still plodding through the columns of syllables which he himself had left triumphantly behind months ago.

Mr. Hildyard looked forward with some anxiety to his convert's return to public life, since the rest of the tribe had no share in the change which had come over their chief.

When Shokomi had gone back to his old associations, would he be able to struggle against the indifference which had proved so disheartening to the missionary? But this lack of faith was rebuked by the chief's first public act on his recovery. He was the official rain-maker of the tribe on ordinary occasions, and when the women wanted a shower to refresh their gardens, they sent word to him to provide it as usual. To their astonishment, he refused to make the expected medicine, saying that his pretended powers in the past had had no real existence, sincerely though he had believed in them at the time. The women were very angry over the change. All the old entreaties which had been lavished on Mr. Hildyard during the drought were now poured upon Shokomi. Just a little shower, and they would all come to church with him and sing and pray! But Shokomi stood firm, though the offer touched him on a very tender spot. Since Mr. Hildyard had warned him that it would be wrong to try to force his people to follow in his footsteps, he had been daily mortified by the fact that none of them would range themselves upon his side. They watched his doings with mockery and contempt, but curiosity was still the only motive that drew any of them to the church.

It made things more difficult for Shokomi that the tribes on either side of the Banoga country were enjoying abundant showers, through the exercise, as they believed, of the rain-making powers of their chiefs. Seketlu did not fail to



"Let us wait and
pray for guidance."
—Page 176.

point out how badly Shokomi was treating his people, and the chief was badgered in public by his parliament and in private by his wives. But he still stood firm, although Mr. Hildyard noted with regret that he had ceased to talk of being prepared for baptism. At last he spoke to him upon the subject.

"How is it, Shokomi," he asked, "that you seem no longer to look forward to making a public profession of your faith in Christ? I noticed that you contradicted Seketlu this evening when he said that those who were baptized had to swallow a drink made of dead men's brains. You told them clearly what was done in baptism, and what it meant, you yourself are not baptized."

"Have you not seen the reason, Whitebeard?" asked the chief. "I have learnt that a Christian should have but one wife, and I have these. What am I to do? It is not their fault that I married them. If I send them back to their own people, it

will be casting upon them a slur that they have not deserved."

"I see," said Mr. Hildyard. "To set yourself in the right path, you must do what will seem a cruel wrong."

"And more than that," said Shokomi. "Matataba's mother, Leapa, the first wife I took, will remain as my queen, and the rest I must send home, with sufficient cattle to support them and their children. But all their families will become my enemies at once, and my second wife is the sister of Seketlu's mother. With all these against me, how can I hope to prosper? I should like to be the Christian chief of a Christian people, but what am I to do when I am a Christian, and my people are not?"

"It is very difficult to say," said Mr. Hildyard. "I will not urge you, Shokomi. Let us wait and pray for guidance, and perhaps you will receive strength to risk all for Christ."

(To be continued.)

"Thy Word is Truth."

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

BY THE LATE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A.

THANK God for the exceeding privilege of Prayer. The minds of men are often so blind that they regard the greatest benefit and privilege as a burdensome duty, a hard bondage, which they delay as long as possible. It is so with prayer. There is often a sort of bugbear that makes men hesitate to believe in prayer. They think of fixed laws, and imagine it foolish to conceive that prayer for such things as rain, or the health of a child, or of themselves, can prevail with God. But such an idea need never stand in your way. Fixed laws there are, but why should they hinder the power of prayer? Remember the force of personal will. By this, natural laws are made to work out results you might never have expected. The apple that would have fallen to the earth is caught in its descent. The steamship ploughs the ocean. The electric wire carries its message beneath the wave. The field once full of weeds is covered with good grain. All these testify to the force of man's will, working out marvellous results through natural laws. But what shall we say of Him who gave these laws, the All-wise, the Almighty God? Do you not see how He can work out His own will, and fulfil the prayers of His people by His own laws? He that made man's will to be such a mighty power in the world, shall not He fulfil His own will by His own laws?

But, leaving this, let us dwell on the exceeding privilege of Prayer. A correspondent at Vienna once gave an account of a reception of the Emperor of Austria. He found gathered together

generals, statesmen, artists, inventors—those who had lately received promotion of any kind; widows, orphans, and some of the poorest of the people. Once or twice every week the emperor had such a gathering. If any one had a reasonable petition to present, he might come directly to the emperor and tell him his story face to face. The emperor received the poorest as graciously as the richest. He heard the petition, and then gave a frank, honest, yes or no, and he always kept to it. Here is an illustration of the privilege of Prayer. You may come to Him who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords. The poorest is as welcome as the richest, the highest as the lowest. The Lord will receive you graciously, and if for your good He will grant your request.

Another thought which helps one to see the privilege of Prayer is the exceeding Fatherliness of God. He is constantly set before us as "Our Father in Heaven." Two friends are conversing together by the fireside; a little boy comes in and leaps on his father's knee, and whispers some request into his father's ear, and then runs out of the room, glad because his father promises to grant his wish. So may I come as a little child to my Father in Heaven.

Again we see the privilege of Prayer in the blessed channel through which our prayers ascend to God. You are oppressed with the consciousness of your grievous sins, failures, short-comings. How dare such a sinner approach a Holy God? But I see the blood sprinkled around the throne—I see the living, sympathising High Priest, ever

standing there and pleading for me. Then I can rejoice. Then I know that my prayer will be heard.

"Father, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
Turn to Thine anointed One,
Look on Thy beloved Son:
Him for Sinners bruised see,
Look through Jesus' wounds on me."

Then another thought is also helpful. Who has not felt often the difficulty of prayer? The heart is so cold it seems impossible to think a thought or to utter a prayer. A great stone lies upon the well's mouth, but the Holy Spirit comes and removes the stone. He stirs up our desires—He puts words upon our lips—He enables us to pray.

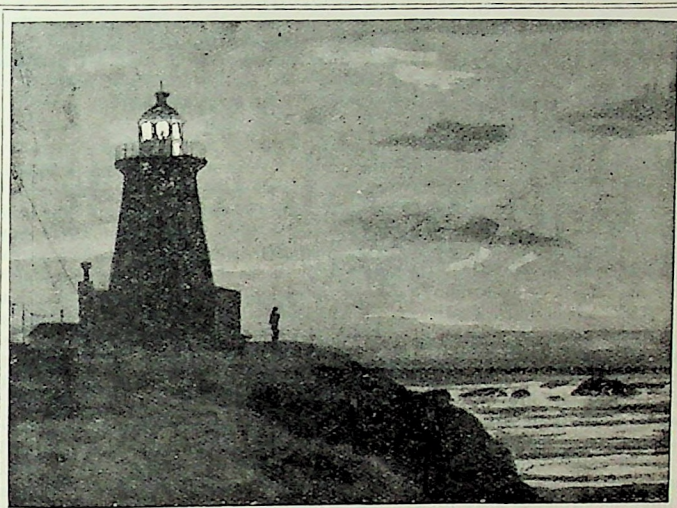
We are told that workers in steel have a mouthpiece to keep out of the system the particles of steel which might injure the constitution. The diver who goes down into the depths of the water carries with him a pipe by which he may continue to inhale the air from above.

Such is prayer. It is the mouthpiece by which we may escape the numberless temptations which may injure the soul. It is the pipe by which we may draw down the atmosphere of a purer clime. You may be surrounded by blasphemy, unbelief, vice, and evil of every kind, but live in prayer, and you shall pass unharmed through it all, and be able to abide in holiness, purity and love.

Amongst the privileges of Prayer it is well to remember the fourfold extension of prayer given by St. Paul; he bids us pray as to all things. "In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." He bids us pray at all times. "Pray without ceasing." "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit." He bids us pray in all places. "I will that men pray

everywhere, holding up holy hands without wrath and doubting." He bids us pray for all men. "I will that prayers, supplications, thanksgivings, be made for all men." What a vast privilege is it that under all possible circumstances, at all times of fear, sorrow, temptation, or care, in every place where our lot may be cast, and for all men far and near, we are invited to offer prayer to the Father in heaven. One thought more. If this be such a privilege, at once avail yourself of it—at once come and seek a blessing at your Father's House. A Suffolk labourer was once asked if he prayed; he answered that he knew little about prayer, but as he followed the plough he talked to God, and he believed God heard him. Here is the simple idea of prayer. We may go and talk

to God. We may talk to Him about our sins, our wants, our sorrows. We may talk to Him about His own lovingkindness and mercy, and thank Him for them all. We may come and leave all our desires and fears and cares with Him, and know that He hears and will undertake for us.



THY WORD IS A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH.

Let me close with an incident which will show the happy results of prayer. One who had long neglected a throne of grace was, a good many years since, walking home through the streets of Manchester, when a thought was put into his mind: "Every week, every month you live, you are growing more careless and indifferent, and soon you will be hardened in your sins. Would it not be better at once to begin to pray?" So as he walked along he offered his first real prayer, which was something of this kind: "O Father, forgive me all my sin, through Jesus' Blood, and give me Thy Holy Spirit." And now, after all those years, he who thus prayed can trace back to that night whatever blessing and comfort and usefulness he may have had. "It came to me from a Father who heareth prayer."



Photo by]

SANDPIES.

[MRS. MULLOY.

Our Sunday School Treat.

BY THE REV. "CARRUTHERS RAY," M.A.



My first Sunday School Treat—the very thought of the misery I underwent in connection with it still makes me shiver with dread. I was a young curate then, hopelessly ignorant of the "rampageous ways of small fry," since I had never had small brothers or sisters to keep in order, and (I confess it with shame) my pet aversion was a baby, or any child still at a too tender age. I was always afraid that something would happen to them, and that I should be held responsible should I not render first aid.

Strangely enough, when I went to the parish of "Knebworth" (a fictitious name), the very first duty that was laid on my inexperienced shoulders was the superintending of a school treat at the seaside. My Vicar had fully intended to do the work himself, but a sudden attack of illness forced him to depend upon me to take his place.

"I am sorry there are very few teachers who can accompany the children," he said to me before we started, "but several kind friends have come forward to offer their services, and I am sure you will manage famously. I wish I were able to come with you."

He must have noted the fervour with which I said "I wish you were, too."

We made an excellent start, with plenty of cheering and whistling from the railway-carriage windows. There were seventy-three of us all told. I insisted upon counting everybody, big and little, just as my mother counts the packages, parcels, and portmanteaus which make up her luggage. How I hoped that I could be as happy as she is in not losing any of her belongings. Anyhow I determined it should not be for lack of putting her plan into practice. I would count the children at least three times during the day.

After a journey lasting an hour and a half—a very

lively journey for me, by the way, in that I was in a constant state of alarm lest Bobby or Katie or Jane should fall out of the carriage windows—we arrived at our destination, the little town of Sandbay. First of all we marched straight (or rather I should say in the most straggling fashion) to the restaurant where we were to have lunch some three hours later. I thought I would get the children to leave anything they did not want in the way of wraps at the meeting-place, at the same time taking the opportunity to impress upon them the precise address, in case any one should get lost.

They were just about to distribute in small parties under the charge of my helpers, when something—perhaps the recollection of my mother's punctilious care of her luggage—prompted me to re-count the children as they left the restaurant. We were only seventy-two! For the moment I tried to be calm.

"Stop!" I called. "There is already one child missing. Which of the teachers has less than twenty children?" (I had divided them up in companies of a score each, reserving twelve for myself.)

To my dismay it was discovered that my own company was one short. A search in the restaurant proved fruitless: a small boy of seven was not to be found. I think I may claim to have done the right thing. My eleven children I divided among the other companies, and myself set off to try to track the lost boy.

Before long the whole available police force of the tiny town was more or less at my disposal, and I believe if I had suggested it we should have tried dragging the sea, so willing were the men to help me. High and low we looked, but with no result. My one hope was that when we met at lunch the truant would be forthcoming. Lunch time came: also the whole party, less one child!

You can imagine my feelings. I had failed dis-

mally at the very first trial. After lunch I decided that despite the disgrace I must telegraph to the Vicar, telling him what had happened. "You might put in that inquiries should be made at Billy's home," suggested one of the teachers. If I had known the value of the hint I should have hugged that man.

We wired and waited. In an hour the reply came, "Billy Jones returned home ten o'clock quite safe."

I do not think any telegram I have received has brought me such relief. All my mental pictures of the mangled remains of little Billy being found on the line, or his body washed up by the sea, vanished in a twinkling, and I was myself again. I need not add how thoroughly we enjoyed the afternoon.

But about Billy. On our return we learnt that the little scamp had been so enraptured with the joys of the railway train that he had decided that the pleasure he knew was to be preferred to the pleasure he did not know. He therefore climbed back into the railway carriage and hid himself under the seat till the train started, happily homewards, Sandbay being the terminus. Once fairly going, out he came from his hiding-place and leaned out of the window to his heart's content to "watch the wheels go round." I still tremble to think what might have happened.



[Photo by Mrs. MOLLOY.]

WHEN THE BOATS COME HOME.

At the first station at which the train stopped, some twenty miles down the line, he was asked for his ticket. Then came the deluge—of tears—for he had none.

A few questions elicited "where he came from," and home he was despatched in charge of a kindly guard.

Since that eventful "treat!" I have had many amusing experiences, but none tragic. I have learnt that the best way of assuring the safety of children is to trust them very largely to each other's keeping. "Now, Tommy," I say to one of the elder lads, "I'm going to depend upon you to take care of Benny," and (such is human nature!) Tommy is proud of his responsibility, and not only keeps Benny but himself out of mischief.

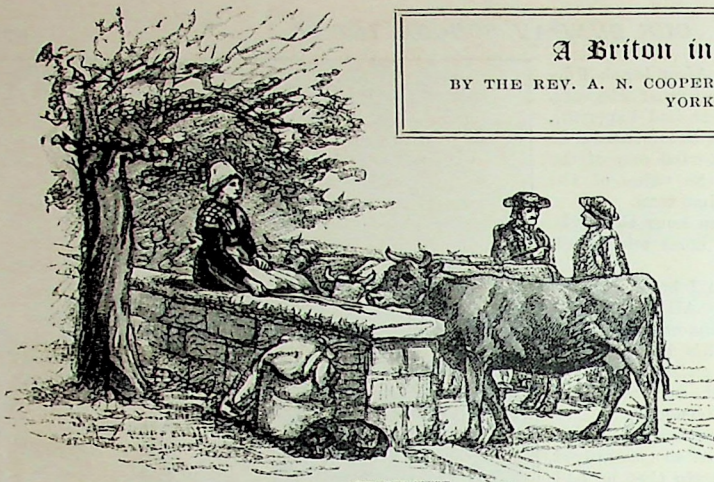
Perhaps my funniest experience was the rigging out a dozen boys in dry clothes, hired from a pawnbroker's shop—my first and I hope my last visit to "Uncle." The young monkeys had raced some big seas round a point and been soaked to the skin! It was only a bare hour after our arrival, and for the rest of the day the smallest lad of all marched proudly about the fashionable pleasure resort in a pair of flannels three or four sizes too large for him. He evidently thought himself a man rigged out as he was in trousers that would have fitted his father.



[Photo by]

MENDING HER NET.

[Mrs. MOLLOY.]



A BRETON FOUNTAIN.

A Briton in Brittany.

BY THE REV. A. N. COOPER, M.A., VICAR OF FILEY,
YORKS.

of Asia, the boy knew the geography of his own town. The latter knowledge is rare, and may account for us Britons knowing little of the Brittany we spring from, whose heaths are covered with the very broom (*genet*) which gave us the name of our Plantagenet kings, and whose people show they are our own kith and kin in a variety of ways. Therefore I forgive my readers who do not know the river St. Brieuc stands on, or are unaware it forms the dividing line

between the real Bretons and the Bretons civilized (*douce* or polished the French call them). This is its great charm to those who love out of the way places, and people who neither dress, nor eat, nor drink, nor behave exactly as we do at home.

The first indication that I was in a strange place came when I paid my fare of twopence to the omnibus woman! Yes, a woman acted as driver and conductor of the bus which plied between the quay and the town. I had changed some money on landing and received only bank notes in exchange. I pleaded for some small coins, as I could not expect every one would be able to give me change. I was answered that I should find all the people with plenty of money, and so it proved. The omnibus woman changed my fifty franc note in a twinkling, and I found it equally easy to pay for a cup of coffee and a photograph with similar paper, and got the change out, though the clothes of the possessors looked beneath the contempt of an old *elo*-man.

But while remarking on the poor clothes of the Breton men, no reflection must be cast on the women: for all were in blue dresses and white Breton caps, and it is said by the size and shape of the streamers to the caps an expert can tell from which district the wearer comes. But another thing made me remark upon this dress, and that was that nearly every one carried a pig. It was market-day, and I reached the town about 12 o'clock, when the market was just over, and the unsold pigs were being taken home. They had been washed and brushed before the market, and so they were as clean as their nature allowed them to be, and the pigs (they were only the size of porkers) were being carried home in the arms of their owners, just like children. This great care for the cleanliness of everything on which their money depends is the secret of success in Brittany. They wash the eggs before packing them. They wash the cows' udders before milking them, and with my own eyes I saw the pigs washed and carried for the market. Many

THERE is a village on the Yorkshire Wolds of which the people say, "No one ever gets there unless they lose their way." It lies off the main roads, and is not in the direct route for anywhere, and only when travellers take the turn they ought not to, do they ever reach it. Much the same may be said of St. Brieuc. We all know Dieppe and Calais and Boulogne and even St. Malo, as ports of France where English travellers land, but I am not aware of even a line of boats going to St. Brieuc. How then did I get there, may be very naturally asked. Well, like the stranger in the Yorkshire village, I got there by losing my way. I had intended going to St. Malo, but missed the boat from Southampton by a few minutes, and not wishing to wait two days for another, I caught one to Jersey, seeing a St. Malo boat left there next day. On arrival I found it had just gone, and was settling myself down to wait for another, when the notice of a boat to St. Brieuc caught my eye, and as it was to sail in a few hours' time, I booked a berth in it.

The vessel was as queer as the place I was going to, and the fact that I was the only English person on board proved to me that the port of St. Brieuc was little frequented by my countrymen. I began to fear it was but little known to the captain of the ship, for a slight fog coming on, though we were in sight of land, he confessed he had no idea where he was. "Better be sure than sorry," he replied to those who urged him to steer ahead: but as it was pointed out we could see the land on both sides of us he consented to do so, and to his own surprise found himself at his destination.

We have a likely story of a Scarbro' schoolmaster who punished a boy for ignorance of the geography of Asia, but was himself indebted to the same boy for rescuing him from a watery grave on the rocks within a mile of his home. The master knew the geography

of the Breton "saints" were patrons of animals, and on every saint's day these animals are not only washed but decorated, so much so that you wonder if they ever have time to get dirty.

The mention of these Breton saints tells of another strange feature, and that is what a mixture of Paganism and Christianity the religion is. A glance at any map of Brittany would show the host of saints that there are and who are unknown anywhere else. Every one of these is supposed to protect a certain animal or a fountain of water, or a wood: just as in Athens it was said that gods were so numerous that it was easier to find a god than to find a man. One good result of this must be mentioned, that the streams and fountains are kept remarkably clean, and Breton boys are afraid of beating their animals for fear lest the saint who protects them might punish them with some disease to show his displeasure. Some people at the sea-side in England might wish that the poor donkeys on the sands had so powerful a protector.

What the Breton saves in his clothes he spends on his food. What strikes an Englishman accustomed to the perennial beef and beer of a farmhouse, or to the monotonous chop and steak of a restaurant, is the variety which the foreigners contrive to get out of their food. The night I spent at St. Brieuc I supped with a number of men who seemed all in humble circumstances, and here is the bill of fare: Soup, cold ham, poached eggs, omelettes and cheese. Besides this every guest was provided with as much as he chose to drink. Perhaps to me, accustomed to the high prices of

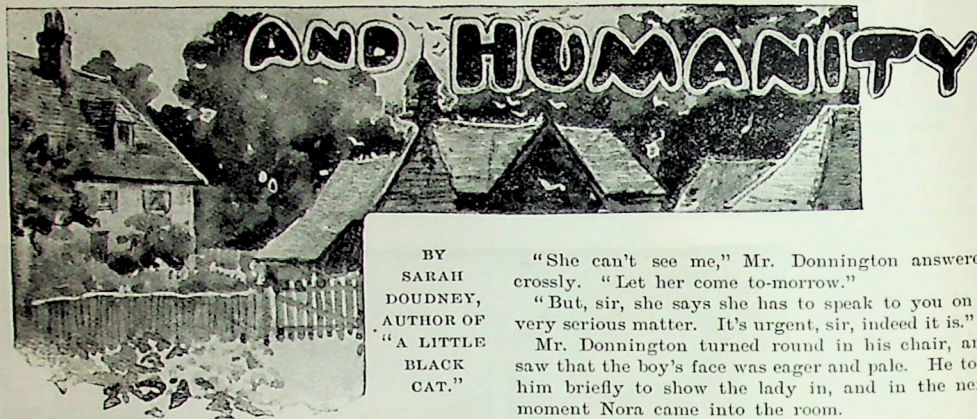
England, the strangest point about this five-course supper was that all I was called to pay for it was 9½d.

I have mentioned a few strange points about St. Brieuc, but I conclude with another which may strike some readers as not necessarily so. These Breton women who carry their pigs about have manners which would not disgrace a duchess, and are quite equalled by their menfolk, with lank hair and blue hose, who salute them with the grace our ancient Plantagenets could not have excelled. One feels that one would have no hesitation in claiming such courteous folk as countrymen.



A BRETON HOUSEWIFE.

FOR GOD



BY
SARAH
DOUDNEY,
AUTHOR OF
"A LITTLE
BLACK
CAT."

CHAPTER V. NOT FORGOTTEN.



R. DONNINGTON was sitting by the fire in his library, looking into the glowing coals with some very unpleasant thoughts in his head. The displeasure of certain county magnates had been rather plainly shown of late. Not that he cared in the least for any one's opinion, but the process of growing unpopular is not agreeable to the strongest mind. He had done what he liked; he had sat upon everybody who came

in his way; and here he was, less happy, perhaps, than some of the poor folks who had been forced to submit to his will.

The rector had called in the afternoon to plead for a subscription to the new library for working men, and Mr. Donnington had at once declared that he would not give a shilling. He thought the village library was the most ridiculous fad of modern days. In fact, helping other people was always a fad. They were never satisfied with anything that you did for them, and they merely grumbled if you emptied your purse for their sake. These remarks, and other statements equally disagreeable, had been heard by the rector with patience and courtesy; but he shook his white head solemnly as he went homeward along the darkening lanes.

In spite of his self-confidence, Mr. Donnington was strangely uncomfortable this evening. He did not wish he had made a different beginning, but he hardly liked the aspect of things; and he was shifting his position impatiently, and kicking the fender, when the page knocked at the door.

"Miss Carroll wishes to see you, sir," the lad said. "It's something very important——"

"She can't see me," Mr. Donnington answered crossly. "Let her come to-morrow."

"But, sir, she says she has to speak to you on a very serious matter. It's urgent, sir, indeed it is."

Mr. Donnington turned round in his chair, and saw that the boy's face was eager and pale. He told him briefly to show the lady in, and in the next moment Nora came into the room.

The healthy glow had faded from her cheeks; her grey eyes were brilliant with anxiety; but she spoke in a steady voice.

"Mr. Donnington," she began, "I have ridden from Heather Gate to warn you. The men from the village are coming to burn your house and destroy your goods. You must prepare for their arrival; they may be here at any moment."

She paused, and he stared at her in astonishment. Her breath came quickly; a stray tress of rich dark hair had escaped from its coils and hung loose upon her shoulder, and her habit was bespattered with mud. Even to his bewildered mind it was clear that she had acted on no childish impulse in coming here. All the mutterings of discontent, so little heeded, rushed in upon him like a flood, and he slowly realized his danger at last.

They stood in silence, confronting each other, the girl and the man who was, as she had thought, her greatest enemy. Looking at his troubled face, she recalled the bitter day when she had said good-bye to the home she had loved so well. He had turned her out of her home, and she had come here to save his. Why had she done this thing? "For God and humanity." The answer rang through her brain as clearly as a clarion call. Not only for her enemy's sake had she come, but for the sake of those whose angry passions had been roused by his neglect and obstinate selfishness.

A sound of the tramping of heavy feet broke suddenly upon the stillness of the room. Mr. Donnington's face whitened visibly; he raised his hand to the bell, and then dropped it heavily by his side. A sense of the helplessness of his position overwhelmed him, and almost paralysed his powers. Aid was far away; he and his wife and his possessions were at the mercy of a furious mob. The men might burn and destroy with very little hindrance: for many a mile of untrodden woodland lay between Priory Park and the nearest town.

"There is only one course to take," said Nora, moving a step towards him. "I am just a mere girl, Mr. Donnington, but you must be guided by me to-night. Most of these men know my father and me; you must let me speak to them in your name. You must let me say that you will give them back the right that you have taken away, and help them in their need. Hark! They are coming nearer."

The hubbub increased and advanced. Mr. Donnington still stood irresolute and silent.

"Remember Eden's cottage," the girl went on in a quick, eager tone. "Remember the holes in the roof.

And those three wretched little houses in the dell—how the people are suffering there in this cold weather. Let me tell them that you will give them all that they want."

The door opened at this moment, and Mrs. Donnington ran into the room. She was always a nervous woman, standing in awe of her husband, and fright had driven her almost distracted. Without looking at Nora, she went to him at once for protection, clinging to his arm, and murmuring incoherent words. Hard as he was, her helplessness appealed to him, awakening memories of earlier days, when he had been a poor man courting a pretty girl for love's sake. He had not thought anything about wealth and station then. All he had wanted was the common joy of loving and being loved—a joy in which the poor labourers, toiling hard for daily bread, could share. Even in this troubled hour he called back those early days; and the neglected wife became once more the sweetheart of his youth.

"Hush, Jenny!" he said, drawing her close to his breast; "the men are furious; they think I've been hard upon them, but—"

A roar of rage, loud and terrible enough to have come from the throats of wild beasts, shook the three listeners from head to foot. Nora approached the husband and wife, and laid her hand on the shoulder of the trembling woman.

"Let me speak to them," she pleaded passionately. "Mr. Donnington, have trust in me."

A look answered her. Without an instant's hesitation she stepped out into the hall, and made her way through a group of frightened servants, huddled together like sheep. Then she threw open the heavy door, and stood in the entry, with the light of half a dozen torches flaring in her face.

"Why, 'tis little Nora Carroll," she heard some one say.

"Yes, it is Nora Carroll," she said firmly, in a clear, far-reaching voice. "You all know me, and you are quite sure that we Carrolls are your true friends."

"Ay that ye be," responded some one in the crowd.

"But you bain't in the house of a friend now, missy," cried another speaker. "Donnington's been a bitter foe to you and yours. We be come here to-night to pay him out for everything, and we mean to do it."

"I don't think you will do it," said Nora calmly. "No, I am certain you will not do it, because

he is no longer any one's foe. He means to throw open the way through the park again, and he is going to build new cottages. Next winter you will all be kept warm and dry, and something will be done at once to make you comfortable."

"How do you know as much as you do, Miss Nora?" asked Mark Eden.

"Because I came here before you," she answered. "And I have been talking with Mr. Donnington. Don't you think that it will be

"Mr. Donnington," she began, "I have ridden from Heather Gate."—Page 182.

better to go back, and let things be settled peacefully? Your wife will be glad to hear that no mischief has been done."

There was a breathless pause; the simple words had gone straight home. The other men were reminded of the women who sat cowering over the fire, and wondering whether their husbands would be lodged in gaol for that night's work. They had all left anxious hearts behind them.

"You don't want to bring trouble on those you





"Edward, let us thank God together."—Page 184.

love best," Nora went on. "Give Mr. Donnington a chance to retrieve his character. Have patience a little longer, and see if he will set matters right. For my own part, I am sure that he will."

"We want to be sure, too," Mark said grimly. "You don't s'pose, Miss Nora, that we shall be satisfied with girl's talk. Let the man come out and show his face, and speak for himself. I've not got a high opinion of a fellow as will hide behind a petticoat. Let him come out, I say."

There was a loud murmur of approval from the rest. The situation was critical, and Nora knew it; if they were disappointed now, they would be wrought up to do their worst.

"Wait a minute, Mark," she said gravely; "only a minute, and Mr. Donnington will come."

The men held back, looking curiously at the pale face of the girl they knew so well. She had shown a courage and strength which appealed to every heart, and it was for her sake alone that they consented to wait. With a swift step she turned back into the hall, and met Mr. Donnington and his wife at the door of the library.

"Come out at once, and promise to begin anew," she said firmly. "Mr. Donnington, I have done my utmost for you to-night, but you must not leave everything to a woman. They demand your presence. Come and speak kindly, and all this trouble will be at an end."

"Do go, Edward," his wife entreated. She was calmer now, and the trial had drawn them closer to each other; they would never be far apart again. "Do go," she added with sudden spirit, "and let me stand by your side. I want to be kind to them, Edward; I want to do a little good if I can."

She was still clinging to his arm when he went out into the portico and faced the men; and it was the sight of the wife, trembling, yet brave, which softened their hearts to the husband. To him, too, a new strength was given, and a new desire to atone for all the selfish folly of the past. He spoke as he had never spoken before—spoke with an earnestness which removed all doubt from the minds of those who listened, dealing with them as a true man deals with true men.

The crowd departed, well satisfied, and Mr. Donnington heard the tramp of their feet dying away. His wife had not left him for an instant, and now she laid her head upon his breast, and spoke in a low, earnest voice.

"Edward, let us thank God together," she said. "We have not remembered Him of late, have we? But He has never forgotten us, and I think He has been nearer to our souls to-night than He ever was before."

It was a surprise to see her husband breaking down; but if he had not broken down he could not have been built up. Tears rolled over his cheeks; the heart of the proud man had become meek and gentle as the heart of a little child.

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE'S SUNRISE.

"Can you ever forgive me, Mr. Taunton? I acted on impulse, and borrowed Merlin; and the best of it all is that he is not hurt in the least."

It was the day after the exciting scene at Priory Park, and Morris Taunton had come home.

He had returned at four o'clock, and had heard a full account of everything from Mr. Carroll. Nora was not in her usual seat at the old-fashioned tea-table. Anne had carried a cup of tea upstairs, saying that her sister was lying down to get a little rest. He did not see her until the day was nearly done.

A fire was burning brightly in his sitting-room, and he sat at his open desk, writing letters in the warm lamp-light. Some kind hand had filled a glass bowl with snowdrops and soft green moss, and set it on his table. More than once he paused, pen in hand, to look at the pure white flowers. But he was still busy, with his head bent over the paper, when some one knocked gently at the door.

"Come in," he said, without looking up.

And then a well-known voice, speaking at his elbow, uttered the words we have given.

He was on his feet in a moment, looking her full in the face with very grave and steadfast eyes. Her colour had faded; she was quiet and meek, and her lips quivered like a child's. There was no self-confidence in her just then; she was really frightened at what she had done.

"The worst of it all is that you are quite incapable of taking care of yourself," he replied.

Her glance fell before his.

"I am sorry," she murmured; "but I hoped you would forgive me."

"Well, I have not forgiven you yet. Suppose you come over to the fire, and sit in that easy chair. I want to talk to you."

She obeyed him in silence; and as the firelight shone upon her sweet, disturbed face he could not repress a smile. She was not in the least like a strong-minded young woman who had urged a horse to a desperate leap, and harangued a crowd of furious men. At this moment there was something quite piteous in her look of child-like penitence.

"Now, Nora," he began, "I am not going to be too severe, and you need not look as if you were afraid of me. Of course, you know that you have done a dreadful thing. In my absence, unknown to any one, you went into the stable and stole my horse. It is a surprise to us all that you did not break your neck; we might—some of us—have been rather sorry if you had. If you had been found lifeless by the park fence, it would have been hard, perhaps, to find comfort in the thought that you were a real heroine."

She lifted a pair of grey eyes, shining through tears, and held up her hand in entreaty.

"Oh, Mr. Taunton, there was not time to think!

I had to act on the spur of the moment; so much depended on speed. And—and I hoped you would forgive me."

"I haven't said that I will never forgive you. Why, Nora, are you going to cry? An Amazon ought not to cry, you know."

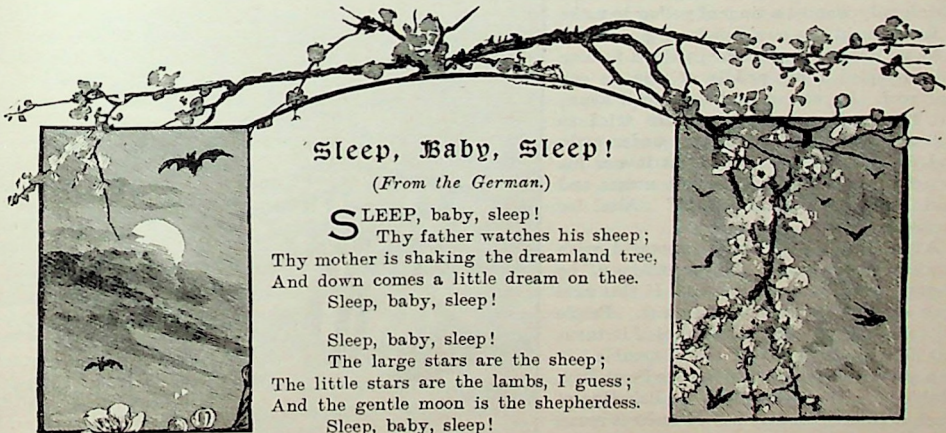
"I wish you wouldn't call me horrid names; I hate the word Amazon. Let me go now, Mr. Taunton; I am sure there is nothing more to say."

"There is a great deal more to say." He held her hands firmly, and kept her in the chair. "Nora, I will promise not to call you an Amazon again; you are not like one in the least. At this moment you would look very well in a pinafore, for you are a most absurd child. Well, I will forgive you, but only on one condition."

"Yes," she said, with a sigh of resignation.

"The condition is—that you take Merlin and his master for your very own. You will reject us, perhaps; you may feel that you have had enough of us both. Nora, darling, this is not a joke. Do you really care for me? Will you let me take care of you as long as I live?"

What did either of them remember afterwards of the way in which her answer came? Nora's past life seemed to her only as a pale dream; the present was so rich and warm with wonderful light. Outside, the rain and the wind splashed and moaned over unseen fields and hills, and the wide heath was lost in darkness. A belated labourer, trudging home, looked longingly at the glowing windows of the farmhouse, and the dog barked as he passed the gate. But night and toil and wild weather were all unheeded by that happy pair to whose hearts there had come the great glory of love's sunrise.



Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,

Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

A. N.



Beyond the City.

THROUGH SAMARIA.

VII.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROOKER, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF "A MODERN PILGRIM IN
JERUSALEM."

WE had settled on the previous evening our programme for Sunday as follows: Service at 10 a.m.: Walk up Ebal to see the view—for it is one of the finest views in Palestine: Back for service at 6: Dinner at 7. Our camp was to enjoy a day of rest. Alas! for our plans. We had our worship, but not the view and not the rest. When morning came the Friend put his head out of the tent, and shouted for Domian to bring some water. I have explained that during the night the Friend had drunk up all the water we had, owing to uncontrollable thirst. When he put his head out of the tent there was water everywhere. The rain was coming down in a steady pour. I observed that as he was still parched, it was a day for which he should be thankful instead of complaining. The Boy when he looked out thought we had been carried back to England, because he had no idea we should have fogs in Palestine. A fog? Well, a thick mist, which only wanted a tinge of yellow to make it first cousin to a good London fog.

As we dressed, one of our party—I forbear names—spied a big puddle of rain on our tent roof. He was warned to leave it alone, but he would not hearken. He tried to throw it off by a thump from underneath, and he got wet. I pointed out it was his own fault, but he called the tent names, and said it was a "rotten tent!" Alas! for human nature.

After breakfast Domian appeared with anxiety on his brow. "Now, gentlemen," he began, "I will talk with you. If this rain goes on all day we shall be quiet. People will not come and visit us. But if it turns out fine, we may have a lot of trouble. It is a pity we have got here on the Feast Day. Nablous is the worst place in Palestine at such a time. We may have hundreds round us if the sun comes out, for they all visit the cemetery on the Feast Day, and they will be very noisy."

From what we had seen the day before we had no doubt of the noise. Domian went on

to say that though the people would not touch us English folks, yet there might be "rows" with our porters, possibly free fights. He strongly urged us to move on. We did not like to leave Ebal, and we did not like travelling on the Lord's Day, but we did not want "a row." So we agreed to move if the weather cleared.

At 10 we gathered in the dining tent and had our service together. What a link those morning prayers were with the distant folk in England. Each familiar phrase seemed an audible voice. Distance vanished as we realized that we were one of the great circle kneeling at the Feet of the same Lord, Who is in every place. I think you can never know the wealth



THE APPROACH TO SAMARIA, SHOWING VINE TERRACES.

of meaning in the *Te Deum*, for instance, or in the Creed, till you say these portions 3,000 miles away from home.

Our service over, we came out to investigate the weather, and a wondrous change had taken place. The mist was lifted and was disappearing over Ebal. Also the sun was shining, and through the breaks of cloud the blue sky appeared. Why not take our walk up Ebal and stay another day?

But Domian still urged a move, and as Domian generally knew what he was about, we gave in, and I think we were wise. Shortly after 11 the camp was struck, the horses saddled up, and amid a little crowd of sightseers, which would rapidly have increased to a very large crowd, we rode off towards Samaria.

There is a wonderful difference in the aspect of the valley as you pass out of Nablous. As you enter the valley it is rather barren; here, as you leave, it is most fertile. There you have the grey look of the country, here it is refreshing green; there you see little or no water, save at Jacob's Well, here there are streams on every side. Six different streams run about this beautiful valley. Figs, pomegranates, apricots, quinces, and olives abound. Almond trees were in full blossom, and to make the picture more effective we came on an old water-mill. It was almost a corner of old England.

One contrast to England however struck us, and that was the vine terrace. As we turned a corner we came on a hillside covered with these terraces. In the old days they must have formed a striking feature in the land, even round Jerusalem, though they are quite out of cultivation there now, nothing except old lines of former terraces remaining.

I asked a man near Jerusalem why he did not work up the vine, for I observed on his land some old terraces. His answer was significant. "If I began to work and put those terraces in order," said he, "the Pasha would think I had some money left me. 'Ibrahim has a hidden store,' the Pasha would say. It would be no good to tell him I wanted to work more. He would not believe me. Then he would double my taxes, and I should be ruined. I am taxed much, ah! very much, even now, but if I had more taxes to pay I should starve." So the vine terraces were left alone.



A CROWD OF SIGHTSEERS.

We rode on down the pleasant valley, with the murmur of the streams all around us, and Domian seemed remarkably happy. He confessed he was relieved in mind at our leaving Nablous. The valley ended, and a hill had to be climbed. Slowly the horses plodded on, and then as we reached the crest we had a surprise. Before us lay Samaria!

Picture a basin, or, better still, hollow the palm of your left hand with the thumb stretched out. In the centre of your palm place a walnut—that shall be Samaria. The sides of your hand are the mountains round—the outstretched thumb the long neck of land to the west—and the space between outstretched thumb and first finger shall be the open pass towards the sea, eight miles away.

The position of Samaria among these hills, and water round about, is beautiful. Omri, King of Israel, who bought it of Shemer, was a wise man. Out of compliment to Shemer, the city was called Samaria, but Omri got a good bargain. As a capital it was much superior to Nablous, which is Shechem.

We came down from our height and rode across the valley, ascending the steep into this famous town. It is built on a hill, and the town must have once run all over it. Now there are but a few hovels, cactus hedges, olive trees, and bushes, with stone ruins everywhere, and the remains of a crusading church. The valley in which the town lies is "covered with corn fields through which the winding streams flash and glisten into the hazy distance, and the gentle hill rises without a scarp to the olives winding over its summit." The natives regard you with amused curiosity, and pester you with appeals for "baksheesh." But the Samaritans are not what they were.

For think, in olden days, this poor deserted place was a royal capital. Along the well-kept roads in and out of Samaria drove kings and nobles in their chariots. Here was the splendour of a court, here the influential centre of the priests of Baal. When Elisha lay a dying down in the lower part of the town (that would be where we entered), he came

down from a palace which rivalled Solomon's at Jerusalem. Look here, as we ride along the narrow track, at the rows of pillars, many of them still standing in their places. This is the splendid colonnade of the Herods. Come and dismount at this gateway, the western gate, and picture the lepers squatting outside, while below them in the valley lay the host of the Syrians. Don't you see how impossible it was to storm such a position? You can follow out the story in imagination, and picture the lepers peering in among the tents, and finding the Syrian host gone, coming back with the news, and then the rush of people from the city to spoil the camp.

Come along! look, here was Ahab's ivory palace, and somewhere on this flat top was the House of Baal, so dear to Jezebel, where the fierce queen slaughtered the priests of Jehovah, and where as fierce a revenge on the priests of Jezebel was taken by the fiery Jehu.

At length the valley saw the hosts of Assyria. Cavalry guarded the roads and infantry battalions swarmed the hill, and Samaria was taken. But its history was not over. Herod the Great restored it, and restored it with magnificence. It is the Sebaste

of that time, no longer Samaria, but renamed in honour of Augustus. Yet if magnificent it was terrible. For Herod steeped Sebaste in blood. Here in sight of the distant sea, which sparkles like a sapphire against the green foreground, here Mariamne married that Edomite butcher. Here he cried for her when he had murdered her. Here he murdered her two sons. Here he executed in mad frenzy any one who happened to be their friends or servants. No wonder that the Crusaders built a church to perpetuate the tradition that John Baptist was beheaded in this shambles, for it would seem as if no special murder could be dissociated from this terrible place. The Crusaders were wrong so far as fact, but right in sentiment.

There is one scene which brightens up Samaria, and no pilgrim must overlook it. Some thirty-six years or so after the death of Herod, a humble Evangelist came to Samaria from Jerusalem and held a mission. He told of a life which had conquered death. "He preached Jesus unto them." That was the greatest experience in all the history of Samaria, and we are glad to know that the mission was successful. On no other occasion do we read "there was great joy in that city."

A Children's Church on the Sands.

BY THE REV. F. B. MACNUTT, M.A., PREACHER AND ASSISTANT OF ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY.



VISITORS at our English seaside places during the summer months have often been attracted by a crowd of children sitting on the sands singing hymns and attentively listening to addresses delivered by speakers in the altogether unclerical attire of "blazers" and flannels. On going closer they find quite a miniature church dug out in the sand—pulpit, pews, and aisles all complete, with the blue summer morning for its roof and dome. This is the Children's Special Service Mission at its delightful task of trying to show young hearts that religion is not a wet blanket thrown over all healthy enjoyment, but that it is the one best way in all the world for getting and giving happiness.

And an admirable way of doing the work it is.

Years ago a gentleman one sunny day amused a little knot of children who had gathered round him by making a text in the sand, marking out the letters with shells and seaweed. Most large movements have small beginnings, and this trivial incident proved to be the origin of the w. dely-organized Mission which year by year sends so many home from their holiday at the seaside much the better in soul as well as in body. The plan pursued is very simple. Some reliable speaker, often a clergyman, is given the sole control of the services by the committee in London. He goes to some popular watering-place, and endeavours to enlist the sympathies of the local Churches, generally with the best results. The "Missioner" probably has with him several undergraduates from Oxford and Cambridge who back him up in every possible way, the whole party living together at their own expense. The young speakers, it is true, are not always wise in their utterances, and zeal sometimes outruns discretion. But this can easily be forgiven, for nearly always earnestness for their Master's cause is plainly evident in all that is said. These rows of fresh, happy faces gathered every morning for several weeks are an inspiring sight, and the esplanade often holds an interested crowd of passersby who have stopped to hear the sweet voices filling the air with the tune of some familiar hymn.

The sand church in which they sit is a most elaborate structure. As it is totally destroyed by the incoming tide it has to be rebuilt every morning. Building parties are told off to do it, each with its separate task. Some are responsible for the pulpit, some for the pews, some for the aisles, and so



BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES.

on. The pulpit has a text inscribed upon it in seaweed and shells, and is crowned by the Mission Banner. In places where the sands are poor the children have to be content with the more prosaic and much more uncomfortable shingly beach. Missionary magazines have made us all familiar with the appearance



AN EXCURSION TO THE COUNTRY.



ARCHITECTS IN SAND.

[MR. JAMES COSTER.

Photographs by]

hymns. If the local bathing man chooses he can make himself uncommonly unpleasant by drawing up his machines in dangerous proximity to the children sitting on the shore. Much depends also on the weather and the attitude of the town authorities. The latter have in some places done their best to hinder the services which, it may safely be said, have never caused any real inconvenience to anybody. One good councillor asked a Town Council which was discussing the question, whether "the

gloomy Jeremiahs who preached on the sands" should be allowed to spoil the pleasure of many children by holding their religious services! As if these cheerful young Englishmen forced an unwilling audience to hear them preach, and kept them listening under threats of terrible maledictions if they moved away!

Scripture-searching Competitions and Bible-object Services are held from time to time, and sometimes produce the most curious specimens of childish ingenuity in illustrating Scripture. The children are each asked to bring some object mentioned in the Bible with a text to describe it. A little girl brought to one of these services a herring with a small doll in its mouth, and tied round the

herring's neck a card with a text from the Book of Jonah! Another child (was this original?) brought one of the familiar advertisements of a great soap-making firm which represented a negro boy washed half white by its super-excellent soap, and appended to it the words, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" A wee Scotch boy convulsed the meeting one morning by

the answers which he gave to the questions asked him by the speaker, who wished to give the children an object lesson from himself. "Well, little chap, what am I?" he asked. "A mon," said his very wide-awake listener. "Quite right, and what sort of man?" came the next question. "A little mon," was the ready answer. "Is that all?" said the speaker. "An ugly little mon," was the laconic reply.

But perhaps from a spectator's point of view the most interesting of all the meetings are the Lantern Services. Once or twice during the weeks of the "Mission" the children each bring a Chinese lantern to an evening meeting. After lighting up they pass in procession along the sea front, and then form a circle on the beach, where appropriate hymns are sung and addresses given to the large crowds which are always attracted. The afternoons are devoted to recreation, and the boys are invited to play cricket and other games with their friends. Once a week there is a sports gathering, enlivened by sack races, tugs-of-war, obstacle races, and competitions of all sorts. Tea-parties given to the "it-s," as the tiny children are called (is not the baby of a family

always called "it"?) have caused some funny incidents. At one of them the "Missioner" presiding at the head of the table asked a blue-eyed "it" what "it" would have to drink—milk, milk and water, or tea? For some time he could not understand the whispered reply, fancying that it referred to water melons. Eventually he discovered that the little



Photographed by]

SAIL HO!

[MR. JAMES COSTER.

maiden's usual beverage was "Mellins Food."

It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of work like this, which carries religion in a most attractive form into hundreds of English homes. Many a young life has been made stronger and better by what it has learned in "the Church on the sands." Many a man and woman thanks God in after life for this influence in childhood which drew the young heart to the service and love of Christ.

Bible Questions (New Series).

BY M.A. CANTAB.

QUESTIONS.

GIVE the speakers of the following quotations, with references. It is understood that no concordance is used.

1. Be Thou their arm every morning.
2. A man can receive nothing except it be given him from Heaven.
3. "How can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?"
4. "I am the least in my father's house."
5. "Thou makest men as the fishes of the sea."

6. "I thank Thee and praise Thee, O Thou God of my fathers, who hast given me wisdom and might."
7. "I am as a wonder unto many."

ANSWERS (See JUNE No., p. 142).

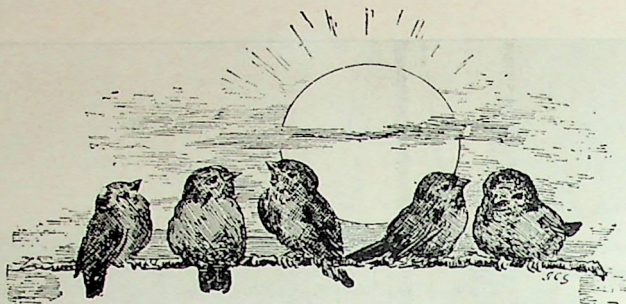
1. Gen. i. 29.
2. Exod. x. 15; Hag. i. 10, 11.
3. Lev. xxvii. 30.
4. Gen. iv. 3.
5. Gen. xlii. 11; 1 Sam. xxv. 18; 1 Chron. xii. 40; Num. xlii. 23; 2 Kings xx. 7; 2 Sam. xvi. 1; 2 Sam. xvii. 23; 1 Sam. xxx. 12.
6. Matt. xxi. 31.



Specially drawn for this Magazine

"IT'S COLD!"

[By W. E. EVANS.]



Washing Days and Washing Ways.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME LAUNDRY," ETC., ETC.

VIII. SILK LAUNDRY.

NOWADAYS silk is such an ordinary part of our daily wear, that any series dealing with laundry work would be incomplete unless special attention was paid to the subject of how to wash and make it up. Many of us swathe our infants in nothing but silk. We have learned that it is a good non-conductor of heat, and we put our infants into tiny shirts and bandages of silk instead of into linen webbing or woollen binders. Then, we have further proved that silk is more economical a wear than any other, though its initial cost may seem heavy. We also like the feel of silken fabrics and the soft folds into which it falls.

Yet even the most ardent supporters for a silk outfit must feel that its treatment at an ordinary washhouse is most deplorable. The lovely, slightly stiffened articles we have sent out, return in a wispy, raggy condition. Or, if the silk retains its sheen and crispness, we have to pay double for its making up to what we are charged for similar garments made in linen or cotton. This points to the fact that there is a special art and secret in washing silk. That secret I will impart to you in this paper. It is a valuable one!

If you remember, I said that one of the necessities in a home laundry was a packet of best gum-arabic. It is needed because we have to deal with silk so often. Take one ounce of this, and melt it in half a pint of boiling water. When clear strain through muslin, and put into a bottle with a good stopper. It will keep any length of time if the cork really fits, and, as we use but little, that is a good thing.

In order to prevent the yellowness which so often pervades white silk, we must first soak it for some hours in cold water with which we have previously mixed a little dissolved borax. One tablespoonful of the borax mixture to one gallon of water is the right quantities.

When about to manipulate be sure the washing water is only lukewarm. If hot the colour will also be affected. In this water some soap jelly is mixed (to make same refer to article on washing woollens). Never rub silk. Wash by squeezing and sousing, moving gently in the lukewarm bath. Otherwise, as silk is a very delicate fabric, it will fray at every seam and join. When quite clean rinse out in warm water. This water must be pure if the garments are cream colour. If they be white handkerchiefs a squeeze of blue must be added to it. Whether blue or plain, to every pint of the rinsing water must be poured a teaspoonful of the prepared gum. I hope I have made the directions plain. Perhaps I had better repeat more categorically. To the cold soaking water a tablespoonful of dissolved borax must be added. To the warm washing liquid, a handful of melted soap must be put. To the rinsing medium a squeeze of blue may be added. But to the latter a teaspoonful of prepared gum must be added. If these rules are remembered, your silken attire will look like new when finished.

But we have by no means arrived at that consummation when

our frocks or shirts or neckerchiefs are rinsed. We have now to wring them out carefully, and there is an art in wringing as well as in almost everything else that is worth doing. Most amateurs use their hands in this operation most feebly. The right way is to put your elbows against your waist, with both palms uppermost. Hold the wet article in the right while you wring with your left, turning it round and round the left wrist with an easily acquired twist as the water is expelled. It is futile to try and wring out moisture with the palms under the garment and the back of the hand visible.

It is unnecessary to dry silk. It has to be ironed wet. This is why a silk wash may be attempted when time would be too short to wash anything else. A blouse or frock can be washed and ironed and made ready for wear in half an hour!

When rinsed out of the gum water, the silk must be folded into a soft cloth and well patted, then laid very smoothly on the ironing board or table. Under it must be spread a thick blanket covered with a good clean cloth. This cloth should be tacked into place, as the smallest wrinkle may result in disaster to the silk you are manipulating. Never iron on the wrong side. But be equally careful never to put the iron straight on to the damp silk. A thin piece of muslin or a very old handkerchief must be spread between the silk and the hot iron. When sufficiently dry a last rub may be given on the surface to ensure that brilliancy which is the one quality we desire to retain in our laundered silk.

Very bright, very glossy will the material look when you have done with it, if my instructions are followed. The gum-arabic will also have given them that suspicion of stiffness which most washed silk lacks. Any smocking must be well pulled into shape after ironing. I have seen it said that no smocking should have a heater passed over it. But my experience is, that unless it be ironed the smocking always looks rough, even with much pulling. Flatten it with an iron, and, as a finishing touch, pull into diamonds and honeycomb.

I wonder if all my readers are aware of the fact that all ribbons may be washed. We know how many are worn on children's hair nowadays. Well, it is quite possible to keep Rosie and Victoria and Mollie in the daintiest of hair ties if we wash the ribbons just as we do silk. In the morning after baby's bath in his soft warm water, soap the ties and rinse them out. There is no need for gum starching here, as the cotton back of most ribbons gives a sufficiently stiff foundation to them. Pat into a towel and leave for awhile. Then, whilst still wet, iron on the wrong side, and your little girls' ribbons will look like new. Of course the washing ribbon proper can be bought; it is silk all through and quite soft. But its cost is about treble that of ordinary ribbon. So, as I am writing for the economically minded, and for those to whom economy is a necessity, I advise washing ordinary hair ties or neck decorations after the fashion I myself follow. It answers all practical purposes.

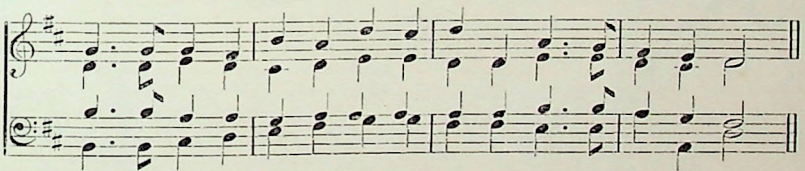
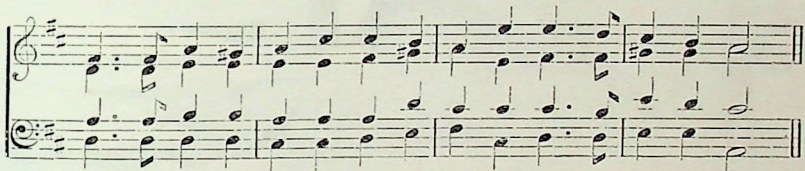
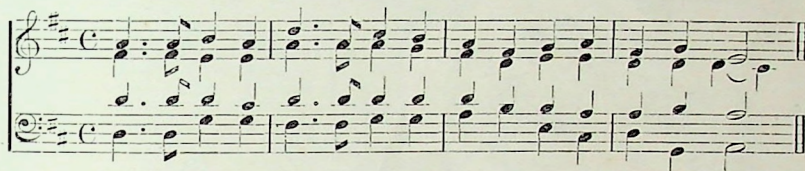


HARVEST THANKSGIVING

Words by AMY S. WOODS.

Music by JOHN E. CAMPBELL.

[The verses by Miss Woods, which appeared last September, have been specially set to music for use at Harvest Thanksgivings.]



ALLELUIA! Alleluia!
Golden Harvest-tide is here!
Tokens of our Father's mercy
Now on every hand appear;
And His goodness never failing
Crowns again the fruitful year.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
To our Maker and our King
We made lowly supplication
In the days of early Spring;
That His love would bless our labours
And a plenteous Harvest bring.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Swift and sure the answer came,
Golden sheaves on hill and valley
Once again His love proclaim;
Sing with thousand and thousand voices
Great and Holy is His Name.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Father, hear us when we plead,
That the Love which sends the Harvest
Still will meet Thy people's need,
That within our hearts expectant
Thou wilt sow the Heavenly Seed.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
May each heart Thy grace repay,
By Thy blessed Holy Spirit
Kept and cultured every day,
That the fruits of holy living
We before Thy Throne may lay.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Jesu, Lord, when Thou shalt come,
Sending forth the Angel-Reapers
At the final Harvest-home,
Gather us within Thy garner
Never more from Thee to roam.



[Photograph by]

"WHERE DID I PUT MY SPECS?"

[Mrs. MOLLOY.]



HOME WORDS

For His Name's Sake.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER, AUTHOR OF "IN FARTHEST IND," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

MUTTERINGS OF THE STORM.

ACCORDING to his promise, Andries arrived at Welcome one evening in the spring, riding up to the station with two Hottentot servants behind him, and a wretched Bushman boy running at his side, fastened to the saddle by a thong round his wrist. Asked how he had managed to make the journey without a waggon, he explained that he had come through the Republic, not direct from the south, and had left most of his possessions in Piet Coetzer's care. He was evidently determined to make himself agreeable, though his hosts could not profess any overpowering joy at his appearance. Mr. Hildyard received him kindly because he was Arend Duploot's son, and Mrs. Hildyard because it was not in her nature to receive any one otherwise, but Stephanus was silent and constrained in his presence, and Rose, alarmed by a look which she caught when Andries turned his dull eyes upon her, spoke to him as little as possible. Andries was not to be daunted, however. He produced a long narrow parcel which Karen had sent as a present to Rose, charging her not to open it until she was alone, sundry jars of very special preserves from Tant' Aleida for Mrs. Hildyard, and lastly a bottle of peach brandy, which he opened unasked at the supper-table, saying that coffee was a poor drink when a man had been riding all day. Mr. Hildyard and Stephanus declined to join him, but he drank freely of the brandy himself, and became by degrees talkative and almost jovial. He mentioned some interesting facts about the Boers of the Republic—which those astute gentlemen would probably have preferred to keep secret—such as the religious differences which were already springing up, and the urgent necessity for an increase of territory, so that the

Doppers and the less strict sect opposed to them might form separate states of their own. Andries himself had leanings towards the Dopper party, and intended, as soon as Stephanus had gone home again, to unite his fortunes with theirs, and take up a farm in this new country. He expected to have some trouble with the natives at first, however; they were so horribly impudent in these parts.

"Why, there were those Bushmen yesterday!" he cried, warming with the brandy he had taken. "One of them comes capering up to me on the veldt, asking for tobacco, frightened my horse with his antics. I taught him what a sjambok was, I can tell you!"

"Then you acted not only wrongly, but foolishly," said Mr. Hildyard, with decision. "Thanks to Dirk Muller's unfailing kindness and integrity, the Bushmen in these parts have hitherto been most friendly to the whites. Now they will become shy and suspicious."

"I should think so!" cried Andries, with a roar of laughter. "Why, they threatened me with their poisoned arrows, and I let them have a charge or two of buckshot, and rode straight for their huts. They didn't wait for me there, as you'll guess; but the Totties and I made a bonfire of the kraal and everything we found in it. Coming away, we caught the boy that's with me crouching in the bush, so I brought him along. Bushmen know a thing or two about water and game, and he'll be useful when I've tamed him."

"Do I understand, nephew, that you have brought this unhappy boy here as a *slave*?" demanded Mr. Hildyard.

"That's just it, uncle. We are not in your dear, good colony now, you know, but in the free Republic, where Christian folk have the upper hand, as they were meant to have."

"God help the heathen when such Christians as you have the upper hand!" said Mr. Hildyard



"A wretched Bushman boy running at his side, fastened to the saddle by a thong round his wrist."—Page 195.

bitterly. "But this piece of country is not in the Republic, nephew."

"Oh, isn't it?" laughed Andries. "The Cape governor has left all the territory beyond the border to us, uncle, and we take a bit as we need it. The niggers can keep it warm for us until we want to come in. But don't you go and put silly

notions into their heads. The dear Lord means the land for us, you know, and you mustn't teach the niggers that it's theirs. They will all be driven out before us, except those we want for servants. Of course I don't say that you mayn't do them some good. Teach them enough religion to make them work hard, and not steal from their

masters; not enough to set them thinking that they're proper Christians. That sort of religion would save some trouble."

"Teach them their duties, but not their rights?" said Mr. Hildyard, smiling coldly.

"Rights? They haven't got any. They're nothing but cattle."

"And yet only to-day I have been talking to one of them who, after a long struggle, has made up his mind to renounce everything that makes him rich and respected among his people, that he may confess himself a follower of Christ."

"Ah, I suppose that's the chief we've been hearing about," said Andries. "Don't you go and cocker him up too much, uncle. He's a dangerous fellow, and Piet Coetzer will have to take him in hand before long. We know all about the hundred muskets he has been buying from that brown rascal Martinus Blauwberger."

"A hundred muskets! Shokomi only bought one, nephew—a rusty old thing that takes ten minutes to load."

Andries shook his head wisely.

"Oh, we know more than you think, uncle. We know all about the muskets, and about the can-

non you have lent him, too. Oom Piet has his eye on you as well, and your waggons will be searched the next time they come up from the Colony. We can't have you arming the niggers against us."

"A cannon! How in the world should I get hold of a cannon? Pray relieve Piet Coetzer's mind by telling him that the only thing I have ever lent Shokomi is a cooking-pot."

"I would not have him think that a preacher would tell such a lie," said Andries, with a portentous wink.

Then he suddenly altered his tone, and began to talk of Mooiplaats and the changes there. Sannie was clearing away the supper-things, and Rose, under colour of helping her, took the opportunity of removing the brandy-bottle and putting it safely into a cupboard. Anxious to escape from

Andries and his talk, she spent some time in the kitchen washing the best cups, which Sannie could never be trusted to touch, and getting things ready as far as possible for the morrow's breakfast. Presently her mother came in with a perturbed face, and beckoned her out of Sannie's hearing.

"Rose, Andries has asked to 'op-sit' with you. Had you any idea of this?"

"I never dreamt of it before to-night, mamma, but at supper it suddenly struck me that he meant that. And look what Karen has sent me. I have only just looked at it, for the message was that I wasn't to open the parcel when anybody was there." She unrolled from several pieces of paper a large fluted wax candle, elaborately painted with

flowers and other devices. On the innermost piece of paper Karen had written, "Come back to us, Rosie darling. I do want you so much." Mrs. Hildyard read the words in silence, then looked despairingly at Rose.

"What can we do, dear? Of course, I know you won't have anything to say to him; but if we refused to let

him op-sit with you, it would be a terrible insult according to Boer ideas. And his parents have always been such dear friends, and we don't *know* anything against Andries himself—"

"No; we only know he is disagreeable, and strongly suspect he is a good deal worse," said Rose. "Don't be afraid, mamma. Andries shall be refused in due form according to the customs of his country. Have you a very short candle-end anywhere? Karen's candle is really too grand to spoil, or I would cut off a little bit of it."

"But he is drunk to-night," objected Mrs. Hildyard, in a horrified whisper, as she brought out about an inch of candle.

"He has been drinking to keep his courage up. This explains the bottle of brandy. And I am not afraid. A Boer girl has no hesitation in cutting



"He would not speak, and she had to talk for both."—Page 193.

the op-sitting short if she doesn't care for the man, so why should I? It is really rather a neat way of doing things. Andries is bound to understand without my saying a word; and if he is inclined to be unpleasant, papa will be within call. I promise you not to keep the poor fellow long in suspense."

"I wish I could refuse him for you, dear. It seems so dreadful——"

"He would never be satisfied, mamma, as you say. I know what he is when his mind is set upon a thing, and I want to make him understand once for all that it's out of the question."

In spite of Rose's brave words her heart beat faster than usual after prayers, when, first, Stephanus said Good-night, and disappeared with a gloomy face; then Mrs. Hildyard went to speak to Sannie, and Mr. Hildyard retired to the little room built out for him on the verandah as a study. An empty candlestick stood on the table, and Rose, with great deliberation, produced her candle-end and placed it in it, conscious that Andries was watching her with sullen eyes. He would not speak, and she had to talk for both, sitting opposite him at the table and asking questions about Karen and the rest of the Mooiplaats friends. Short as the candle-end was, it seemed to her that there never was one that took so long to burn; but at last it smouldered down into the candlestick, and Rose, rising abruptly, said all in a breath, "Good-night, Andries."

Custom required that Andries should accept this very plain intimation without protest, and retire with the best grace he could muster; but before Rose could leave the room, he had placed himself between her and the door.



"I think it is well to tell you, nephew, that I have set free that unhappy Bushman boy."—Page 199.

"What's this foolishness about, Rosje? I guessed you would try to tease me a little, but now let us come to business. Where's the candle Karen sent you?"

"Put away safe. It's not wanted to-night."

"You are keeping it for another time, eh? But I want things settled now. I got Karen to send the candle because I thought you might not know our ways."

"Thank you, I know them quite well. It would have been better if Karen had waited until I asked for the candle."

"Now, look here, Rosje. I don't mind a little joke, like putting that candle-end in the candlestick first; but this is going too far. I'm not a man to be played fast and loose with."

"Must I really say in so many words"—Rose was becoming angry in her turn—"that I used this candle-end because I couldn't find a shorter one anywhere?"

"But that would have given me no time at all," objected Andries in his slow way, "and I have a great deal to say to you."

"But I don't want to hear it. You have had your answer, Andries, and it is time to take the fire out."

"My answer? But I haven't asked you anything. You have given me no chance."

"You asked if you might op-sit with me. I knew your customs, so I said you might, as I didn't wish to be rude; but—I saw that there wasn't much candle."

"And you are keeping the one Karen sent—until some one else comes to op-sit with you, eh? You needn't imagine that Groot Willem will ever

come so far. He thinks of nothing but that wretched farm of his. Why, he has never written a single letter to you!"

"How do you know?" demanded Rose, with flaming cheeks. "You bribed his Hottentots to show you the addresses, I suppose? And if he had sent any letters, you would have stopped them, no doubt."

"Gently, gently!" said Andries, with the air of one dealing with an unreasonable child. "I don't say that. I should have considered well what was best to be done. But, you see, it was not necessary. He has never thought of you, and that makes me quite easy in my mind."

"I am glad to hear it. If you have nothing more to say, perhaps you will kindly move away from the door?"

"Not until you have promised to marry me." Andries smiled triumphantly as Rose faced him from the other side of the table. He thought her eyes shone very prettily in the firelight.

"That I will never do. And you needn't think that it is because of Will Curtis. It would be just the same if I had never seen him."

"Then that rascal Stephanus has been playing me false!" cried Andries furiously. "Pretending to be on my side, and working for himself all the time!"

"This is foolish," said Rose quickly. "Stephanus is just like my brother."

"Ah, ask him if he feels like your brother," said Andries, with a cunning grin before which Rose recoiled. "Listen, Rosje," he went on, in a calm, argumentative tone, while Rose was trying to realize the meaning of his astonishing words. "I am not a man to be thwarted. When I set my mind upon a thing I get it sooner or later. And I have made all my preparations for this. My mother will be angry that I have married you, and Karen because we are not going to settle in the Colony, but that won't trouble us. You see how well I have arranged it all."

"Except that I am not going to marry you, so that the whole thing falls through."

"You are very obstinate, Rosje," was the calm reply. "Don't you see that I shall be able to do something for Oom Jan when this land here is added to the Republic? Of course he can't go on teaching the niggers that they are their own masters; but he could have his church and schools, and I would see that he was not molested."

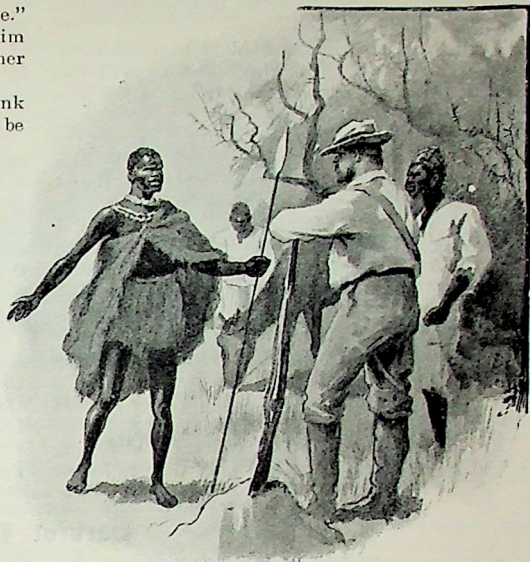
"I think papa would rather not live under your protection."

"But he must, if he is to live here at all. You can't think that we should leave him here on an independent footing, to spy on our doings and carry tales of us to Cape Town? Even now, I can tell you, there are very serious thoughts of driving him out of the neighbourhood. His being here has proved very inconvenient more than once."

"I can quite believe that," said Rose.

"So now, Rosje, you can see that it is quite to your advantage to marry me. It will be good for your father and this chief he is so fond of, for I can tell you"—he lowered his voice and spoke mysteriously—"things will not be allowed to go on as they are. We should be sorry to cause bloodshed, but if the niggers resist, we can't help it. We must have land and cattle and servants, and the country is given into our hands. Well, you see, accidents will happen, and Oom Jan might get hurt. You might even be thankful to get me to marry you to take care of you."

"Two wrongs don't make a right," said Rose sturdily. "If the Boers of the Republic are wicked



"They were soon joined by a young Bechuana."—Page 200.

enough to dispossess the Bechuanas, it wouldn't make it any better for me to promise to love you when I don't. God can take care of Shokomi better than I can."

"Don't say I haven't warned you," began Andries, glancing severely at her under his lowering brows; but just then Mr. Hildyard came in from his study, his mind busy with very different subjects.

"Why, Rose—Andries!" he exclaimed, looking from one to the other. "Oh! I remember. Well, you have finished your talk, I suppose? It is getting late. I think it is well to tell you, nephew, that I have set free that unhappy Bushman boy you brought here."

Andries sprang forward with an oath. Rose thought he was going to strike her father, and flung herself between them, but he drew back.

"This is a fine house, where my brother steals my sweetheart, and my host my servant!" he growled.

"What's that?" said Mr. Hildyard. "Stephanus? Nonsense! Surely Rose may refuse you without marrying your brother? And in bringing your slave upon British soil, you freed him yourself."

"This is the soil of the Republic," protested Andries wrathfully.

"Excuse me; it is the purchased property of a British subject, and the Bechuanas owe no allegiance to the Republic. I may tell you, nephew, that the Colonial Government is not so careless about the native tribes as you think. Your friends will have to learn where their power ends,"

"The young rascal had better look out if I catch him!" muttered Andries.

"If he ever lets you get hold of him again, he is not so clever as I think him. But we need not discuss the matter now. Rose, it is time you were in bed."

Andries departed the next morning, apparently in a softened and chastened frame of mind. His parting speech to Mr. Hildyard was respectful and friendly.

"Good-bye, uncle. I am sorry I said what I did last night. If ever you are in any difficulty with the Republic, I will do all I can to help you. There might be misunderstandings, you know—"

"True, but I hope they will soon become impossible," returned Mr. Hildyard coldly; but afterwards he said to his wife, "I think Andries is one of the men who are improved by defeat. His manner was quite pleasant, and his offer showed very good feeling."

Mr. Hildyard's opinion of Andries' good feeling might have altered if he had been able to follow

(To be continued.)

him on his way. About two miles from Welcome, Andries and his attendants halted under shelter of a clump of thorn-bushes, where they were soon joined by a young Bechuana, in the dress of an inferior chief. He was much excited, and spoke with eager gestures.

"Tell Commandant Coetzer that now is the time!" he cried. "Shokomi has just announced his intention of divorcing all his wives but one, and sending them back to their families. He will provide for them, of course; but, then, the disgrace! My own mother's sister is one of them, and the aggrieved families will all rally round me. We will be ready when the word comes."

"I will tell him," said Andries. "And see, Seketlu, from what Whitebeard says, I feel sure that he has sent Dirck Muller to ask the great Chief in the Colony to annex this country. No hope for you, then."

"True. Seketlu knows well that the Amabula are his friends, not the Amaugrezi" (English).

Harvest Hope.

BY THE REV. WALTER SENIOR, M.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, MARGATE.

"Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us."—Ps. lxxvii. 6.

WORSHIPERS in the Temple service were singing this song of prophetic hope one to another two thousand five hundred years ago. The Church of Christ has caught up the refrain, and goes on singing it to inspire the heart of every nation with the nobler faith of a grander future. And how fitting for Harvest Thanksgiving is this "old, old song" of ancient Israel. Like the people of Israel, we sing it with mixed feelings. There is much in the state of the world for which to be thankful: there is also much for which to work, wait, and hope.

There is much for which to praise God. The world is a better world than it was two thousand years ago. There has been marvellous progress. There is more justice, virtue, liberty; more intercourse, brotherhood, and general culture. There is more of knowledge, more comforts. Human life is safer and more sacred. Men have a deeper hold on truth, and a larger power over nature. God is better known; humanity is better known.

But there is much still in the condition of the world to try our faith and hope. All is not as God intends it to be. There are terrible miseries in our large towns, terrible conditions of human life. There are thousands hungry and ragged. Some are victims of their own sin, and some are the victims of others' sins. It is as if the harvest were not for them, as if they were outcasts and aliens from the golden fields of corn. Will this always be? The answer is in

this song which God has given His Church to sing. There is a time coming when evil shall be cast out and good shall triumph, when the heart of man shall be pure and happy, and plenty shall be his portion.

But hereupon arises the natural question, How can it be? when will it be? And the text gives answer—*then*. Then! when all the people praise the God of the earth, *then* shall the earth bring forth her increase. Then the hills and the valleys shall glow with golden harvest; the cattle shall feed in greener pastures, and flowers shall bloom and fruits shall ripen, and rivers murmur through happy lands. Man's life will be fuller, truer, nobler, when the ends of the earth shall fear the Lord.

Then—but, mark, not till then. It cannot be till then. The good time depends upon the development of good conditions. Men must learn to fear God, and then the conditions in which prosperity will prove a blessing will have come. "Why does not Jesus send us bread and fish now?" cried a man to me out of an open-air meeting: "we want it as bad as the five thousand." But supposing a man has been drinking and neglecting work all the week, ought God to work a miracle to find him in wages on the Saturday night? And, believe me, all the misery of the world represents, directly or indirectly, some such problem. God keeps man in change and vicissitude, in sorrow and uncertainty, in order to preserve his moral life. If plenty were secure in spite of sin, man would sink still lower.



Photographed by]

[JAMES COSTER.

HARVEST HOME.

Therefore, I say, God is ordering, and has been ordering all along, that the earth shall bring forth her increase in proportion as the moral life of man progresses. As all the people learn to praise Him, the earth shall seem to become more yielding, more fruitful.

Let me try to show how reasonable is the hope of this glorious increase.

I. *It is a simple historical fact that the material prosperity of the world has gone hand-in-hand with the increase and spread of Christianity.*

Is it not in Christendom where all advance has been made? Discovery and invention are almost confined to the intelligence of Christian communities. In heathen lands man is not only unprogressive, he seems even to wither away; but the power and riches of Christian States go on increasing.

Looking, then, at this fact, is it not reasonable to believe that as the world advances in the fear of God—in morality and religion—God will bless men with greater genius to make still more wonderful discoveries? Even now we seem only on the threshold of gigantic developments. New secrets, new combinations shall yield a grander increase. Man will grasp force in all directions, and the productiveness of the earth shall be placed in his hands. Then, indeed, more and more of that power will be his, which fed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, and more and more of that power which causes the sixtyfold to become a hundredfold, and the hundredfold the three hundredfold.

How exhausting now are the conditions of labour! Often it is so excessive that it degrades, and leaves no room for mental enjoyment. And this is the condition of millions. But it shall not be so when all people fear God.

II. *Secondly, it is not difficult to see that the progress of Christianity will do away with many evils which now destroy material prosperity.*

Think what (1) *intemperance* wastes: not only millions of money, but the brain power and productive energies of thousands! If this one thing only were set right, the effect would be almost miraculous. Extinguish intemperance and it would set free for healthy expenditure more than £100,000,000.

Again, think of what (2) *improvidence and ignorance* waste of the nation's food supply. Sufficient is wasted weekly to keep thousands in England alone! Bad cookery also, is both destruction of food and injurious to health. Want of co-operation is the cause of waste on a large scale. Think of what food and fuel might be saved by rows of houses being served by one kitchen, heated by one common apparatus. It cannot but be that brotherly co-operation will play a great part in a thoroughly Christianized society, and its possibilities are immense. Then men will see that to economize is as blessed as to produce, that carefulness can multiply resources as much as toil. They will have learnt the lesson He taught, Who, though He had fed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, yet said, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." Economy is not meanness; it is reverence for God's kindness.

So again (3) *war* will cease when Christianity is triumphant. How much of energy is now wasted, and how much the wealth of nations is destroyed by the fear of war! Think of the vast armaments which consume the increase of the earth. The fear of war keeps useless millions of men, that they may be ready to fight. Then when war actually breaks out, how sad the trampled harvests, burned cities, ruined homes and wasted treasures! Resources sufficient to feed all the hungry, clothe all the naked, and educate all the children of the poor, are spent in Europe on this one evil, and will be spent until the ends of the earth shall fear God.



ANSWERS ILLUSTRATING THE TRAINING IN OUR SCHOOLS.

BY W. H. HUNT.



It is always interesting—sometimes pathetically so—to listen to young people planning for the future, settling in their own minds what they will be in life, and why?

A question to this effect was put to some four or five hundred girls a short time ago, and to it there came some striking replies. The girls were drawn from eighteen or twenty different elementary schools, and their

future callings, as selected by themselves, ranged, roughly speaking, under twenty different heads. Their ages were from eleven years to fifteen, and many of them had been in the schools from infancy.

There was not much of the glamour of romance in the bulk of the selections, a mere prosaic desire to earn a humble and honest livelihood being the chief thing with most of the girls. Nearly three hundred decided for domestic service, of whom 124 sought to be housemaids, 100 nursemaids, 11 parlourmaids, 18 general servants, and 24 cooks. Of the 100 odd not desiring domestic service, 40 chose to be dressmakers, 33 hospital nurses, and 30 teachers.

After we have taken away the domestic servants, the dressmakers, nurses, milliners, governesses, ladies' companions, clerks and machinists, we have a good sprinkling of girls with romantic aspirations.

For instance, there is the girl who desires to be a duchess, and one who would like to be "a lady adopting orphans"; two girls who wish to be poetesses and writers; the girl who desires "to be rich," and the one whose aim is simply "to be useful"; two who would like to be travellers, one who wants to be a naturalist, another who wants to be a botanist, and six who desire to be missionaries.

To give a mere list of the callings chosen is a comparatively easy matter; it is when an effort is made to sift and tabulate their reasons that difficulty sets in, for often most remarkable reasons are given for choosing the most ordinary callings.

One girl, desiring to be a milliner, says: "The reason why I should like to be a milliner is that when I am making the hats I should make them look neat and tidy, and so help to get some of the pride out of people; because some people are fond of all the colours of the rainbow in their hats."

Another girl, who wants to be a cook, says: "Cooks' work, when done properly, is well paid, and nothing can please a man better than to give him a good dinner when he is in a bad temper. My first reason for being a cook is that my father wishes it; my second, that my mother was a cook, and I wish to follow her example; my third, that a cook can have the first piece of everything she cooks!"

Another girl, from the same school, is much impressed by the advisability of giving a good dinner to a hungry man. She says: "If I were cooking a dinner for a man in a bad temper, the best thing I could do would be to cook a nice tasty dinner for him, and I expect after he had had his dinner he would not mind what he did because he had had a good dinner!"

There are several general characteristics running through most of the essays, produced probably by the system of training. The religious element is particularly strong. Children want to be nursemaids or hospital nurses for, among other things, the sake of the religious influence they may be able to wield. One says: "When the child can speak I must teach her to know and love God"; another, "I must teach the children to love God and see that they go to church regularly"; a third, "I must teach them to read and study the Bible so that they may know and love God."

Unselfish ideas are very pronounced. Most of the girls, from the one who is eager to be "a lady adopting orphans" down to the humblest little kitchenmaid, want to be able to help their friends and to make money so that they may bestow charity upon others. Moral principles are strongly insisted on. Echoes of many a lesson are to be heard again and again in such sentences as these: "I must be truthful," "I must not forget my manners," "I must not take what does not belong to me, even so much as a needle or a pin," "I must not sulk," "I must not grumble," "I must not answer back when spoken to," "I must not stand and gossip," "When my mistress complains that my work is not well done I must be polite and promise to do better next time."

Fondness for children is also a prominent characteristic, and many of the girls look forward to the time when they will have homes and children of their own, and they regard domestic service as a training ground for such a position. Nursemaids regard themselves as responsible for the health, manners,

and religion of their charges, and they lay great stress on the fact that they must exercise a most careful self-control lest any influence of theirs should injure the children.

One says, speaking of the child of which she hopes to have the care, "Above all I can teach it to be obedient to its parents." Another feels that she must be careful as to how she "talks or even plays" with



Drawn by EVA ROOT.

THE INTERVAL.

the children. Another says, "People should never scold children." One would-be nursemaid gives among her reasons for selecting such a calling that "it is very nice to have little children to play with, because if you happen to have a great deal of trouble they seem to drive your troubles away." Another says, "I would not do my work well in order to have my money raised, but because it was my duty. Never leave a slit which you think will not be noticed. Although I am a child I have thought some children looked nice; but when they tell they have hardly ever had a bath, I think this is worse than rubbing up the middle and leaving the corners." A girl who wishes to be a housemaid is not so indifferent on the score of wages, and frankly says, "Do your work better still and your wages will be raised."

A girl who wants to be a teacher writes: "I should very much like to be a teacher, a good honest person, self-denying and just. I would not have any favourites, but serve them all alike. I would be very strict with the children." Another girl, seeking the same walk in life, says of her pupils, "I would not only cultivate their minds to do things that are grand and clever, but help them form their characters, which is not an easy thing to do. I would help them to correct their faults, especially lying and deceit."

Hero worship is not unknown in the schools. One girl hopes that she "may have a voice clear and sweet enough to teach the children singing, like the head mistress teaches us." Another, wishing to be a governess, writes in the following strain: "When I see such nice governesses come to teach us I wish I could be like them so far as I possibly can. Of course I cannot be quite like our governess, certainly not, but I can try to copy her in everything while she is with us."

The essays written by girls who want to be nurses are full of good sense and good feeling. Here are a few selections from some of them:

"A nurse must be very quiet and gentle in manner in the sick room. A nurse can brighten the lives of

so many and make herself beloved by all. A nurse must have a good constitution and be willing to act promptly when there is disease and danger about."

"Some of the work is hard and not very pleasant. A nurse must be bright and cheerful. Everybody likes nurses because they are kind and careful, and it is nice to feel like this."

"When it is my turn out I should keep in and read to the people so that they won't be so lonely. I like to help those who are in trouble."

Many of the essays deal with practical matters in an instructive and sometimes in an amusing way, and if a composite servant could be produced as a composite photograph can, by the superimposition of a number of distinct impressions, a very perfect servant might be constructed out of these papers.

One girl writes: "A housemaid must not waste her time in idle amusement and silly pleasures. I must try to keep the silver, brasses and corners clean and not break anything on the dresser. I must not steal nor take any intoxicating liquor. I must remember to leave the dishcloth clean and never let it be greasy."

Another "housemaid" intimates that she "will have to get up very early in the morning," and adds, "A kind mistress will generally help the maid. Spring cleaning is a very hard time."

A girl who wants to be a cook hopes to be "a thrifty woman and in due time a good wife." She adds, "I shall then have to pay less money than if I bought my food ready cooked. I should learn not to be wasteful, for even with the bones I could do something."

One who wants to be a parlourmaid writes: "I must keep up all that I have learnt at school—to speak nicely, to be clean, neat and tidy, for ladies always advertise for maids of good appearance and respectability. Then a parlourmaid must be a person of high character, for it is a place of trust. Of course I do not expect to obtain this situation at first, but 'he who aims at the sky shoots higher than he who aims at the top of a tree.'"

(To be continued.)



"A nurse can brighten the lives of many."



BY SYBIL PARRY. ILLUSTRATED BY MISS G. FOWELL.

THE glinting sunlight still plays about the summits of the white mountains, but the shadows are already draping the broad flanks of the nearer ranges in garments of gloom, and soon they will drive the sun from his snowy playground.

St. Beatenberg spreads itself lazily along the mountain's side, with the blue waters of the Thuner See far below, and the giant ridges of snow-capped peaks, rising like billowy clouds, in the near distance.

Though the big dining-rooms of the hotels are filled with guests of many nationalities, and busy with serving men and maidens and much clatter of jugs and dishes, aye, and of tongues too, there are yet a few who love to linger on the mountain side and enjoy the fragrant evening air. Perhaps they are the sentimental few to whom the distant view of a sinking sun, bringing blushes to the mountain tops with his goodnight kisses, speaks in picture emblems. But here and there you meet them, in twos or threes, strolling through the pine woods or leaning idly against some gateway, gazing at the scene before them or at each other.

The Hotel Alpen Rose stands at the further end of St. Beatenberg, on a height above and on the right side of the mill stream, and commands a fine view down the lake to Thun itself. In odd corners and spots around the hotel are nitched small chalets. From these chalets, whose owners are mostly simple Swiss peasants, comes the supply of butter, milk, and eggs to meet the daily demand of the big English hotel, and the daughters of these people are drawn into service for the busy summer season, when the place is crowded with visitors. And truly the bright Swiss maidens enjoy this break in the monotony of their mountain lives.

After tending cows and poultry all the winter, and whiling away the long dark evenings with delicate manipulation of pins and thread for the creation of web-like lace, who would not welcome the bustle and stir, the coming and going of faces new and old, and all the excitements of hotel life? Some few, however, either from choice or perforce, where the men folk are scarce, have to remain at home to attend to the churn and the milking and pasturing the cows.

Dinner is still progressing at the Alpen Rose, but at the back of the hotel, a little distance up the

hill, a young man and maiden, in spite of all the business going on below, find time to loiter and to chatter.

"Ach, you make me so idle, Mein Herr!" (sir) says the maiden, giving a yawn and crossing her arms upon the top bar of the gate by which she stands. She has been to fetch the empty milk pails from the hotel yonder, and, as if to give her muscles perfect freedom for their work, she had rolled up the sleeves of her cotton gown. André, standing idly by the back entrance, catches the glimmer of bright pails, white arms, and pink skirts just vanishing round the corner of the out-buildings.

"Ah, she has gone!" he cried, and in a trice he has cleared the steps, and is hurrying round the corner after the maiden.

"Mademoiselle, I come! Stop, mademoiselle." But mademoiselle walks on with stately steps and head erect, the milk pails, slung on either arm, making a soft rattle as she walks.

"Ah! you will not stop? But may not I come with you?" and, with another run, André places himself in a line with the milkmaid, and lays a detaining hand upon her arm. "So, *ma chérie* (my dear), you make poor André run to catch you? But now you are caught, you must be good and let him help you carry those pails."

"I don't know what you mean, Mein Herr, for my name is not '*Ma chérie*,' but Lieschen. And if you want to carry my pails, you may." So saying, the maiden slipped the handles from both arms, and let the pails fall to the ground with a clatter, while a smile played round her pretty lips.

"Lieschen!" There was a ring of doubt in the little Frenchman's voice as he repeated her name and looked hesitatingly at the pile of pails at his feet.

"Well," she retorted, trying hard to repress the spreading smile; "which is it you don't like—my name or my pails?"

"Ah, no, you mistake!" answered André, quickly recovering his native gallantry. "It was as though the sun had got into my eyes and dazzled me, when you smile so; but the name is very sweet, like music, and I like it. And the milk pails, oh! I like them too, because they are the bracelets from your white arms." So saying, he stooped, and, gathering the handles, slung them over his own arm.

A spark of approval shot from Lieschen's blue eyes,



"I wish it would die, and make a little more room in your heart, mademoiselle."—Page 206.

but she quickly veiled it behind their lashes. However, she kept step with her pail-laden gallant till they reached the gate of her mother's pasture field. There she stopped, and bade him unload. After the oppressive heat of the day, the cool evening breezes were most refreshing. They played with the stray locks of Lieschen's hair, which fell like golden tendrils over her brow, and cooled her flushed cheeks, luring her to linger by the white gateway chatting idly with the English gentleman's French servant, André. A whole half hour or more had thus flown, when the maiden, crossing her arms upon the gate bar, began to blame André for her idleness.

"Yes, indeed, 'tis you make me idle. See, my dear cows lie down in the pasture, and blink their eyes from very sleepiness. You talk so much that you keep them awake! I must go and say good-night to my little red cow."

She pushed open the gate and slipped through before André could answer her, but he looked at the pails still lying on the ground, and was comforted, for he knew she would have to return for them. He could not follow her figure very clearly in the gloom as she made her way in and out amongst the cattle, but presently her voice floated to him on the breezes, and he heard the caressing tones and loving epithets. "All wasted on a silly little red cow!" he muttered

to himself enviously. After some moments of impatient waiting, he heard the returning brush of her skirts over the long grass, and was ready with open gate as she approached.

"Ah, Lieschen, I might almost wish I were a little red cow!" he said mournfully.

"You would not be as nice as my little one if you were a little red cow," she answered naively.

"I believe you love that nasty red beast better than anything or anybody else in the world," he said half angrily.

"Yes, Mein Herr, I believe I do, and so I give you good-night." She gathered up her pails again and turned to go.

"I wish it would die, and make a little more room in your heart, mademoiselle! Good-night!"

"Good-night, indeed! I wish the English gentleman's cruel valet might die before my dearest little red cow!"

With this Parthian shot, and an angry clatter of the pails, the maiden departed, and was quickly lost in the gloomy distance. André returned soberly to the hotel, with a strangely hostile feeling towards cows in general, and red ones in particular, growing up in his heart.

The long, sweet summer days came and went, and still the English gentleman lingered on at the Alpen Rose in the midst of a little circle of friends, who spent their days in making various excursions down the lake or small climbs up the mountains; and André the valet was nothing loath that it should be so, for it fell out that much of the time was his own, and he could do as he listed. Had he put down his plans for the day in black and white, they would have read much as follows; "Morning, Lieschen. Afternoon, Lieschen. Evening, Lieschen also." Week-days and Sundays alike, the only difference on Sunday being, that Lieschen, in her best national dress, inspired him with still more awe as he followed her to the little church. The short, bright skirt partly covered, but not concealed, by a snowy lace-edged apron, the dark velvet bodice with dainty kerchief folded across the breast and full white sleeves, and glistening chains and bangles upon neck and arms, entirely satisfied his eye for beauty, and made his stately maiden yet more lovely. His own black coat of good best cloth looked very plain and poor he thought. Lieschen wore no head-dress save her shining golden hair, which was simply plaited and hung in a pig-tail down her back.

So good and demure she looked, with a small bundle containing her tune-book and psalter swung lightly from one hand instead of the work-a-day milk pails.

She never vouchsafed him more than an airy nod of recognition, though he, on his part, raising his hat, bowed low before her as to some princess.

André was a good Christian at heart, but I fear me in those days Lieschen, like a will-o'-the-wisp, led him much astray both in service and sermon time. Ah me, what are love's leading strings!

But the days were not only coming, but going, and how soon would they all be gone! André was growing desperate, for there was talk amongst the visitors of a general break-up ere long. Then he—he would have to go too. And Lieschen? Well, he did not believe that she would care very much, if at all. She still showed a decided preference for that little red cow.

So time flew away, till it wanted but a few days to the end of September. Visitors were fast disappearing from St. Beatenberg, and André knew that he too was going in October. But just at that time a strange thing happened. In some extraordinary way Lieschen Bäuder's little red cow was lost.

The news of her loss soon spread, not only amongst the small farmers and peasants, but even the guests at the Alpen Rose heard of it, for they would watch Lieschen crossing the meadows opposite, followed closely by the favoured calf.

Of course André heard of it, and at the earliest opportunity he waylaid her and expressed his extreme sorrow at her loss, a twinkle in his eyes the while.

"My poor Lieschen," he said tenderly, "thou hast lost thy pretty little cow. Ah, thou must not let thy heart break."

Lieschen did not answer, but turned her back upon him like a sulky child.

"Why, my little one," said André, drawing nearer and taking hold of one of her hands, which hung limply at her side, "do not be sorrowful. See, you have lost your little red cow. You loved it very much, truly; but it was only a little cow, and could not love you so much in return." The hand he held was drawn petulantly from his grasp, but he pretended not to notice this rebuff, and continued very softly, "Lieschen, *ma belle*, take me to be your little red cow. I do love you with all my heart."

André's hands were pressed upon his heart as he spoke, but he jumped back a pace as the maiden suddenly turned upon him with angry, flashing eyes.

"Oh, yes, Mein Herr; no doubt you speak truth! You are very sorry! You never said you wished my little cow might die, did you?"

André stood silent with downcast eyes.

"Tell me," she repeated, angrily stamping her foot, "you never said such a wicked thing, did you?"

"But, Lieschen," he stammered awkwardly, "it was only because—because you were so hard. I did not mean it, truly!"

"You did mean it," she retorted bitterly, "and I hate you and your Frenchy ways. It's a sore pity it was not you that was lost instead of my darling little cow!"

"Mademoiselle," returned the Frenchman, bowing low, "I am your humble servant, and I will find your little cow for you or I will die." With another bow he turned gravely from her and left her standing alone by the meadow gate. His blood was up, and he walked away with hasty steps; but, had he stopped one moment longer, he would have heard that which would have filled his heart with joy.

"André, come back; I want you!" a soft voice called after him. But he did not answer or return, because he did not hear the call.

(To be continued.)



"André, come back; I want you!"

MORNING THOUGHTS.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

IT IS THE EASY THINGS THAT ARE SO HARD.

TO change life's cloth, not trim it for display,
Christ gave His charter:
All men can be religious when they pray,
But few at barter:
Better be self-denying every day
Than once a martyr.

RISE WITH THE LARK, AND WITH THE LARK
TO HEAVEN.

PRAYER is the morning lark that sings,
Bathed in pure Heaven, elate, apart,
Then, dropping earthward, folds her wings,
And sits upon the heart.

BIBLE STUDY.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.,
Author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," etc.



I. MY DEBT TO THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

IN my own case the Bible has been my only college course. If I am able to write pleasingly, comprehensively, and vividly, these qualities come from an early, a constant, a thorough reading of this grandest of all books, not selecting portions, or opening the volume at random, but reading steadily through from beginning to end again and again, and many times again.

Yet, as so often happens, my early introduction to the Bible was calculated to inspire me with profound distaste for it. In the first place, I was led to regard it as a mysterious book, the reading of which would be somehow placed to my credit in a ledger kept above. When with a child's native curiosity I asked questions about what I read, I was always rebuffed by some such reply as, "Oh, you are not old enough to understand that yet," or, "That is typical, or allegorical, or mysterious, and I haven't time to go into it now," the real truth being that the person asked did not know anything about the matter at all. A much more dangerous thing was also done to me—the giving me passages of Scripture to learn as a punishment. This hideous mistake is, to my mind, even worse in its effects upon the young than the practice, now happily almost entirely abandoned, of punishing a child by depriving it of food. For there can be no doubt whatever, that in innumerable cases it has been the cause of an utter and irremovable hatred of the Bible in after life, which, viewed from the lowest standpoint of all, does serious injury to any one entertaining it, by depriving them of a vast amount of pleasure and cutting off at its source an overflowing river of intellectual teaching.

With all humility, yet with perfect confidence, I assert that all children of average intellectual power can be led, not taught, to love the Bible for itself. Children love to be told Bible stories, and there is no better way of telling Bible stories than reading them out of the Book itself, always supposing that the reader *can* read. Alas! in some Christian homes—dare I say in many?—the reading of the Bible at set

times (and only then) is a most lugubrious performance. The mournful monotony by means of which all the melody of the majestic lines is lost, the funereal solemnity of the apartment, the constrained attitude of the hearers, whose sudden relaxing at the close of the reading, accompanied by portentous yawns, sufficiently attests their relief—the unnaturalness of the whole proceeding effectually hinders any normal child from hankering after the Bible as a reading-book. Bibles for use, not show, should always be ready for reading, and when Dad or Mother is asked for a story, whether narrated or read, they can, if they know how, or if they choose, read from the best of books, brightly, naturally, and therefore interestingly. But unless this is begun when the children are very young, it will be at first a most difficult task. There is, therefore, no reason why it should be regarded as impossible. Its accomplishment will well repay all the labour that can be spent thereon.

First of all, it will be necessary to break down the barrier of suspicious, almost sullen reserve that has been erected by the child, in self-defence, as it thinks. In my own case that barrier was done away by, I say it with all diffidence, the Lord Himself. Inbued with an intense love for reading from the earliest age possible, it was necessary almost to my existence that I should read something, no matter whether I liked the subject or not. Given choice, of course I would exercise it, but in default of anything else I have read all the advertisements in old newspapers. And happily it fell out that one voyage I was shut up to the Bible; no other book of any kind was available. Therefore I was compelled to read it, and did so, straight through from end to end, again and again, until it revealed itself to me in its entirety as a book whereof all the parts, which I had long looked upon as fortuitous and meaningless, combined to make one stupendous and perfectly planned whole.

Now I should not dream of saying that this would be the case with any child, except under the same circumstances as I was placed in, but I do say, and

hold most firmly, that by careful, tactful explanation most intelligent children might be led to take such a view of the Bible as I have here indicated. But, and here I know that I am treading on difficult, almost dangerous, ground, I fear that the arrangement of the Authorized Version places a number of unnecessary stumbling-blocks in the youthful reader's way. In fact, it is hardly sufficient to say "youthful," since an enormous number of adult readers find the same hindrances confronting them, and preventing their full grasp of the subject. I allude of course to the arbitrary division of the narrative into chapters and verses, breaking its thread and confusing its sense. It was not until I got hold of a paragraph Bible that I really began to enjoy my reading of the wonderful Book, an enjoyment which was again heightened when I became possessed of a copy of the Revised Version.

Much of this difficulty, however, might be removed by a parent who, impressed with the necessity of making the Bible dear to his or her children, should educate his or her own self up to reading it with understanding and disregarding the curious versification. This, however, is a side issue, and one upon which there will be difference of opinion. Still it is a matter that I feel very strongly upon, and if it be, as I hold it is, an impediment to the full enjoyment of Bible reading, especially by the young, that the Book should be thus cut up, I am sure I shall not be blamed for mentioning it.

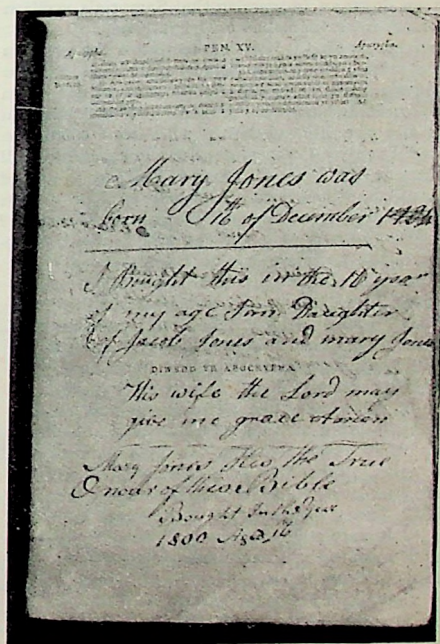
How does the Bible educate? With all modesty I would suggest that it does so first of all by the simple majesty of its language, the obvious directness of its diction; there one finds the story told in the most forcible way, in the fewest words compatible with clearness that is possible. No one can read the Bible habitually without absorbing an ability to speak and think clearly, sincerely, and succinctly. I emphasize *read* because I wish to distinguish between the reading of the Bible in the perfunctory mechanical manner which I have indicated above, and the intelligent assimilation of its contents in the same manner as one does any delightful secular story. And this not in any mysterious and supernatural way, but purely by reason of its astounding literary quality.

Secondly, the Bible, again apart from its spiritual value, makes for perfect honesty of thought, the true presentation of the matter dealt with entirely careless of the ensuing consequences. No biographies, not even the marvellous works of Plutarch, impress the mind with such a sense of absolute truthfulness as do those of the Bible. This again is especially valuable in the education of a child, for the natural bent of all children is to make out a good case for their friends or themselves, or a bad case for their enemies. But the Bible, by its dispassionate refusal to deviate by one hair's-breadth from the facts, whether they tell for or against the subject under discussion, lays the foundation of an impartiality which is the basis of justice.

Again at the risk of being considered guilty of

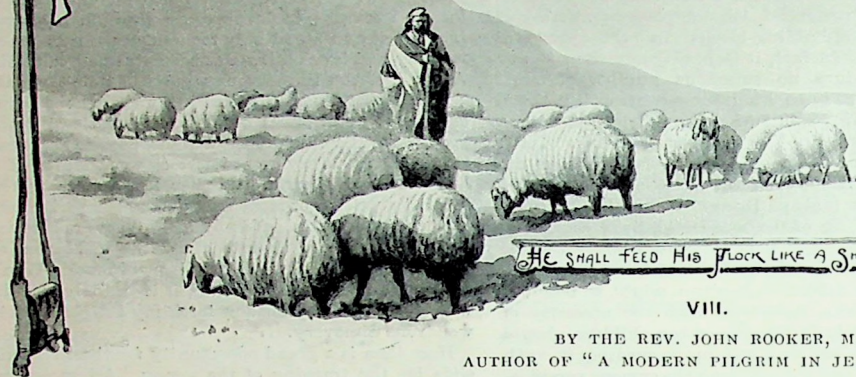
digression, I must strike the personal note. The full glory and beauty of the Bible apart from its pre-eminent position as the Oracle of God, was only revealed to me when I realized that most of its matter was presented in a poetic or rhythmical form. I learned to love poetry through a young friend who on board ship took great pains to teach me why and how poetry was beautiful and valuable. And when the thunderous stanzas of Job, the sublime songs of Isaiah, the wailing melodies and fierce denunciatory strophes of Jeremiah, and lastly the proper melodic value of the Psalms, became apparent to me, the discovery was almost as wonderful as if I had been a deaf man, who after long admiring the ordered precision of movement among the performers in a great orchestra, suddenly had his ears unstopped and was borne aloft into the seventh heaven of delight upon the ineffable loveliness of music. Weak and feeble as the comparison is, it is the only way in which I can faintly shadow forth my delight at this wondrous discovery.

Here then is a grand opportunity for those responsible for the training of the young. All properly-constituted children love rhythm, will learn rhymed lessons quicker than any other, and their attention may be far easier gained and held by musical prose than unmusical. Let those then who would make the Bible a delight to their youngsters, cultivate this side of its complex beauties as another means to a glorious end.



PAGE OF MARY JONES'S BIBLE.
(See Young Folks' Page.)

BEYOND the CITY



HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD

VIII.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROOKER, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF "A MODERN PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM."

A Shepherd's
SCRIP

SO we leave you, Samaria, with happier thoughts than when we entered.

Our road leads up over the line of hills that guard the town on the north. As we reached the top we looked back, and the beautiful position of Samaria was better seen. In my note-book I see I have written down an impression that Samaria's position is almost finer than that of Jerusalem.

I withdraw that. Nothing surpasses the position of Jerusalem. "But from Samaria you have the view of the sea, and picturesque surroundings of stream and cornfields," says the Friend. "True; but you have not the hills of Moab, which are worth the ocean," I reply. Comparisons are odious, and we will have none. Enough that Samaria has been described by Isaiah as "the crown of the pride of Ephraim, the flower of his glorious beauty." What more can you say?

Hallo! the rain is on us again. To use the language of the East, "we drink a heavy shower!" But our camp is not far off. As a rule you camp at Jenin, but to save further travelling we camped at Jeba. The tents were on a little plateau above the village. The inhabitants awaited us in a great crowd, and we were thankful when darkness fell and we were left in peace.

Early next morning we were up and off across the plain towards another ridge. And from that ridge we had our first view of Esdraelon. Those who talk of Palestine as if there were no views worth looking at are blind. Listen not to them! Here is a view not to be surpassed anywhere. The morning was a morning without clouds, and the air like a May day in England. Be sure and see the view on a fine day, because in rain and mist it must be disappointing. But then the Garden of Eden would have looked dreary in a fog! I am thinking of a glorious day, and there was a glorious view.

Look away across this plain and see that snow-capped mountain. Take off your hat, and seventy miles away salute Hermon. That nearer insignificant hill is "little Hermon." That long line with camel humps is Gilboa. That round-topped ridge hides Nazareth. This stretch to our left is Carmel. Below is Jenin, the Engannim of Scripture—a perfect garden. And the plain which spreads before you is Esdraelon, the greatest battlefield of the world.

Come along. Our horses have a steep path down and it is full of stones, but they are steady enough. They have lost all fractiousness, and would pull "a growler" on the London streets without remon-



"Domlan, however, rode at them with his whip."—Page 211.

strance. So we reach Jenin, and passing through the town make our way to a gentle slope about half a mile out with cactus, olive trees and almond trees in blossom round us, and there we spread our rugs, unbridle the horses, and take our lunch.

Our way was not unnoticed. Jenin was *en fête*. The place was taking a week's holiday after the Fast. Men and women were strolling about, in separate groups of course—you never see a man and woman together in public in the East—and the children were waving flags. The young men fired guns in the air to make a noise, the way an Eastern enjoys himself, and the young maidens beat tambourines. What is a Feast without a noise? No one, I am glad to say, fired at us. But a group of little boys shouted to us. I thought it very friendly of them, and waved my hand in response. Domian, however, rode at them with his whip, and they fled. At a safe distance they stood and renewed their shouts. Domian said something between his teeth. It was in Arabic. I asked what it was. Domian declined to translate, but said the boys were bad boys. "Why bad?" I asked.

"Sar," replied Domian, "they were cursing you. They were saying, 'Go along, you dogs, you eaters of pig's flesh, you infidels!'"

I stopped my horse. "Domian, if you would go and catch one of those boys I would like to talk to him." But he did not think it wise, so we went on.

It was very disappointing to find such naughty boys in this neighbourhood, because we had passed on our way to Jenin the head of the vale of Dothan, and I had improved the occasion by talking to the Boy of the party on the excellency of Joseph's character and pointing sundry lessons. It was meant to be impressive, but I was not sure whether the Boy wished Joseph were at Dothan still, or whether he wished I were. I believe now he thinks Joseph was like the boys at Jenin. I hope not.

After lunch, as the camp had not passed, we waited for an hour, and the Stranger said he should take a look round. The Stranger was one of the most delightful companions, because he made no objections to anything. He fell in with all our plans readily. But he had one failing—he liked "to look round." This meant he went off alone, and we felt sure he would lose himself or get murdered. He would go after lunch to look at Jenin. It made us nervous, but I told him if he would "salaam" those little boys who had abused us I would not mind. Then I took a siesta under the olives. At the end of an hour the Stranger had not returned. We were in a great fidget. Should we organize a search party? The Boy drew his pocket knife as a dagger in case of a rescue being needed, and the Friend counted the cartridges in his revolver. Then the Stranger turned up as quiet as usual, and we went on our way.

Jenin is on the edge of the plain of Esdraelon. In old days it was a frontier town between Samaria and Galilee. Its position is most picturesque, and "The Fountain Gardens," its old Hebrew name, is not a false title. To-day its chief interest for travellers is



DISTANT VIEW OF MOUNT HERMON.
From original sketch by H. A. Harper.

that it marks the end of a day's journey, for as a rule your camp is there.

We strike out into the plain—the plain of Esdraelon—and make for Jezreel. Esdraelon! How one has dreamed of it! We shouted as we came out on it, and our enthusiasm communicated itself even to the horses. They broke into a gallop.

I reserve my thoughts on this famous plain, but remark that it is as bare as Salisbury plain to-day, and barer. In our Lord's time it was thick with villages and covered with crops, and the main road to Jerusalem ran across it, joined behind Jezreel by the roads up from Jordan, and on the west by the caravan route from the Great Sea. These roads were busy with travellers. To-day it is a silent plain, with wild flowers and the swallows—but save Jezreel no village breaks its solitude.

It is not usual to stay at Jezreel—I mean to camp. I don't think I should do it again—if I did I would camp further away from the village. You want a strong nose and a thick skin, and a great deal of enthusiasm.

Jezreel is noted for a court—but it is the court of an insect, who has another residence at Tiberias. Travellers say it is a royal court, as the king of this insect tribe resides here, with occasional trips elsewhere. Jezreel is really a filthy place. We rode through it, and I assure you, my good reader, we rode through streets of manure heaps! There is not a redeeming feature in Jezreel except its position and its past history.

We came to the camp about four o'clock on a hot afternoon. The camp was pitched rather too near a suspicious-looking pond, but as Domian assured us the people did not wash in it, we felt more easy.

My chief remembrance of our arrival is the sense of gratitude at sitting down in a chair with a carpet seat. I had no idea saddles could be so hard and cruel as mine had become. If you can conveniently do so, it is a luxury to take out an English saddle. But who would be so luxurious? After coffee the Friend said he should write up his diary. The Stranger and the Boy thought they would explore Jezreel. They soon came back, and played a game of chess. Jezreel was too much for them! I took Dr. Adam Smith's *Geography of the Holy Land*—one of the most delightful books I ever read—and going to the edge of the plateau on which Jezreel is built (for it is 200 feet above sea level) I stretched myself on the ground with his map before me, and read the account of Esdraelon and its battles.

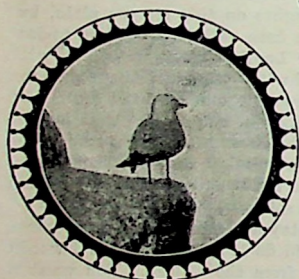
The sun began to go down over Carmel, and softer tints came across the plain. Behind me as I turned I saw the trans-Jordanic hills suffused with pink. Gilboa with its peaks grew purple—the highest peak still called the “hill of witness,” where Saul, poor weak misguided Saul, atoned a little by his tragic death for all the foolishness of his life. On the slope opposite lay Shunem with its human story, and up the valley between Jezreel and little Hermon came the road that Jehu took when he revenged on Jezebel the murder of Naboth.

The spot I gazed at with most interest was

(To be continued.)

Gulls: Their Manners and Morals.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF “WONDERLAND WONDERS,” ETC.



FOR weeks there has been perpetual strife at the back of my premises between Pat the terrier and some unprincipled gulls. Thrift has in Pat been developed to an abnormal degree, and his collections of bones, laid up against a rainy

day, are more than he has time and teeth to crack. Now the gulls have no old-fashioned respect for the rights of property, and, in spite of the dog's watchfulness, come and steal these bones. One gull might be circumvented, but, unhappily, the birds act in concert. A gull sidles up towards Pat as he lies crunching one bone and keeping a sharp eye upon the others; and, apparently, is bent upon stealing the biggest bone in the collection. Pat gives a growl, and the gull first runs off, then flies, with the dog in pursuit. With fierce barks Pat follows his receding foe to the very edge of the cliff, and then returns in triumph, his tail saying unmistakably, “That's the way to get rid of greedy gulls.” Alas for Pat's feelings! He finds when he gets back that

Nazareth. I had never gathered from the pictures I had seen that it was on such a height, and quite concealed from the plain, save for one or two straggling buildings that peeped over its brim. It lies really in a basin on the top of the range of hills that bound Esdraelon on the north. You see but little of it from the plain, though you can trace the road that leads to it from the west. But often on that height must the Lord have stood, and looked down on those places round us, and thought unutterable things.

We came out before we went to rest, and looked around. A young moon was just going down on our left. The stars were shining with all the brilliancy of Eastern light, each one a separate ball in space, and not mere pin pricks in the floor of heaven as they appear in England—and then we turned into our tents.

We turned in to rest and sleep, but the jacksals refused to let us alone. They howled around our encampment like babies in pain—a pitiful wail. The Boy slept on undisturbed, but the Friend and myself wished that Jehu, when he had despatched Jezebel, had afterwards despatched the dogs which ate her. Were not these jacksals the descendants of those dogs? At last, when “the turn of the night” had come, we had our turn, and forgot our complaints and the jacksals also in the blessing of a sound and healthy sleep.

several gulls, which were peacefully slumbering on isolated blocks of granite, have awoke and departed during his brief absence, and that several of his most valuable bones have departed with them.

In spite of the laxity of their morals in the matter of bones gulls have claims to our admiration and goodwill.

To begin with, they are handsome, and, notwithstanding the stupid proverb which describes it as only skin deep, beauty is undoubtedly one of the Creator's good gifts. The common gull, even when in its immature drab plumage, is a striking bird; but its beauty is increased tenfold when it puts on its adult robe of snowy white, with silver-grey wings tipped with black and white. Of still more distinguished appearance is another species, which substitutes for the grey pinions wings of raven hue with a border of white.

In the second place, gulls are exceedingly graceful in their movements, whether floating on the waves, resting as is their custom on isolated rocks, or sailing aloft on tireless wings. I have watched them for days together in a gale that prevented any but the most venturesome of mortals from so much as showing his nose round the corner of the house, and familiarity has never lessened my wonder and admiration. They sailed up against the furious blast and then down before it and up again in endless curves, with no other motive than sheer delight in their

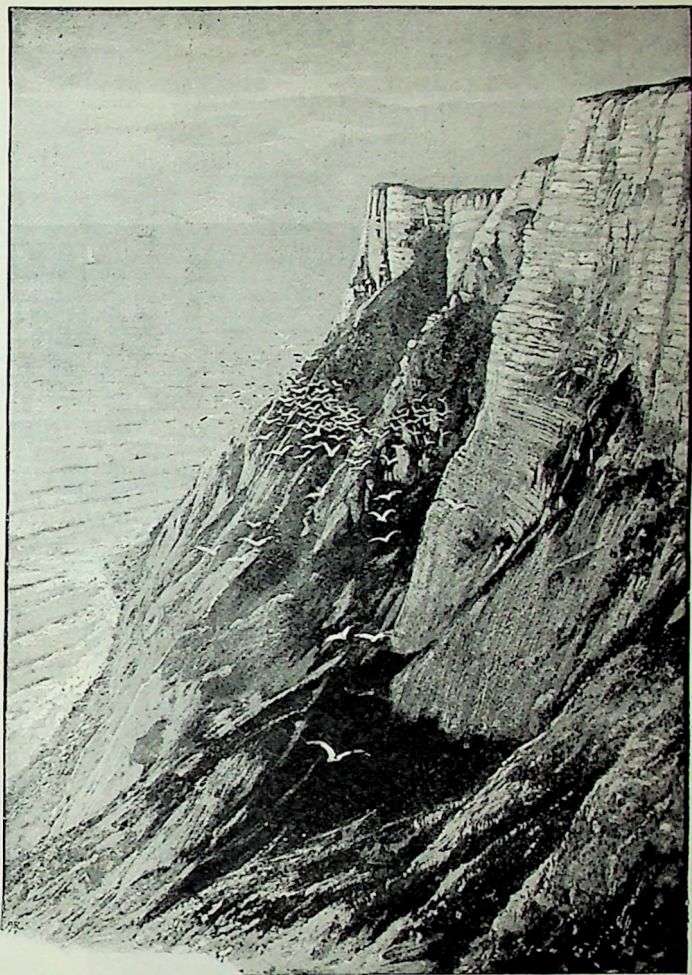
mastery of the storm. How this can be done without a beat of the wing is a thing the philosophers have a difficulty in explaining, but is quite simple to a gull.

Gulls begin their education in aerial locomotion at a very early age; and long before they dare to spring from their ancestral ledges, may be seen beating their wings and taking elementary lessons in flying, while still holding to the rock with their beaks. But as soon as it is safe they betake themselves to their natural element, and weeks before the young ones are capable or willing to procure their own fish they can fly as fast and as far as the parent birds.

The art of fishing and foraging for food takes much longer to acquire than that of flying, partly owing to the laziness of the young birds, who are quite contented as long as the mother will provide the meals. It is a common thing in the end of the summer to see a white adult attended by a swift-flying drab juvenile with a persistence which is manifestly wearisome to the mother bird. It follows her like a shadow to cliff or rock or sea, until at last her patience becomes exhausted and she drives it off to earn its own living.

The meal times of sea-birds depend to a large extent on the movements of fishes, but, speaking generally, gulls feed in the morning and rest and attend to their toilet the rest of the day. On any rocky coast, however, some birds are always on the alert, and ready to snap up fragments of food, be it fish, flesh, or vegetables. For gulls are omnivorous in their diet. They catch fish for themselves, or steal it from industrious guillemots; they wait near fishing-boats for the remains of fishes cut up for bait, or pursue the boats long distances on the chance of getting a meal; they can enjoy bread and cheese; they are sometimes placed in gardens to destroy snails; and of their own free will they follow the plough to obtain the turned up worms.

The other day I was struck by the queer antics of some jackdaws and gulls. My neighbour had a fine crop of new potatoes, over which he cast his eye proudly



GULLS ON BEACHY HEAD.

every day. The jackdaws also admired the potatoes, and on this particular morning, in the owner's absence and without his permission, proceeded to take some samples. But the gulls, seeing them with the stolen property in their beaks, waxed very indignant, and seemed to cry out, "Stop, thief! Stop, thief!" Now jackdaws are not bashful birds, and they therefore took no notice of the screaming gulls, devoting all their energies to the task of swallowing the potatoes. The gulls, thereupon rushing at the robbers, put them to flight, and compelled them to drop their booty among the rocks. Did the detectives then return the potatoes to their rightful owner? Not a bit of it. They simply stole them themselves.



Specially drawn for this Magazine

"GOOD DOG!"

[by W. E. EVANS.]

The Young Folks' Page.

A WONDERFUL DOG.



HIS is what an American boy once wrote in an essay on dogs with reference to the dachshund: "The dachshund is a dog notwithstanding appearances. He has fore legs, two in front and two behind, and they aren't on speaking terms. I wunst made a dachshund out of a cucumber an' fore match, and it lookt as nacheral as life. Dackshunds is farelly intelligent considerin' thare shaip. Thare brains bein' so far away from thare tales, it bothers them sum to wag the lattur. I wunst noo a dachshund who was too impashunt to wate till he cood signal the whole length of his boddly when he wanted to wag his tale, so he maid it up with his tale thet when he wanted it to wag he would shake his rite ear, and when the tale seen it shake it would wag."

A WELSH HEROINE.

BY THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF ST. DAVID'S.

(See Illustration page 209.)

WE all know that every river has its source, and though the source is not the river, yet the river could have no existence without the source. Few things, I think, are more interesting than to trace a great river to its source, and surely it cannot be less interesting to trace to its source such an agency as that of the Bible Society which, under God, at this moment is so largely shaping the destinies of the human race. We Welsh people think that the Bible Society is in a sense our own Society, if only because it was the special need of Wales that really called it into existence. Nor can it ever be forgotten—and I hope that none of you will ever forget—that it was the spiritual hunger of the little Welsh maiden, Mary Jones, that was the occasion for the discovery of that great need. Think for one moment of that little Welsh heroine, for a true heroine she was, mark you, working six long years, and scraping together, so to speak, her little savings; and small enough they were, you may depend upon it, in those days. And all for what purpose? It was to purchase for her own a copy of the Word of God. Think of her at last tramping her way barefooted over the high mountains for a distance of five-and-twenty miles to Bala, where the immortal Thomas Charles was supposed to have Bibles for sale. Think again of her unspeakable disappointment, on arriving there, to discover that the last saleable copy was gone. Think again of her joy when Thomas Charles gave her the one copy that had been specially reserved for a friend, and then think of her joy when she tramped five-and-twenty miles home again, with her inestimable treasure in her wallet upon her shoulders.

From that tiny source came the Bible Society, for this need of the Welsh maiden was found to be the need of Wales and the need of the wide world.

A SAILOR'S BIBLE.

HERE is something about Mr. Frank T. Bullen, the well-known writer of many articles and stories for our pages, one of which appears in this number. "I began reading the Bible," he says, "earlier than I can remember. I am forty-four years of age, fifteen years of which I spent at sea, climbing up from cabin boy to chief mate, and I have read the Bible through from cover to cover twenty-five times. You can hardly quote me the first half of any verse but what I will not be able to give you the second half. Nothing has taken hold of my heart and soul like the

Bible. I used to speak at open-air meetings, and sometimes, when I felt I had no words of my own, I would recite a whole chapter by memory from Isaiah, or Job, or one of the Gospels. The Bible and John Bunyan have really formed my style."

ALFRED THE GREAT.

SOMETIMES you may read a beautiful thought. Write it down at once that you may not forget it, for all beautiful things are worth keeping. That was Alfred the Great's plan, as we learn from Asser, the friend of the king. "It came to pass on a certain day," he writes, "we were both sitting in the king's chamber, conversing on all kinds of subjects, as was our wont. And it chanced that I recited to him a quotation from a certain book. He heard it attentively with both his ears and pondered it in his heart. Then suddenly showing me a book which he carried in his bosom, wherein were written the Daily Courses and Psalms and Prayers which he had read from his youth up, he bade me write therein that same quotation. . . . But I could not find any empty space in the book to write the quotation, for it was already quite full of many a matter, wherefore I made some small tarrying, chiefly thereby to set up the bright intelligence of the king."

"And when he urged me to make haste and write it speedily, I said unto him, 'Wilt thou that I should write it on a separate leaf? For it is not yet certain but that we may not yet find another such extract, or even more, that may please you. And should that be so, we shall be glad to have kept them separate.' 'Try that plan,' he replied. Then gladly did I haste to make ready a fresh sheet at the beginning, whereon I wrote the extract even as he bade. And that self-same day I wrote also on that sheet no less than three more quotations at his bidding, even as I had foretold."

A FLOWER SERVICE HYMN.

O THOU Whose bounty fills the earth,
Accept the gifts we bring;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
From Thy perfection spring.
These flowers that on our borders blow,
Each in its time and place,
Shine out like smiles that come and go
On some beloved face;
They make us happy, for they tell
Of love unseen but sure;
Let others then be glad as well—
The suffering and the poor!
Take, Lord, our gifts; but take us too,
Thy human flowers, to prove
By lives unselfish, kind, and true,
That Thou, our God, art Love.

CONFIRMATION COUNSEL.

"I will go in the strength of the Lord God"—Psalm lxxi. 16.

SEARCH the Scriptures daily.

Be diligent in thy calling.

Be much in secret prayer.

Neglect not self-examination.

Keep thy conscience as the apple of thine eye.

Do all "looking unto Jesus," and resting on His grace.

Pray that thou may'st "daily increase in God's Holy Spirit more and more."

"Be thou faithful unto death" (saith the Lord Christ), "and I will give thee a crown of life."

Bible Questions (New Series).

BY M. A. CANTAB.

ANSWERS (See JULY No., p. 107).

IMMANUEL (Isa. vii. 14).

1. I mage of God. Hebrews i. 3.
2. Messiah. John iv. 25, 26.
3. Mighty God. Isaiah ix. 6.
4. A man. Revelation iii. 14.
5. Nazarene. Matthew ii. 23; Numbers vi.
6. Upholder. Hebrews i. 3.
7. Everlasting Father. Isaiah ix. 6.
8. Lamb of God. John i. 29.

THE initial letters will name one whom St. Paul admonished to perform a duty entrusted to him:—

1. A rebellious son.
2. The scene of a battle.
3. A jealous brother.
4. A woman whose prayer was heard.
5. A son of Saul.
6. One who entertained St. Paul courteously.
7. A man who received a new name with a fearful doom.
8. A man whose irreverence cost him his life.
9. A man who broke the ninth commandment.

Washing Days and Washing Ways.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "KING BABY," "HOME, SWEET HOME," ETC.

IX. BRAN WASHING.

IN the far-away olden days of art, housewives were wont to deck their chairbacks with antimacassars of wondrous make. In this more cultivated period, we do not do so very often. Yet many of us have certain cherished pieces of "crewel work," which occasionally need renovating. Besides, embroidery of all sorts still ornaments the short frocks of our little daughters. In this paper I will conduct you into the by-way of laundry work, and instruct you in the art of washing crewel work and embroidery.

Let us take this *corre-pied* of grandmamma's and see what we can do with it. Those crude gaudy colours are somewhat dimmed by age, for were they not laboriously placed in position by fingers long since turned to the dust from whence they came? But grandmamma sees only the love tucked into each stitch, and memories turned down with each thread. So we will try to restore it to its pristine brightness and purity.

First of all, we must never put embroideries in colour to soak. Even the most vaunted of wool or silk, warranted of the fastest dye, will not stand the universal solvent powers of water. We must just wash and make them up as quickly as possible. Even remaining damp for a short time will loosen colour, and be fatal to it as well as to texture.

We have all noticed how often the wools look all right when wet, but run before they are dry. This is because we have not been expeditious enough.

For this reason, always have ready two receptacles for water before beginning to wash. The small bright tin basins sold for a few pence are very handy. Into one put some prepared bran water. This has been made from a handful of wheat bran boiled for half an hour in a pint of water. After the chairbacks and *corre-pied* have been well shaken, to get rid of accumulations of dust (never forget this), they are quickly immersed in this, and kneaded and squeezed in it. If very soiled, a handful of soap jelly (made by boiling some scraps of soap in a small portion of water) must be added to the water to make a lather. The things are not clean until they feel limp and soft under the fingers.

I forgot to say, that the pint of bran mixture taken from off the fire has been diluted by another pint of water added to it before the wools are immersed. This water must be cold, and then you will have it at the right temperature for washing. If this first water looks very coloured when the work is clean, the rinsing water in the second basin needs a little vinegar and salt added to it. The vinegar is not always necessary. The salt should always be added, as it "sets" the colour. When well rinsed, pass the embroidery through the mangle, and at once put out in the open air to dry. Find, if possible, some corner in which the wind is blowing as it listeth. This is the safest and quickest position, not even excepting a sunny spot. Peg out by two corners. For as much care is needed in drying crewel work as in washing it.

You will know when they are dry enough to iron. It is before the work looks rough or wrinkled.

Iron on the wrong side. The iron must be neither too hot nor too cold. If too hot, the silks will discolour, as I warned you they would do when giving directions how to make up surah garments. If too cold, the water marks will stand no chance of being obliterated.

Perhaps it will be well to explain why we use bran in this branch of laundry work. Some may say, Why not use ammonia to cleanse quickly?

Well, it is a matter of experience that bran has no chemical effect on the cloths as has ammonia. It seems to act mechanically as an absorbent; not extracting it to leave it in the water (where it would be liable to tint surroundings), but actually drinking the dirt into itself and retaining it. Secondly, bran is a slight stiffener. It leaves the work much as it left ancient hands, with the crisp feel of new silks and woollens. Of course sometimes rather more stiffness is required in a chair-back or strip of embroidery than that given by my favourite bran. If this be the case, a little boiled starch must be added to the last water. Then, proceeding must be somewhat varied to the formula given above.

If starch be used, the work must be dried much more thoroughly. Aye! even until it looks rough and wrinkled! When *bone-dry*, smooth out the crinkles by damping evenly with hot water. Not cold on any account. You

will recall that I gave a reason for using hot instead of cold water after immersion in boiled starch in the matter of collars and cuffs and muslin. If you use cold water, your work will be disfigured by hundreds and thousands of tiny white opaque spots. After sprinkling, iron on the wrong side with a very hot iron, removing all roughness by the application of elbow grease.

This method of making up worked surfaces can be applied to small woollen frocks when ornamented with embroidery. It is always better, if about to experiment on such, to wash a small piece of the material first, before sousing the

whole garment. Dyeing, like washing, is such a lost art, that we can seldom rely on the guarantee given by a salesman. If pressed on the point, he will usually say, "I cannot speak with certainty, not having washed the fabric, but, as far as I know, it ought to wash perfectly." Yes! *ought to*, my friend. But how often ought goes for nought in this world. And we can never hold a tradesman accountable if a woollen runs in the wash. It is best, when purchasing anything doubtful, to ask for a tiny modicum of the material for experiment. If it does not run, it is safe to invest. Though the piece may wash well because it is capable of being dried rapidly, it does not follow that the frock made of it will do the same. All the gathers and folds in skirt and sleeveband hold moisture, and sometimes the frock is ruined. However, it is a cautious action to do as I have advised, and test the dye by washing a bit of the cloth. If there be any doubt on the matter further, success may be assured by ripping all gathers, undoing all waist and sleeve bands, and drying in the straight.

It must be evident to my readers that the great secret in doing up embroideries, etc., is in the way we dry it; not so much in the way we wash it. So never begin such an operation on a wet day. Let there be a strong wind blowing. Never attempt to dry before a fire. Then I think you ought to be pleased with results. I have often been.

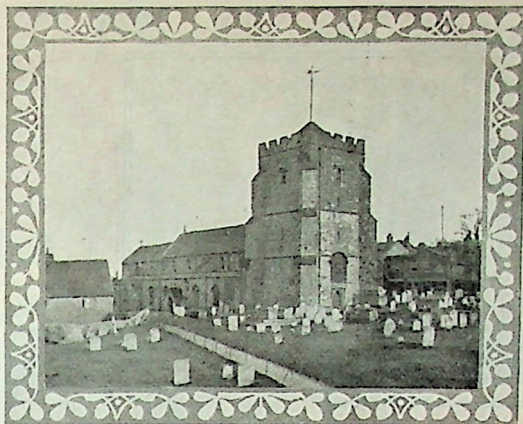


"In the far-away olden days."

HYMNS FOR

I. JESUS IN

By the Rev.
G. W. BRIGGS, B.A.

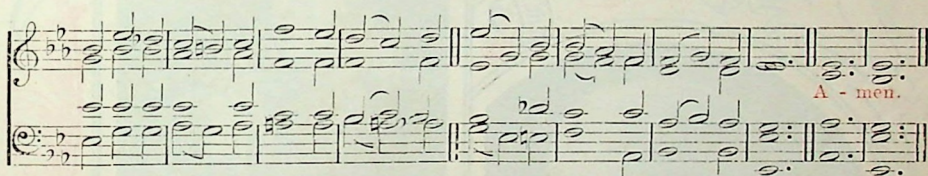
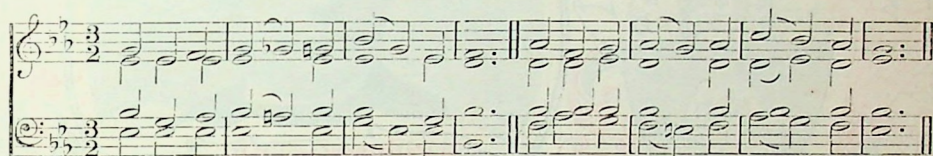


CHURCH AND HOME.

THE MIDST.

Music by
C. H. BRIGGS,
Mus. Doc.

"Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."—*St. Matthew xviii. 20.*
"Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them."—*St. Luke xxiv. 36.*



I.

mf **B**E in our midst, Lord, when today,
f The brightest of all earthly days,
mf We gather at Thy feet to lay
Our homage and our humble praise.

II.

mf Be in our midst, through all the toil
And strife another week shall bring,
And let no stain or tarnish soil
The servants of the heavenly King.

III.

p Be in our midst, when stricken sore
By piercing sorrow's poisoned dart;
cres. Be near, great Healer, and outpour
mf Thy soothing balm upon the heart.

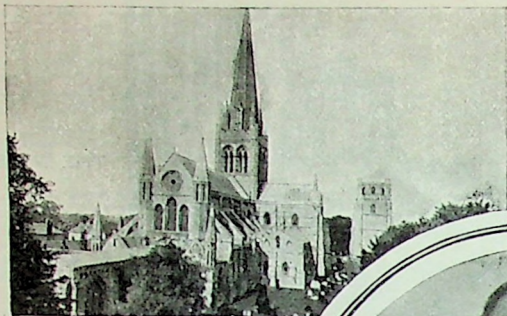
IV.

p Be in our midst if Death's cold hand
Be laid upon this mortal clay;
cres. Darkness shall yield at Thy command,
f And night shall vanish into day.

V.

mf Be in our midst, when time and space
And death and sorrow are no more;
f Through endless ages Thou shalt grace
The glories of that happier shore.

THE
CHVRCH
CONGRESS,
BRIGHTON,
OCTOBER,
1901.



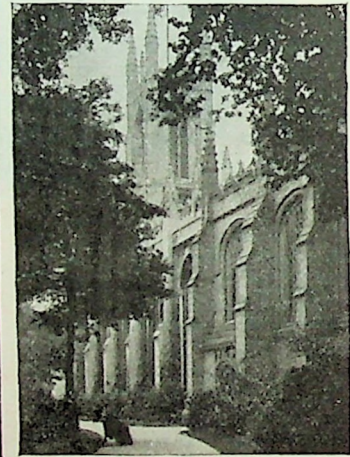
CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL



THE RIGHT REV. A. R. WULVERFORCE, D.D. LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER



THE MOST REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D. LORD ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH



ST. PETER'S, BRIGHTON
PARISH CHVRCH.

Our Photographs of the Bishop of Chichester and the Archbishop of Armagh by Elliott & Fry. Chichester Cathedral by Messrs. Frith & Son.



HOME WORDS

CHURCH CONGRESS NUMBER.

For His Name's Sake.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER, AUTHOR OF "IN FARTHEST IND," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE STORM BREAKS.



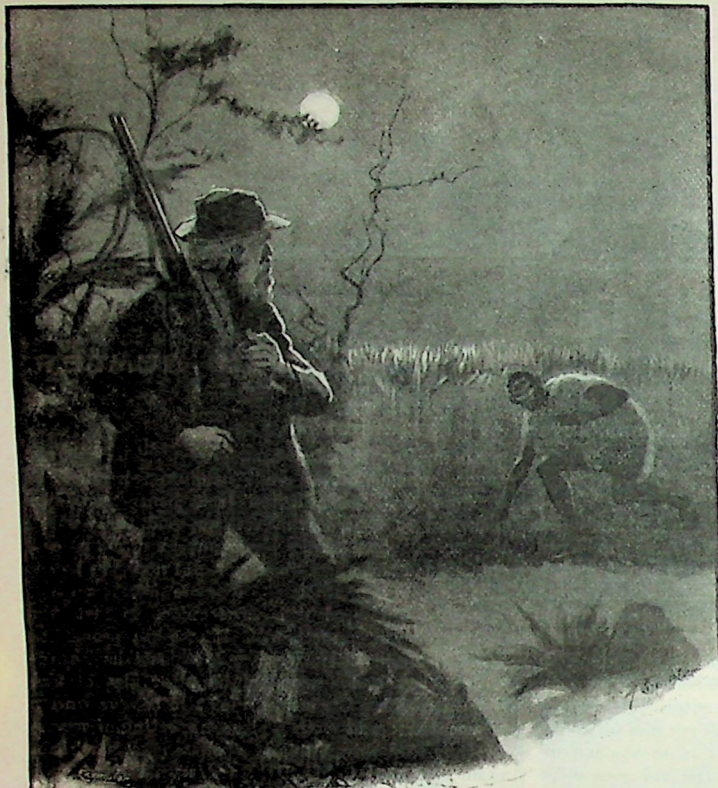
OR a short time after Andries' visit there came to Welcome no news from the outer world, good or bad. Shokomi was baptized by the name of Paulus, in the presence of a crowd of his subjects, who pressed round the church door and climbed up to look in at the windows, for the building could not contain nearly all those who wished to enter. They were thus able to see with their own eyes the falseness of the tales which had got about as to the nature of the ceremony, yet many of the old men wept loudly over what they considered a mark of insanity on the part of their chief. In the tribal parliament Shokomi's action was definitely challenged by Seketlu, who urged that his uncle had cut himself off from the nation, and could no longer be chief; but the majority were not in favour of such a sudden change. With their usual rough fairness they decided to wait and see what sort of chief Shokomi would make as a Christian, before deposing him, and putting Seketlu in his place; and Shokomi, on his side, promised to abdicate if he found that he could not reconcile his official duties with his faith.

It was not in this direction, however, that the new convert's chief trials lay. The large enclosure which surrounded the chief's abode seemed sadly empty, without the crowds of women and children that had inhabited the smaller huts; and the chief's herd of cattle looked beggarly indeed, now that each of his former wives had been duly provided for. But even more grievous was the change in the congregation at church. Of late the whole of Shokomi's large household had attended the services by his command, but now there were only Mataba and his mother, together

with a few elderly women-servants. All the other wives, bitter and resolute enemies of Shokomi and his religion from henceforth, had returned to their own families, and the rest of the tribe, considering that public opinion had condemned the chief's conduct, did not care to set foot inside the station. Outside it they gave themselves a good deal of trouble, to test the reality of his conversion. Like some people at home, though they were not Christians themselves, they had a wonderfully clear idea of the way in which a Christian ought to behave under provocation; and with a pleasant feeling of security they said things to and about Shokomi which, as he lamented to Mr. Hildyard, would have cost them their lives a year before.

Gradually, however, a slight change made itself felt, as if Shokomi's sacrifice had at least convinced his people that there was something in Christianity after all. It was not that the petty persecution ceased, or that the church was suddenly filled with eager listeners; but here and there a man would call to Mr. Hildyard as he passed to come in and talk, or a woman would ask to be taught to sew, that she might make herself a gown to come to church in. That was all, but the missionaries welcomed these signs of improvement, and looked forward to a more general awakening before long. But the Banoga had failed to recognise their day of visitation, and for some of them it was even now at an end.

Nothing had been heard of Andries since his departure, and Rose was beginning to take comfort in the thought that he must have returned to the Colony, when one day a mounted Hottentot brought a verbal message from him for Stephanus. He was still in the Republic, with Piet Coetzer, and had just received letters from home, which he wanted Stephanus to talk over with him. The request came at an inconvenient time, for harvest



"He saw by the moonlight a man creeping along the ground towards him in the shadow of the corn."—Page 220.

was just beginning; but it could easily be understood that Andries found difficulty in reading the letters for himself, and that his friends were equally unable to make them out. Stephanus and his servant Jantje set out, therefore, with the messenger, promising to return in a week; and Mr. Hildyard and the Hottentots, with a number of hired Bechuanas, went to work at the harvest. Until the corn was all under cover, it was necessary to keep guard over it in the fields at night, in view of the many enemies that menaced it. Two nights after the departure of Stephanus, Mr. Hildyard was taking the first watch, with his gun over his shoulder. He had been careful to load one barrel with ball, in case of the appearance of a lion or hyena, but the other only with powder, so as to be able to frighten away any human marauders, without hurting them. He congratulated himself on his forethought, when he saw by the moonlight a man creeping along the ground towards him in the shadow of the corn. Before

he could even call out and frighten the trespasser however, the man raised himself and uttered a word of warning, and he recognised Shokomi's voice.

"Ra-Rosy, it is I," said the chief. "I came to talk to you alone."

"Why, is anything wrong?"

"The men who herd the cattle have brought word to-night that five of the Amabula, with a number of Hottentots and many cattle, are encamped in the pastures lower down the river. Their cattle will leave no grass for ours, and they have taken possession of the largest and deepest pool of water."

"They are on your land?"

"The oldest man cannot remember a time when that land was not ours. It has always been our last hope in years of drought."

"And what do the tribe think about this?"

"They would have me assemble my warriors, and come upon the Amabula by surprise, and kill them and take their cattle, but it does not seem to me that that would please Morimo. The Amabula are Christians, as

I am. I cannot attack them without warning."

"Right, Paul; we must avoid bloodshed by every means in our power. Tell Seketlu and the war party that to attack these Boers would be to bring all the rest upon us. They would be glad of an excuse to destroy the Banoga and take the country. You and I will go to-morrow and speak to them peaceably, and find out what they want."

The result of the next day's embassy was not wholly satisfactory. Mr. Hildyard and Shokomi were challenged by an armed Boer as soon as they emerged from the hills, but they were allowed to pass without difficulty. The commandant of the intruders, Piet Coetzer's son Hendrik, was friendly enough, and explained that this year the territory of the Republic was suffering from drought, and that he had trekked here with his father's cattle to try to save them from starvation. He had no intention of remaining after the summer was over, and he was willing to make a present to the Banoga, in acknowledgment of their rights, if

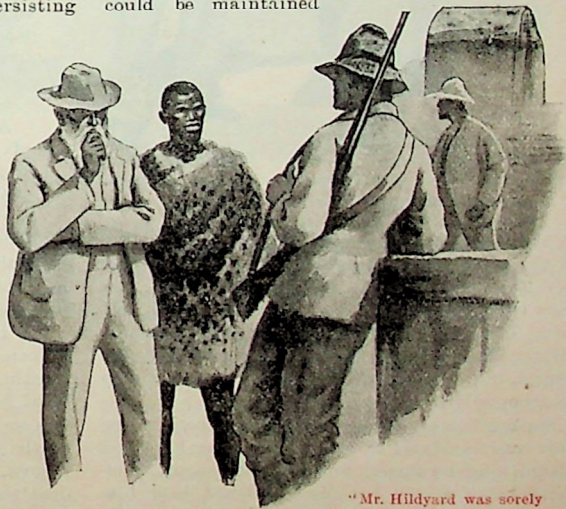
they allowed him to remain unmolested. Mr. Hildyard was sorely puzzled. The five waggons belonging to the adventurers were carefully arranged in a laager, and further surrounded by a *scherm*, or enclosure of brushwood; but this was perhaps only a natural precaution to take in a strange neighbourhood. If the Boers had meant mischief, they would surely have come in larger numbers, and at any rate, it was clearly impossible to attack them and drive them out without any provocation. Stifling his misgivings, the missionary advised Shokomi to allow the Amabula to remain for the present, therefore, and the tribe submitted with some murmuring.

Presently, however, it began to be whispered that the Boers were not playing fair. Five more waggons, said to contain stores, and with the oxen driven and led by Hottentots, arrived at the laager, and were used to add to its extent. It was curious that such a small number of Boers should need such large quantities of stores for so short a stay, and some one suggested that the waggons really carried more men. This was confirmed by one or two friendly Bushmen, who succeeded in wriggling up to the laager and peering into it—doing this at the risk of their lives, since the Boer sentries kept all natives at a respectful distance. These men said that at night they had seen at least twenty Boers, instead of five, sitting round the fire in the midst of the circle of waggons, and the Banoga began to ask one another why the new arrivals were kept concealed, if their intentions were friendly.

The tribe were still excited over this news, when other events came to disturb them further. Native herdsmen taking their cattle to the river-pastures were warned off by the Boers. Persisting that they had a right to the water, they found themselves driven away with sjamboks, leaving part of their herds behind. Almost at the same time, armed and mounted Boers, in couples, began to ride through the hills day by day, and were to be seen examining the country, ostensibly in quest of strayed cattle. That the excuse had some foundation appeared from a disquieting incident. Two of the Boer oxen were discovered in the garden cultivated by the wives of one of the minor chiefs attached to Seketlu's party, and the women, much delighted, fetched their husband and his men, who promptly speared the trespassers, looking forward to a huge feast. At this point one of the Boer patrols rode up, and recognising the oxen, opened fire on the natives. A man was killed, and two women wounded, but the

sound of the firing drew together a crowd of armed men, before whose threatening advance the Boers found it advisable to retire.

This state of things could not continue, and Mr. Hildyard and Shokomi were again appointed to visit the Boer laager, in order to remonstrate; but even before they could start on their errand, a fresh grievance presented itself. The Boers had been joined, it appeared, by a number of friendly natives from their own territories, and these had been robbing the gardens of the Banoga. This loss touched the tribe in its tenderest point; and the women, on whom all the labour of tending the gardens fell, forgot their usual silent submissiveness, and urged their husbands loudly, with taunts and reproaches, to obtain redress. Acting as the mouthpiece of the angry crowd, Seketlu stood up in the assembly, and denounced Shokomi as a traitor. He had become a Christian like the white people, and had sold the tribe to them. But for him, the first five of the Amabula who had come with the waggons would have been destroyed, and then the rest would have left the Banoga country alone. The hearers were almost all ranged upon Seketlu's side, and it was some time before Shokomi was even allowed to speak. War was demanded on all hands, and the warriors called upon Seketlu to lead them to the fight. Shokomi's task was a difficult one, but he succeeded in getting a hearing at last. He agreed with the tribe that the outrages must cease, but if this could be effected without going to war, it should be. The Amabula were numerous and merciless, and to cut off this commando would simply mean that others would come and sweep the country. If peace could be maintained



"Mr. Hildyard was sorely puzzled."—Page 221.

until Redbeard returned with a message from the Great Chief in the Colony, the tribe would be saved.

Very unwillingly the assembly yielded to the arguments of Shokomi, and allowed him to depart on his embassy. This time Mr. Hildyard and he were detained on the outskirts of the Boer encampment until an escort had been summoned to conduct them to the laager. Here they saw over a dozen Boers, and they were both of opinion that others were looking out of the waggons. Hendrik Coetzer received them without any of his former friendliness. He laughed at the idea that he and his commando were trespassing on land belonging



"Wrapping his cloak round him he turned to leave the laager."—Page 222.

to the Banoga. They had occupied the country in the name of the Republic, and meant to keep it. The natives might fight if they liked, but they would be better advised to come in and submit. They must work for their masters, to whom all the cattle in the country now naturally belonged, but they would be allowed to grow corn for themselves in their leisure hours.

Shokomi was too indignant to speak when this was translated to him. Wrapping his cloak round him, he turned to leave the laager, trembling with anger, but Mr. Hildyard held him back. Fully aware that but for his presence the

Boers would have thought little of shooting or kidnapping the angry chief, he threw himself into the fray for the sake of his native friends. The Boers would concede nothing, promise nothing; but Mr. Hildyard laboured on for the prevention of bloodshed. The Boers should remain in possession of the river-pastures for the present, until the matter could be referred to the arbitration of the Cape Government, but they must keep their cattle and their native allies from trespassing; and if they made any attempt to enter the hills or invade the country now actually in the occupation of the Banoga, it would be accepted as a declaration of war. The Boers smoked on, uttering meditative grunts at intervals, to show they were attending, but Mr. Hildyard could obtain no assent from them. He retired at last, in despair warning them that their blood would be upon their own heads should they cross the line he had marked out.

"I fear we cannot hope for peace," he said sadly to Shokomi, as they returned. "Their interest is to force on a conflict at once, so as to forestall any appeal to the Colony, just as it is our object to gain time and obtain the Great Chief's support."

"They will have to kill all the men of the Banoga before they can eat up our land," said Shokomi fiercely. "And you, Ra-Rosy, you will fight for us?"

"No; I cannot fight, but I will come with you and do what I can to heal the wounded. I wish Blackhair had come back. It is extraordinary, his delaying in this way."

"Perhaps he has been kept by the Amabula," suggested the chief. "I thought I saw in one of the waggons the face of his brother, who visited you, and whose slave you set free."

"Andries!" Mr. Hildyard started. "I hope not. I have never been able to like Andries; but I could not believe him capable of such a dastardly plot. Stephanus may have found other friends in the Republic to visit. What measures do you intend to take for protecting your people, Paul?"

"I shall set spies to watch the laager of the Amabula, to bring word if they set out to surprise us. Then we will lay wait for them in the hills, and those who escape will let us alone."

The tribe approved warmly of Shokomi's plan of campaign when he returned to them; and Seketlu, glad, as he said, to find that the chief's blood had not all turned to milk, and that there was some prospect of a fight, offered himself as one of the spies. As his scouting powers were well known, Shokomi welcomed the offer, and Seketlu departed with a number of subordinates, who were to watch the Boer laager night and day. In

the meantime, all the Banoga of military age were called up and kept under arms at Lihuli, ready to march at once to any point that might be threatened in the range of hills which divided them from the enemy. For nearly a week nothing important was reported by the spies, but one evening a man came running to the town in hot haste. Great activity had been observable all day in the Boer camp, and Seketlu had gathered from the talk of the native allies that an attack was to be made that night. He himself was prepared to offer himself as a guide to the Boers, and lead them into an ambushade, if Shokomi would so arrange matters. Mr. Hildyard looked anxiously at the chief when the message came. Shokomi was pondering the suggestion deeply.

"No!" he exclaimed at last. "The Amabula know what to expect if they enter the mountains, but we will not entrap them by deceit. That would displease Morimo. Tell Seketlu and the other spies to fall back before them, and bring us word which way they are coming."

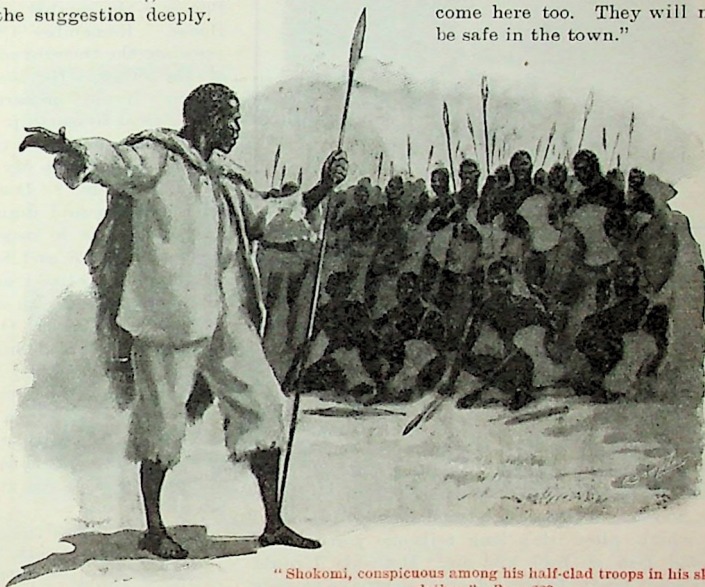
Before the messenger had even left the chief's enclosure, Shokomi began to muster his array. The men who had been expecting the summons, assembled forthwith: a crowd of fine looking fellows, with their spears and small Bechuana shields. Shokomi, conspicuous among his half-clad troops in his skin clothes,—made in imitation of Mr. Hildyard's,—addressed his followers before starting, impressing upon them his absolute command that, contrary to the usual Bechuana custom, the enemy's wounded were not to be injured. Mr. Hildyard followed with a few words, inviting any man who might be hurt to come or send to him for treatment, and the army marched out, the missionary and old Kobus unarmed, but laden with bandages and other necessities, keeping close to Shokomi.

As for Mrs. Hildyard and Rose, they remained at home in terrible anxiety, which was not relieved by the valour of Kees, Klaas and Saart, who were patrolling the verandah gun in hand, in a state of high excitement, which led them to fire whenever they thought they saw anything moving in the garden. They also challenged

very loudly when they heard each other coming, and once or twice ran into one another in the dark, and began a deadly fight, each under the impression that the other was an enemy. Mrs. Hildyard and Rose had to rush out with lights to separate them, and thus the time passed until it was nearly morning. Then the two women, sitting anxiously listening, heard Mr. Hildyard's voice calling to Klaas to fetch Mataba and his mother to the station at once. They ran out eagerly, to find Mr. Hildyard and Kobus carrying some one between them.

"Who is it?" cried Mrs. Hildyard.

"It is Paul. We must hide him in the storeroom, and his wife and child must come here too. They will not be safe in the town."



"Shokomi, conspicuous among his half-clad troops in his skin clothes."—Page 223.

Mrs. Hildyard sighed, for Leapa, Shokomi's remaining wife, was a sore trial to her husband and his white friends. She still preferred a dirty skin cloak and a coating of grease and red ochre to an English dress, and it was impossible to get her dull mind to take in the smallest scrap of knowledge. But now she was to come and live in the house.

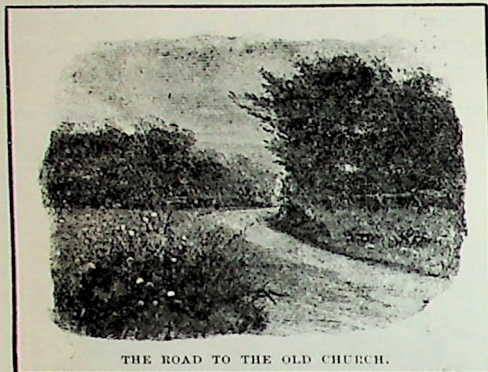
"Then we are defeated, papa?" asked Rose, as Shokomi was carried into the store-cupboard, a small dark room off the kitchen, constructed without windows by Dirk Muller's advice, in order to afford the ladies a refuge from spears in case of an attack on the house.

"Defeated? Not fairly. Seketlu has betrayed us. He led the Boers round, to come upon us from behind, and at least half of our men, on a signal

from him, joined them. Most of the rest managed to escape, when they saw the odds against us, but Paul's bodyguard fell fighting round him almost to a man. Kobus and I waited to find his body, hoping to give it Christian burial, but he is

(To be continued.)

"Thy Word is Truth."



THE ROAD TO THE OLD CHURCH.

"MY FATHER'S HOUSE."

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D.,
FORMERLY BISHOP OF OSSORY.

"MY Father's House"—the words are full of sweet and hallowed associations. Even in respect of earthly homes they tell of rest, of love, of peace. Oh, what memories come up to us of the days of youth, as we think of a father's house, of the home of our childhood—that dearest, brightest of all the places of our earthly sojourn; from which, after all, no seas can separate, no continents divide us: to which, after life's long toilsome journey, we would fain go back and die. Methinks I could stir some hearts to their deepest depths of earthly feeling, were I to dwell upon the thought of an earthly father's home. But the dearest, fondest, purest home that rises to our remembrance is but a faint and feeble image of that home concerning which Jesus says, "In My Father's house are many mansions." Gather together if you can, all the affection that ever brightened, all the tenderness that ever hallowed, all the virtue that ever enriched an earthly home, and it pales and wanes away before the blessedness that shall sanctify and beautify the Home above. For God is the light of it, and Christ is the love of it, and the Holy Spirit is the life of it through all eternities for evermore.

Cherish homelike thoughts of heaven; bring it near to you in its blessed character as your Father's House, and your own eternal Home. Do this, and it will reflect light and love upon your

still breathing, and we have brought him here."

"But won't Sicketlu want you to give him up? Would you do it?"

"My life first," said Mr. Hildyard shortly.

earthly home; do this, and it will help you to keep strife and discord far away; do this, and by God's grace it will quicken your steps and intensify your aspirations towards the Home whither you are journeying.

And then let us try to realize that the House of Prayer is the earthly counterpart of our Father's House. Remember Christ has taught us to associate the thought of the one with the thought of the other. He has reserved the title "My Father's House" on earth for the place where His people meet to worship Him. Is it not His own most gracious promise that "Where two or three are met together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them"? Does not that promise, as some one has said, dignify a small congregation and annihilate a large one? Does it not link Heaven to earth, and does it not remind us that those whom we meet as fellow-worshippers here below are those whom we hope to meet as fellow-worshippers above? Ought not this thought to beget reverence and childlike love? Ought it not to stir us up to unity and concord? Ought not the House of Prayer to be to us a centre of light and blessing—at once a sanctuary and a home?

And surely it warns us against the intrusion of unhallowed thoughts as we approach our Father's House and worship at His footstool. A sweet singer has said:—

"Let vain or busy thoughts have here no part,
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures there;
Christ purged His temple, so must thou thy heart;
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well,
For churches either are our heaven or hell."

The wisest of men has thus admonished us: "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the House of God, and be more ready to hear than to offer the sacrifice of fools." And a greater than Solomon has reminded us that "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Oh, let the language of every heart be this: It is my Father's House, and in honouring it I will seek to honour Him. It is my Father's House, and in loving it I will endeavour to show my love to Him. Oh, may its sacred privileges attract us with a more than magnetic power, and constrain us to exclaim in the words of David, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thine House and the place where Thine Honour dwelleth." "A day in Thy courts

is better than a thousand; I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

THERE is nothing more precious in the record of our Lord's agony in the garden than the assurance that it gives us of His perfect sympathy with us—of His sympathy with us in our loneliness, and His sympathy with us in our sorrow.

I. And first there is His sympathy with us in our loneliness. Every human heart has its season of loneliness. There is not only the awful loneliness of the last hour. There is the loneliness of life.

"Not even the tenderest heart
and near our own
Knows half the reasons why
we smile or sigh.
Each in his hidden sphere of
joy or woe,
Our hermit spirits range
and dwell apart;
Our eyes see all around in
gloom or glow
Hues of their own fresh bor-
rowed from the heart."

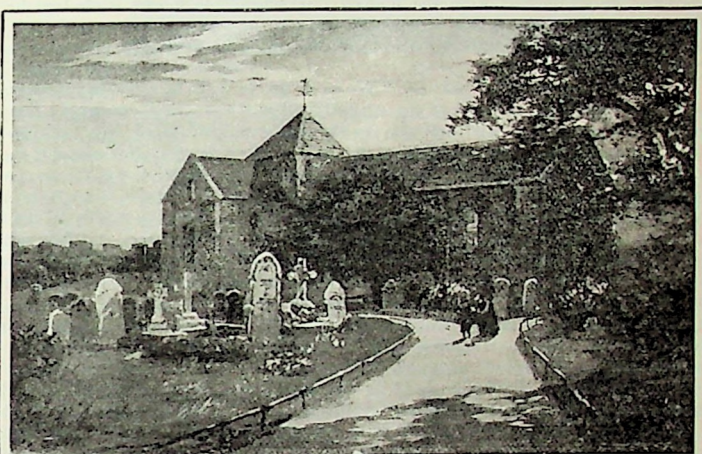
We know what it is to be lonely in a crowd, to see no eye answering ours, to have no hand to grasp ours in living, loving fellowship. Well, this was the Saviour's burden too. He was always infinitely above even His chosen companions. They could not understand Him; His thoughts, His aspirations, His sorrows, His joys were such as they could not share. He was a stranger to His brethren, even an alien to His mother's children.

But what does His example teach us? Not to despise sympathy, not to refuse it, to look for it, to seek it even from those who may not be able to enter into all our feelings, who may even sleep through our agony, and yet who have true hearts and warm hearts nevertheless. And then there is not only His example, but there is that which is more precious still, the knowledge and the assurance of His sympathy. He who was so lonely Himself can feel for your loneliness. On His mighty heart, on His perfect knowledge, on His never-failing sympathy you may rest at all times. Father and mother may have forsaken you. God may have taken away from you, in His mysterious providence, husband or wife, son or daughter, brother and friend; you may be alone in the

world. But as He said, "And yet I am not alone," so you may say, "I am not alone, because He is with me. Whose love never fails, Whose sympathy is never wearied, Whose help is never refused."

II. And as with loneliness, so with sorrow. There are sorrows which it seems almost impossible to bear. There are deep sorrows which cast us on our face, with the exceeding bitter cry, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Then what consolation in the thought, that He has passed through the same experience, that He, the Perfect Man, the well-beloved of the Father knew not how to bear His burden, would have escaped from it if He could without disobedience to His Father's will.

Knowing this, remembering this, shall we not also learn the lesson of His resignation? Let



MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

sorrow have its way. We may pour it out before our Father. We need not repress the utterance. Nay more—we may be bold in our grief, for He was. We may ask the impossible—the dear life that the physician tells us is past recovery, the fulfilment of a desire which to human appearance is hopeless. We need not keep anything back. Only with the utterance of the sorrow and the desire let there be the utterance of the submission. "Not my will, but Thine be done." It is hard to say it. The murmur rises to the lips. The heart refuses to be comforted. But we look at Him crushed with His burden of woe; and as we look, something of His spirit of submission gathers upon our souls, and the darkness is fringed with light; and we hear a voice saying, "When thou passest through the rivers I will be with thee, and through the floods, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

Some Girls and their Ambitions.

ANSWERS ILLUSTRATING THE TRAINING IN OUR SCHOOLS.

BY W. H. HUNT.

II.

A GIRL from one of the largest schools, where most of the girls express a wish to be housemaids, and one who also selects this calling, writes a very good and somewhat original essay. She says, "I would not stand about and gossip or sit still and do nothing in the afternoons. When I sweep the rooms I must sweep in the corners as well as in the middle, and then when I go to a higher place my mistress will give me a good character. There is another thing none of us ought ever to do, and that is to steal. I hope I shall never steal when I go out to service."

Another "housemaid" writes, "When I go to bed I will not keep in bed but get up early. I will make my mistress's bed nice and tidy, so that she can have a comfortable sleep and not wake up in the middle of her sleep because she does not feel comfortable."

Yet another girl who wants to be a housemaid gives among the reasons for her choice that "the work is lighter than a general servant's. I should only have my own work to do and should not be much in the kitchen. I would like doing the work upstairs and opening the door to visitors. How polite I must try to be if I have to do this! I have heard that a housemaid often has to speak to the visitors because she has to see to their bedrooms and wait upon them. I should like that sort of work."

A girl who wants to be a cook, enumerating the various features of such service, says, "A cook always ought to take care to wear a cool print dress when she is doing her work. An advantage in being cook is that she is paid higher wages than any other domestic servant. In a family where much company is entertained a cook who knows her work is always valued. People like to feel that they can trust her to send tasty meals to table not only for themselves but for their visitors."

A girl who wants to be a dressmaker writes:—"To be a dressmaker is rather a hard thing. If you were asked to make a dress for a very grand lady and you made it carelessly, the lady would not be at all pleased with it, and most certainly it would have to be unpicked, and there would be your work all done for nothing. It is also very useful to know how to dress a child, for if I am so happy in later life as to have children of my own, I will know how to dress them properly, and that is more than some people know."

A girl, fifteen years of age, who has been in the school five years, and desires to be a teacher, says, "There is not much pleasure in close study, but the hard part must come first, then the fruit and the

rest in heaven. There is a nobleness in work. Not only is work necessary but it gives a satisfaction in life which the idle can never feel. We are born into the world to make ourselves useful; to do our little best to help it forward, and there is a pleasure in earnest, useful labour. To be a teacher I must be well educated; but educated in the true sense. Not simply to

know many things, as knowledge is not education any more than it is wisdom. I must try to cultivate the minds of the children; to lead them kindly and gently in the true path; to persuade them to do right and make them feel that they are doing right because it is best and not because they are forced by a stronger will than their own. If I am what I hope to be my power shall be the power of love."

A girl of fourteen, whose choice is domestic service, writes an equally good essay. "I should like," she says, "to get on when I leave school. How I do not quite know, nor what I should like to do. In my spare time I should like to improve myself by reading books of travel and lives of great men. If I get on in my ordinary lessons while I am at school perhaps I might venture to learn a little French. I am always longing to know that. I should be able to understand the different French cookery names. There is a magazine I have seen called *The Modern Instructor*, which I should like very much. It has all kinds of instructive things in it. Surely in whatever situation I am I could find a little time every day to enjoy myself in this way. I do not mean to neglect my work or not mend my clothes, but instead of going out I could spend that time to my liking. I think it is nice for a servant to be well informed about everything."

There are exceedingly *naïve* remarks in some of the essays. A girl desiring to be a housemaid, says, "My greatest pleasure in housework is hearth-stoning steps, because it makes the entrance to the house look so clean." Another elects to be a parlour-maid because, "It is a better kind of work to do the drawing-room, dining-room and parlour, than to be always down in the kitchen doing the very dirtiest work." A girl who wants to be a nurse describes how she would like to assist in the cure of a patient,



and concludes, "and when she was well you could tell her that you helped to save her life."

One girl, choosing domestic service, wants "to be a helper in a business house," and remarks that she would "like to go messages and do a little housework. That would be very nice because I could have a look at the shops and have plenty of excitement. The fable of 'the flies and the honey pot' is running in my head now, warning me to take heed to its moral. 'Pleasure bought with pain hurts.' I must be careful then to do my duty. I think if I am truthful my mistress will excuse a great deal in me. Untruthfulness is mean, cowardly and wicked. Untruthful people stand disgraced and are shunned by all honourable persons. Now to the future. After a year going on as I have tried to describe, I think I would try to get some steps higher and help to serve in a shop, if I could lodge in the house. I like waiting on and obliging others, so here would be a grand opportunity."

A girl who combines a desire to do good with a wish to be approved writes: "As I am asked what position in life I would like to take, my answer is a ready one, for it is simply a cook, although at the same time it is a great deal in my eyes. My reason for liking this occupation is that I think in this I would be best able to help my relations, so that if any of them were to get ill I would be able to make them some little dainty, and I know they would feel quite proud of me."

That some of the girls are not altogether lacking in a love of the beautiful may be gathered from the following extracts. One girl, who wants to be a lady's companion, says, "I like travelling and am



From a photo by

[W. H. BUNNETT.]

LEARNING THE CHEMISTRY OF FOOD.

fond of the beauties of Nature. There are many scenes which I should like to paint."

A girl who wants to be a nurse concludes thus: "There is a beautiful picture, 'The Roll Call,' in our schoolroom, and I never pass it by without thinking of our brave wounded soldiers out in South Africa, and wishing I was old enough to go to help nurse them, like Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War."

Another girl, writing on her chosen calling of dressmaker, speaks of the work as less exacting than domestic service, and adds, "Best of all I would have more time to myself, but especially to think of God and say my morning and night prayers."

A third girl, who also desires to be a dressmaker, thinks that calling good because "you can manage with only two dresses, and you can think about God more than if you were in a situation."

A girl who wants to be a nurse has also something to say about the value of religion. "If," she writes, "a person was ill who knew nothing about the great God who made her, and who even died for her, then perhaps I could help her by telling her something about the great God and His wonderful work."

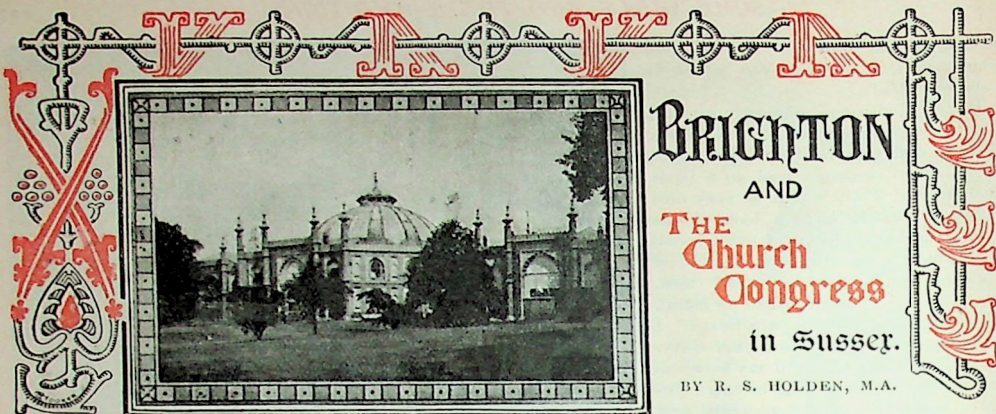
From the essays of half a dozen children who desire to become missionaries we give a concluding extract, which may be taken as a fair sample of the rest. It runs as follows: "When I am older and able to earn my own living I should like to be a missionary. I should learn all about the heathen countries and the people in them. I should like to be a missionary because I am in a Christian country with churches and ministers to preach; and then I think of the poor heathen who have no churches. A missionary's life is rather a difficult one because the heathen won't give up their idols easily, and the preacher's life is sometimes in danger."



From a photo by

[W. H. BUNNETT.]

LEARNING HOW TO MAKE A BED.



THE DOME, BRIGHTON.

SO the Church Congress is coming down south to Brighton," I said to William, who is "Sussex" born and bred. He screwed up his eyes until the crow's feet marked his face. William never gives his tongue a chance to run away with his wits.

"Aye, for sure," he answered at last, with great deliberation.

"Newcastle in 1899, London in 1900, Brighton in 1901—the Congress is a rolling stone," I went on, speaking more to myself than to William. But when I expected no comment it came, and very much to the point.

"There *be* a sayin'," he remarked, "which I wouldn't go so far as to contradict, 'that a sittin' hen gets no feathers.'"

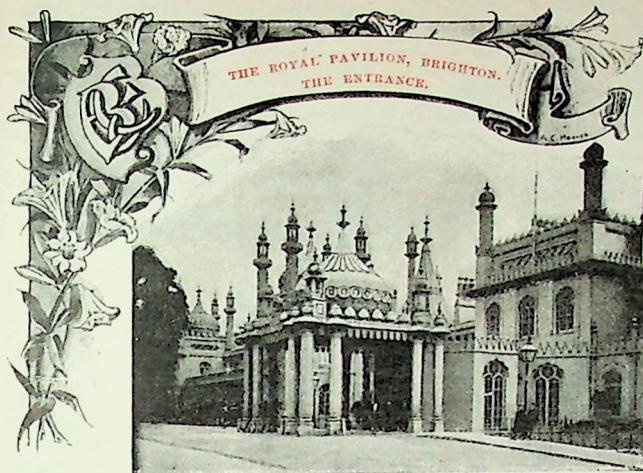
This is the kind of wisdom that sparkles, like dew on the grass at dawn, in William's conversation. Year after year he has spent at his lonely shepherding on the downs; it needs no wild fancy to imagine him but a few generations removed from the Psalmist.

Like the "still waters," those shepherds seem untroubled by every wind that blows. They are not ignorant; they read a weekly newspaper and an occasional daily, and they are as those who look on. Something of the quiet and calm of the past appears to wrap them round. Nor is this altogether surprising. They live where change has least affected the land. "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say," remarks Dr. Louis Robinson, "that no alteration has taken place in the methods of harnessing and driving the ox-teams since the times when our Aryan forefathers traversed the plains of Central Europe with their herds and their wagons. The primitive yoke is still in use, and all attempts to improve on its principle have been in vain. The farm ox-man still uses a good such as we read of in the Bible."

Of course Sussex is an ideal home for legends,

and many are the fairy tales that are still told of the strange green rings of the Downs. But some of the ancient traditions are based upon truth. The cathedral city of Chichester has preserved at least one wonderful story. About the middle of the sixth century a ship went ashore on Selsey Bill, having on board Wilfrid and his clergy. At the instigation of a pagan priest the Sussex wreckers attempted to complete the destruction begun by the storm, and





would have killed all the ship's passengers and crew. But at the critical moment a stone from a sling struck the pagan priest; then the tide came suddenly in, the wind shifted, the vessel got out to sea, and reached Sandwich. After a few years the Bishop landed at the same place, first won the hearts of the people by teaching them the use of nets, and then himself became a fisher of men by teaching them Christianity. Bede tells us that a three years' drought, followed by famine and disease, had caused widespread suffering and death. By forties and fifties the people had leaped from the rocks in despair and dashed themselves to pieces. But, so the legend says, the conversion of the tribe to Christianity was immediately followed by plenteous showers of rain, and in gratitude the see of Selsey, afterwards in William the Conqueror's reign transferred to Chichester, was established. I need not stop to describe the magnificent architecture of the cathedral, as it now exists—its aisles, nave, and south transept windows; nor can I do more than refer to the old-world city, its quaint simplicity and its fine sense of hospitality.

So much for the extreme west of Sussex. Nearer Brighton we may stumble upon another interesting legend, connected with ancient Steyning, whose Norman church is the last resting-place of Ethelwulf and Cuthman, of whose identity there is much doubt. It is said that he was the patron of Steyning and of Sussex shepherds; for he drew a mystic circle with his crook upon the Downs, and bade his sheep keep within it till he returned from dinner, and they, marvellous to relate, obeyed him. On another occasion, when conveying an

aged mother in a wheelbarrow (!), the cord which he had looped over his shoulders to support it snapped as he was crossing a hayfield. The haymakers jeered at this mishap, and the legend adds that Cuthman prayed that annual showers about harvest-time should always spoil their crops, which was literally fulfilled. This, however, does not end the story. Cuthman managed to prop up his barrow with elder twigs, which, however, in turn gave way. Then it occurred to him that this double breakdown was intended as a Divine message, and he interpreted it as a command to build a church in that place. This he did, and the parish church is said to stand on the very spot where the wheelbarrow fell to the ground.

No doubt the right way to approach Brighton is by road, and preferably in the bygone time-honoured coach. There need be no difficulty about this, for the "stage" still runs between London and Brighton. One cannot, with motor-cars and cycles sharing the road, imagine oneself in the good old days; but that is not wholly desirable, despite what a lover of the past has told us. "Them was happy days," said he, "afore reform and rails turned everything upside down, and men rode, as Nature intended they should, on turn-pikes, with coaches and smart active horses, and not by machinery, like bags of cotton and hardware. But coaches is done for ever, and a heavy blow it is! They was the pride of the country: there wasn't anything like them, as I've 'eerd gentlemen say from forrin parts, to be found nowhere, nor never will again."



We shall not be sorry if the fares are never heard of again. For the twelve hours' journey from London to Brighton each passenger was charged from 16s. to 25s. The slow time was due to the dreadful state of the roads, which were at times nearly knee-deep in mud—so much so that Dr. John Burton gravely insists that the long-leggedness of Sussex folk is due to the lengthening of the muscles and bones, caused by the exertion of pulling their feet out of the mud!

Two other facts in connection with the famous Brighton road are worth noting. The "hobby-horse" cycle was ridden in twelve hours from London to "London by the Sea" in 1869, and in 1896 motor-cars covered the distance—fifty-one and a half miles—for the first time without breaking down.

Now it is again the turn for legendary lore. How many people who know the Devil's Dyke are acquainted with the reputed origin of the name? All who have seen it remember the wild, uncanny appearance of the Dyke, and there can be little doubt that the story has been made to fit. It is said that the Evil One dug it to let in the sea and deluge the country, "envying the numerous churches of the Weald." But the plan was checkmated—so the superstition runs—by an old woman, who, being disturbed from her sleep by the noise of the work, peeped out of her window, and, recognizing the Enemy of Man, had the presence of mind to hold up a candle, which he mistook for the rising sun, and beat a hasty retreat!

Finally a word about modern Brighton. The Congress is opening at a favourable time of the year, and we hope that visitors may be spared those bitter winds which can whistle down the narrow side streets, which descend precipitously into the main thoroughfares. There are to be simultaneous meetings—morning, afternoon, and evening—in the Dome and Corn Exchange, with sectional meetings in the Royal Pavilion. These buildings are quite close together, and that they make a strangely oriental appearance in the midst of modern Brighton may be seen from our special photographs. Architects have said hard things of the Pavilion, but it has its admirers, who like something novel "for a change." It cost an enormous sum of money, the land alone swallowing up £70,000. What was spent in the building no one knows, but it is significant that the workmen drew "sixteen days' wages a week." No wonder public opinion on George IV.'s expensive tastes was thus expressed—

"Shut up—no not the King, but the Pavilion.
Or else 'twill cost us all another million!"

In 1850 the Brighton Commissioners acquired the Pavilion as town property for £53,000. In the vestibule may be noticed a bust of the Rev. F. W. Robertson, whose sermons have reached an enormous circulation. The inscription runs: "Work, my brethren; true work, done honestly and manfully for Christ, never can be failure." What an inspiring motto for the Church Congress of 1901.



THE FAMOUS BRIGHTON TO LONDON COACH.



BY SYBIL PARRY. ILLUSTRATED BY MISS G. FOWELL.

THREE whole days have slipped by since that last little scene by the meadow gate. Such long days! At least, Lieschen never remembered any so long in her life before; they might have been years, she thought, instead of days.

"What is it that has come over the dear little one?" her mother asked herself anxiously. "She does not laugh, she does not eat; and as she is losing the roses from her cheeks, maybe she does not sleep either. Can it be the little calf that she is fretting about?"

And truly Lieschen was like a stray thing. She would forget her work, and stand looking up at the dark heights of the mountains above as if lost in thought, or else wander down to the Alpen Rose and linger outside the tea-garden, only to return again later with a wistful look in her eyes. On the third afternoon when she wandered down, the tea-garden was almost empty, only André's master sat by a small table reading. Lieschen approached and eyed him furtively. "Ah, but these English are cold!" she muttered to herself. "They do not care for those who serve them. See how calm and content this one looks, when all the while the poor André is lost, and may have fallen down a crevasse and broken his dear neck. But who cares?"

The Englishman in question laid down his newspaper at that moment.

"The wandering stars have lost the moon, their mother,
And go a'seeking her in vain along the fields of night,"
sang a voice from the verandah above.

The young man at the table turned and looked up with a laugh, saying, "You should sing it thus, cousin,—

"The sweet milkmaid has lost her pet,—ah whither?
And goes a'seeking her in vain along the fields of flowers."
It would be more up-to-date, you know!"

Lieschen heard the jest, and with a bitter little laugh she ran away down the road, hardly knowing where she went. Only an old woman passing at the time noticed that she wrung her hands as she ran, and thought she must still be sorrowing for her little red cow, for she did not catch the broken words which fell from her lips,—

"Ah, why did I let him go? Cold heart that I was. Why did I let him go away?"

Poor foolish Lieschen! Conscience was pricking her sore in those days, and she was tormented with all sorts of vague alarms. Every one was ready to say kind things to her, and to try to console her for her loss. But she resented their kindness, for she knew she was acting a lie, and imbedded deep in her heart was a secret. As though she were foolish enough really to care so much about a lost calf! It was not the red calf for which she was sorrowing. No, no; it was André for whom Lieschen was looking. But how could she tell people this? She remembered so well his last words to her three nights ago: "I will find your little red cow for you or I will die!" And perhaps he was dead, who knew? No one had seen him all these days, for Lieschen had been careful to ask at the hotel where the English gentleman's valet had gone lately. The servants had laughed at her when she asked the question, though little they guessed the beating of heart concealed beneath her joking nonchalance.

"Ah," chaffed one, "Lieschen finds those pails too heavy to carry alone."

"Well," answered she, "and if a little beast of burden offers himself, why not use him? Ah, no, 'tis you I pity, poor ones! It must be so lonely here now without your parley-vouing little monsieur skipping round and making you all French bows and compliments in turn."

"No, no, Lieschen, he gave away too many to thee to have aught left for us," replied another maid. "But he's gone now," she continued, "and no one knows where. Three nights ago he returned to the hotel late, and after speaking with his master he went out again, and has not been back since."

"I did hear the gentleman say to the little miss, his cousin," added the hall porter, "that André had craved leave to make a small excursion by himself for a few days; so perhaps the Herr knows all about it, for he is not much concerned, and so long as his valet is back in time for the departure next week, he will not trouble. The little miss, his cousin, is all his care."

"Maybe he's at the top of the Jungfrau talking French to the mists," laughed one of the "boots."

Lieschen had heard sufficient, and hastened away to be alone. Did not she know well enough where André had gone? The brave, kind André, he had gone to seek her little red cow. Perhaps he was far

away up the mountains, and it was so cold at night now, and there had been thick mists in the mornings of late. Alas! how well might he lose his way, and perhaps slip over some steep rock and be killed—killed—killed! all for her sake. And now this morning, as she ran away from the young Englishman's jesting words, she kept repeating to herself, "Why did I let him go? cold heart that I was!"

Unheeding she ran on, following the winding road which led down to Interlaken, until at length, quite exhausted, she was fain to slacken her pace. Then she began to note the way she was taking. Suddenly she stopped short, as if struck by some idea. "I know!" she cried aloud; "André has gone to seek my little red cow, and I—I will go and seek André!" Then the question arose in her mind, "Where?"

side. Thus, with the hut between herself and the path, she might rest unseen by any chance passers-by, though few indeed would be likely to come that way now.

She sat very still, with her hands folded in her lap and her tired head drooping like a fragile flower on its stalk, while every now and again a big dew-drop tear splashed down on the folded hands. The sunlight filtered softly through the pine branches, and the wind whispered a low lullaby amongst them, while from the distance came the lively splash of a hurrying streamlet as it passed on its way to the valley below. Presently the maiden raised her tired head for a moment, and glanced up at the tree-tops.

"Dear, brave André: my André," she said aloud.



"Turning sharply, she saw André standing there by her side."—Page 233.

Yes, indeed, where? "Everywhere," answered the girl passionately, and, as if inspired with new strength and courage, she hastened at once from the broad roadway, and began to retrace her steps by a steep, rugged pathway through the woods. "I know," she murmured to herself; "the dear André will have climbed high, away and away to the great mountain pastures that I once spoke to him of. He might think to find the little calf there."

Up and up she went, only resting now and again to gather breath for a steeper ascent. But long before she was out of the wood, her strength began to fail her. She had eaten but lightly that morning, and now the lack of food and repose was telling upon her.

At last, when she reached a small log hut half concealed by the thick bushes which grew around, she was obliged to turn aside from the pathway and throw herself down on the green sward on the other

then hung her head again and blushed, as though, having told her secret to the tree-tops, she was afraid to look at them.

Mother Nature, pitying a tired child, sang on softly her lullaby, and presently the drowsy atmosphere and the low murmur in the trees lulled weary Lieschen to sleep.

She did not know just how long she lay in slumber's arms, but very soon, it seemed to her, she was awakened by a new sound in the woods, the merry tinkle, tinkle of a cow bell. She jumped up quickly and listened. Yes, surely she was not mistaken. It was a cow bell, and the sweetest music she had heard for days, for it was just like the tinkling of the bell of her little red cow. With every nerve on stretch, she held herself motionless to listen. So near the sound was, and every moment coming nearer. Yes, there, coming round the corner of the hut, was a small red cow with a white star on her forehead and

tinkling bell hung on a blue ribbon round her neck. Still Lieschen did not move, but gazed with fixed eyes at the hut corner.

The gentle animal came running up as soon as she spied her mistress, and tried to show her joy at seeing her once more; but Lieschen hardly noticed her at first, till, finding that, for all her gazing, no other figure came around the corner, she turned, and, throwing her arms about the calf's neck, she pressed her face against its soft skin and sobbed aloud. The animal tried to turn and look at her with its great liquid eyes, as if to inquire the reason for this sorrowful greeting from her mistress, but Lieschen sobbed on, till suddenly she felt a touch on her shoulder. Turning sharply, she saw André standing there by her side.

What wonder that Lieschen's tears blinded her so that she could scarcely see? The wind and the tree-tops laughed together, and the little brook in the distance went singing on, but we must not tell any more secrets from the woodland.

The mist was beginning to wind round the moun-

tains and the golden after-glow was creeping up the peaks when André and Lieschen and the little red cow left the wood.

"You forgive me, *joli-cœur*, for the sorrow I gave to you?" whispered André, when once again they reached the meadow gate.

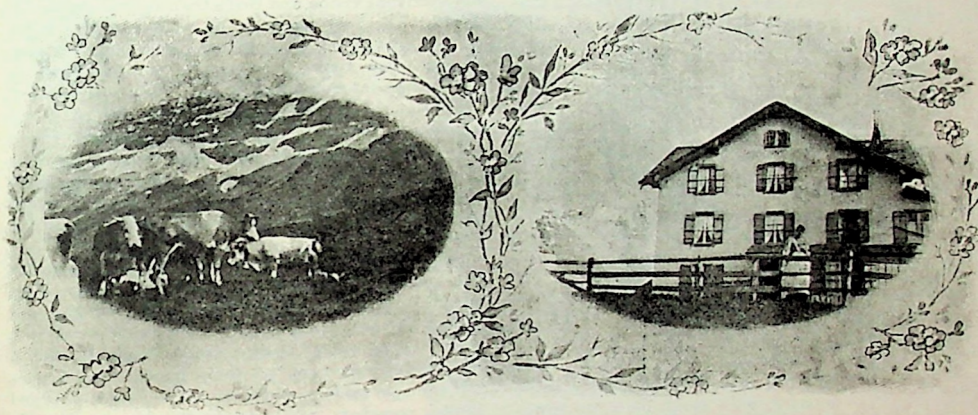
"Ah, naughty one! If I had but guessed how you had played me such a trick. To take away and hide my little heifer in that lonely hut, and then to go and hide yourself away there too. Fie! And all because you wished to frighten your poor little Lieschen."

"And to make her love me just a little."

"Well, never mind, for I've got my little red cow back again."

"And me too, *ma chérie*," said André, softly pressing the responsive hand that rested on the gate; "your own dear André!"

"Ah, you eavesdropper!" laughed the maiden, blushing. "But come, 'tis long past milking time, and you must carry my milking-pails home for me, my—André."



"To Love and Pray."

⊕ OUR life may have a thousand cares,
Their power increasing day by day;
Yet give us, Lord, the spirit still

To love and pray.

A thousand pleasures may be ours,
And weave for us a garland gay;
Yet, never, Lord, let us forget

To love and pray.

Then bless us with this treasure, Lord:

Be this from Thee our guiding ray,

That we, whatever lot be ours,

May love and pray.

Whatever life withholds or gives,
Though dark or cloudless lie our way;
In joy, in sorrow, be it ours

To love and pray.

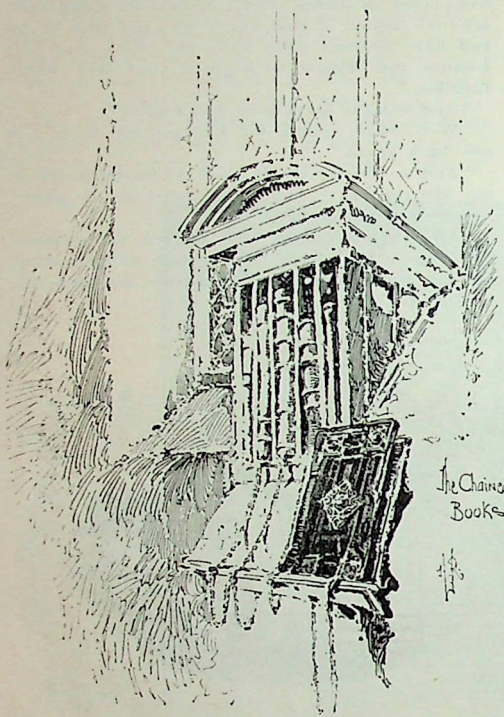
For never can the soul be dead,
And never can the heart decay,
Which, through the varied scenes of life,

Can love and pray.

The Value of the Bible.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT," "THE MEN OF THE MERCHANT SERVICE," "WITH CHRIST AT SEA," ETC.

II.



IN my last article I dealt, very superficially, with the Bible as an educational factor. Superficially, of necessity, because a whole library of books might be written upon the subject, which would have the effect of defeating the object for which they were written. Thank God! the British and Foreign Bible Society exists for the purpose of circulating the Bible, not of encouraging the writing of books about it, which after all do but divert the ordinary reader from the reading of the Book itself, or send him to the Book with his mind all charged with another man's views of it. Perhaps it may be thought that in the preceding sentence I am decrying the value of scholarship. I trust not, for I have ever had the highest reverence for those devoted men who have spent their lives delving into the mines of Biblical lore. It is one of the most unselfish of occupations, as any literary man knows, for it will never yield the student more than day labourer's pay. There-

fore the ignorant reproach so often made against Biblical commentators, that they are bookmakers first and Christian teachers afterwards, falls very flat.

Nevertheless it remains true, that so great, so far-reaching is the power of the Book, that to get it into the hands of all who can read must be one of the most valuable works ever undertaken by man. Books about the Bible do unhappily take the place of the Bible itself, for an enormous number of readers; instead of encouraging Bible study they hinder it, often in the most dangerous way, namely, by sending an earnest seeker after truth to the sacred pages with preconceived notions borrowed from other minds, of whose methods he knows nothing, and with a distorting lens placed between his spiritual vision and God's Own revelation in His Word. The vast majority of readers of the Bible do not read it with the earnest attention they give to any other book; but eagerly crowd to listen to somebody's interpretation of it. They will swallow wholesale ridiculous stories about it, they will buy enormous numbers of so-called *religious* novels which, with scarcely any exception, contain a travesty of Biblical teaching, and equally with scarcely any exception continually misquote what ought to be the most universally known book in the world.

Some people suppose that the Bible, because it has the widest circulation of any book, is the most thoroughly well-known of books. But what a sad error this is! If it were so the religious fiction which is in vogue to-day would come in for a tempest of criticism, not from professional critics but from its readers, while secular lecturers, so-called infidel preachers, would never be able, as they do continually, to stand up in public and garble the words of Scripture.

Bible-classes would seem to be an ideal cure for such an evil as this.

I know that Bible teachers have an uphill task before them. First of all they must collect their members. Then they must break down the sad shyness that is the most noticeable characteristic of British men and women gathered together for such a purpose; then they must teach them to read and think for themselves. And above all, they must beware of the faddist, who persists in digging up angular fragments from the rock of Scripture, and, ignoring all context, building a theory of his own upon them. But enough for the present of this portion of my theme.

It is impossible to overstate the value of Bible circulation in distant lands. Here is, in most cases a virgin soil. The Book starts fairly. It is read on

its merits, and those merits are so great that they work miracles among an unsophisticated people. I have often been delighted to find the natives of the Vau Vau group in the Friendly Islands sitting around one of their number who was reading the Bible, all with eyes fixed upon the reader, and with almost breathless attention hanging on his words. I do not for one moment forget the prayer of the Ethiopian eunuch, but I do say, and most firmly believe, that, given a fair opportunity, the glorious old Book will interpret itself in a way that no man, however scholarly or devoted, can successfully aspire to emulate.

As to the Bible on board ship. Alas! here we have a very mountain range of difficulties confronting us. In the first place, a ship's fore-castle is usually a very bad place to read in, first from lack of light, and next from absence of quiet. Then a man who reads his Bible thereby stamps himself as a Holy Joe, and must needs be prepared to live up to a high standard, or his lines will be cast in very unpleasant places. Yet seamen generally have a most superstitious reverence for the Bible. I never saw one ill-used during all my time at sea; on the contrary, I have often found a little cheap edition, given perhaps to the owner by some earnest missionary or some loving friend at home, kept carefully enwrapped in an old silk handkerchief in a safe corner of the chest, as if it were a talisman to shield its possessor from harm. But I dare not say that Bible-reading is general on board ship. It might be made so, for sailors are fond of reading and being read to, but at present it is not. An attempt might be made with, I think, every prospect of success, if godly sailors were taught to read aloud and encouraged to read the books in the libraries—so kindly provided by Seamen's Missions—to their shipmates, on condition that they were allowed to read the Bible occasionally.

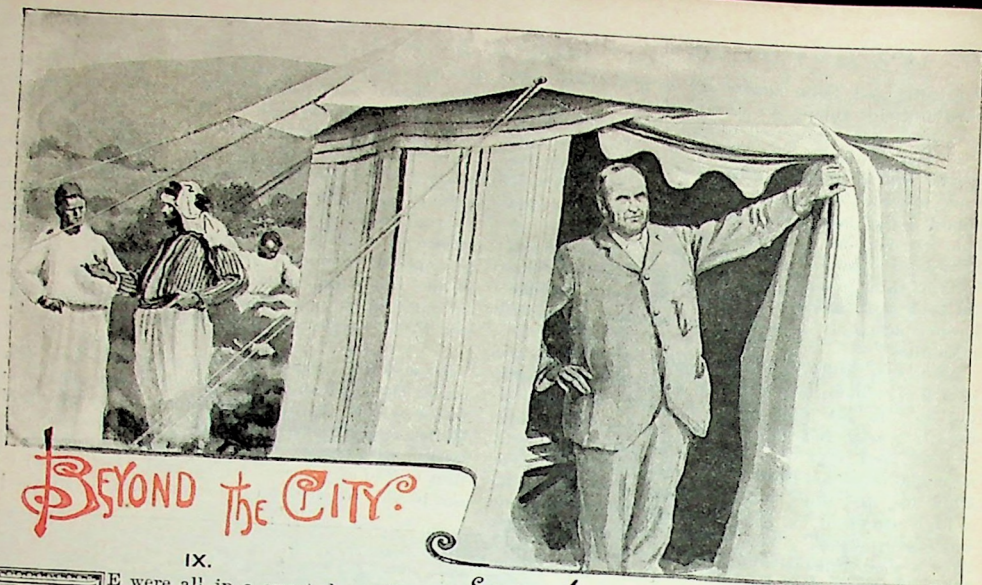
When I think of the hindrances to the entering in of God's Word that have been set up I grow hot with indignation. The contemplation of the existing state of things, and the knowledge that it is all so unnecessary while it is so deadly, is calculated to induce a feeling of numb despair if one did not know that God is able to over-rule all the folly and wrong-headedness of man, and make them serve His own wise purpose. One of the most hopeful of all latter-day signs is, to my mind, the way in which all general recognition of the truth of the verse: "The opening of Thy words giveth light" (R.V.) is growing, for it is solemnly, hopefully true that the great mass of the people are hungering and thirsting after God. In spite of the growth of luxurious habits, in spite of the comparatively small

numbers of regular Church goers, it is most blessedly true that if only the way can be made clearer and plainer for the opening of God's Word, men will arise in their millions and welcome the good news. The efforts of preachers are directed to rolling away the stones, not themselves endeavouring to raise the dead, but under the direction of the tender-hearted Lord removing all the obstacles, physical and otherwise, that the blindness and perversity of men have placed between sinners and Saviour. And of the mightiest weapons for their hands in the fighting of this great battle with all the powers of evil is the circulation of the Bible.

[It will add interest to the foregoing article if we repeat the substance of a note which appeared in our last number. In his adventurous career afloat, Mr. Bullen read the Bible through from cover to cover twenty-five times. "You can hardly quote me the first half of any verse," he has said, "but what I will not be able to give you the second half."—EDITOR.]



ANCIENT ILLUMINATED BIBLE



IX.



WE were all in a sweet sleep when Domian called us at 6 a.m. Early rising may make you feel virtuous at home, but after a night of jackals at Jezreel it made me feel cross. However I turned out and drew aside the flap of the tent door. It was a clear morning with the promise of a fine day. Over the Jordan hills the sky was red with the rising sun, while above us the morning star shone gloriously bright. The plain below was thick with mist—a Gideon's fleece—and shot across were violet tints which it is vain to attempt to describe.

We had our prayers and breakfast, and while the horses were being saddled I strolled to the edge of the plateau, and looked down the valley up which, centuries ago, Jehu came riding in his chariot to take Jezreel. The road (it must have been a fine road in those days) has disappeared, but the track is unmistakable. From a watch tower on the wall at Jezreel a man-at-arms could see the chariot coming five miles away, and when you read the story of Jezebel's end at Jezreel it reads like a story of to-day.

At the foot of the valley is Bethshan. Alas! I did not visit it. The mistake was great, for its story is a thrilling one. Not only is it interesting for the Old Testament associations, but here in the time of Diocletian Christian martyrs sealed their testimony to the faith of Jesus by suffering death in the amphitheatre.

I should like to say another word about Jezreel. I have advised you, reader, against Jezreel—but, after all, you ought to stop there. What a view you get, east and west! All the great battles of the past have swept across the plain! And there on that line of hills to the left was the home of the holy Child who fought the greatest battle of all. Yes, if you get a chance spend a day at any rate at Jezreel.

from JEZREEL TO TABOR

BY THE REV. JOHN ROOKER, M.A.

Now, how shall I make you think of Esdraelon? Well, imagine a plain, of a rough triangular shape. At the left-hand corner is Carmel, where the Kishon runs into the plain. From Carmel to Jenin is about twenty miles, a long line of hills with passes. This line forms our base. From Carmel north the other side of the triangle runs fifteen miles, skirting the hill of Nazareth and running up to Mount Tabor; and from Tabor we take our third side, fifteen miles long, running down to Jenin again. In the middle of this third side place Jezreel, which like a promontory runs out from the range of Gilboa into the sea of the plain of Esdraelon. In front of us is a range of hills called "Little Hermon." It is only across the valley, but on its slope is a tiny village by name Shunem. Elisha used to stay there, and you know the story of the little boy among the reapers. Yes, that happened on the slope in front of us. Don't forget that once an army lay on those same slopes and surged around Jezreel, while on the hills behind us another army tried to keep them back. But the Philistines were too strong for Israel, and round Jezreel they drove Saul's army, and up that height they followed Saul till he saw that the battle was lost, and rearing up his gigantic figure he fell upon his sword. Yes, it was here that happened.

Down in that valley, leading to Bethshan, up which Jehu came later, a host of Arabs lay one night, while on the hill above was Gideon with a few tried followers. He fell upon them, and in a panic they fled down the valley. Look away to the left where the hills approach each other on either side, and the left hand corner of our triangle is formed. There Sisera came, and round the hill opposite Barak was waiting. When the hailstorm

drove across the plain in the faces of Sisera's men, and the Kishon in an hour or so had begun to flood the plain, you can understand how terrible was the charge of Barak's highland brigade upon the hampered Canaanites, and how the confusion soon became a rout.

And look at that opening there on the left—it is a pass from the plain by the sea into the great plain on which we stand, and brings you on to the high road for the East. There the King of Egypt, Pharaoh Necho, came on the way to Assyria, and Josiah rashly tried to stop him. It is Megiddo, and at Megiddo Josiah lost the battle and his life.

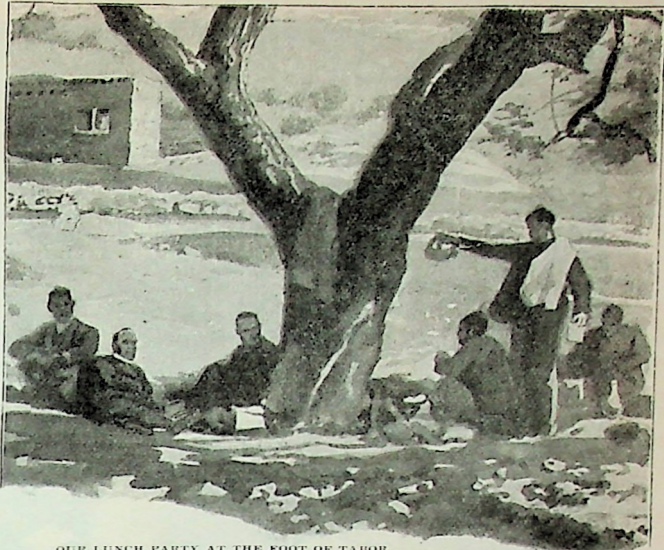
Here too across this plain the Crusaders came, and here too came Napoleon—and each had their battle. It is a field of battles that we look upon at Jezreel, and St. John pictures naturally enough, as an inhabitant of those parts, the final battle between the hosts of Heaven and the armies of Evil as taking place on this blood-stained field—called by him the field of Armageddon.

How long I should have stood and dreamed over the past I know not, but Domian shouted "Ready, sir," and the Boy was on his pony fidgetting to be off.

We mounted, and rode down the hill, passing no doubt the little plot of ground poor Naboth prized, and which Ahab so basely wrested from him. We did not do more than pass by Shunem—for Shunem is not the sweetest place to-day. Past Shunem then, and round the corner of Little Hermon, and to the right is Nain. But oh! what a glorious sight is Hermon sixty miles away! And look at that strange round-headed hill—like a monk's tonsured head—what is it? No need to ask, for every one knows Tabor.

"Stop!" shouts Domian. "Look, gentlemen. Our camp will be at the foot of Mount Tabor, and we lunch there. We go here to the right because I take you to Nain. Beyond Nain is Endor, but there are no witches there now." So we follow Domian to Nain.

It is a decayed and poverty-stricken collection of mud huts—like any other Eastern village. But its story is undying. On such a day as this, in the hot Eastern sun, the Saviour of the world came across these slopes. "And there was a dead man carried out—the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. And much people of the city was with her." The procession seems to meet us as we stand at the gate of Nain to-day. And it is not so very hard to picture the quiet figure of the Master stopping the procession, and all that followed. If He were the Lord of life, what was that strange in calling back the dead? "And He delivered him to his mother."



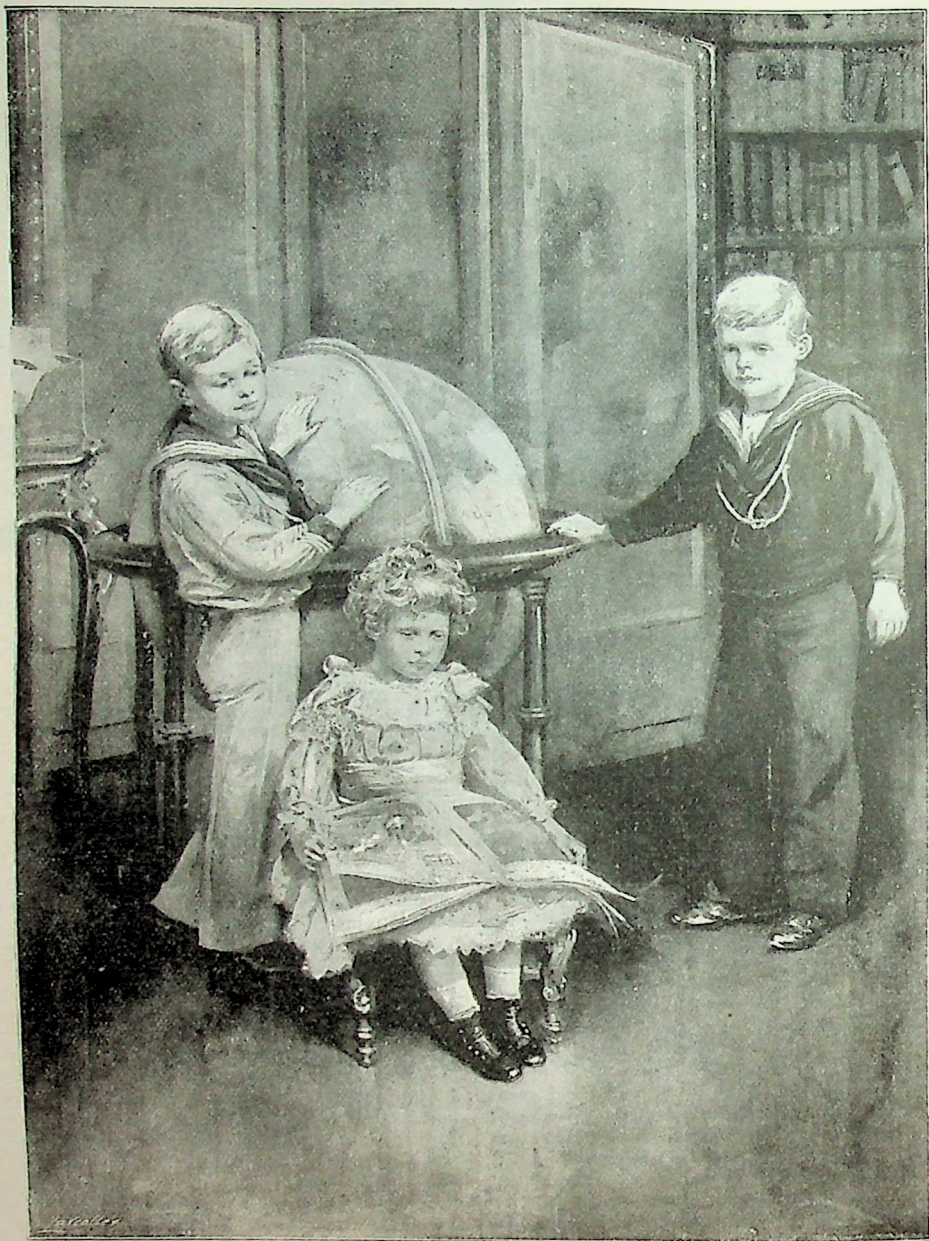
OUR LUNCH PARTY AT THE FOOT OF TABOR.

It is the natural ending to the story. I believe in miracles because I believe in Christ. The question is not "Are miracles credible?" but "What think ye of Christ?" If God were in Christ, then it would be more surprising not to find miracles in the earthly story of Jesus the Lord than to find them.

But Nain has set me preaching, and I ought to be crossing the plain towards Tabor (Endor we left unvisited). I must catch the others up. The ground seems carpeted with anemones of every colour, and in particular I remember a patch of scarlet anemones, about 400 yards square, which fairly blazed upon us. We seemed to be riding through a sea of blood. We ventured here on a gallop, but the plain was full of holes, and the Friend's horse caught his foot in one, and nearly landed the Friend on the plain. After this the brown became suspicious, and when the Friend urged him to a gallop he answered for a hundred yards, and then suddenly stopped to see if there were a hole in front of him—which was disconcerting to the Friend.

It was 11:30 when we rested under the shade of a "thorn apple tree" (so Domian called it) at the foot of Tabor, that picturesque round-headed hill which has faced us all the morning. We had lunch at once, and the Boy insisted on taking a photograph of the party. At the critical moment the waiter held up a *napkin*, I believe, but it looked like a dead cat in the photograph. We cut the waiter out of photography after that. Lunch over we prepared to ascend the mountain, have a couple of hours there, and return for dinner. There is now a most respectable path to the top of Tabor. It was cut for the German Emperor. He did not go to Tabor, so we used it instead.

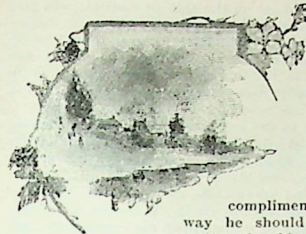
(To be continued.)



CHILDREN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK FOLLOWING, BY MEANS OF GLOBE AND
NEWSPAPERS, THE TRAVELS OF THEIR ROYAL PARENTS.

The Young Folks' Page.

ROYAL COURTESY.



THE fact that the King has kept so young in heart and in manner is naturally a great link between himself and his little grandchildren; and although it is said round about Sandringham that his Majesty already pays Prince

Edward of York the compliment of training him in the way he should go, especially in the matter of making him scrupulously polite

and courteous to all those about him, his manner to the two daughters of the Duke of Fife and to the tiny Princess Victoria of York is always kindness and tenderness itself, the only interference in nursery matters being always on the side of mercy.

MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

ON life's rugged road,
As we journey each day,
Far, far more than sunshine
Would brighten the way,
If, forgetful of self
And our troubles, we had
The will and would try
To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth
We've little in store,
And labour to keep
Grim want from the door,
With a hand that is kind,
And a heart that is true,
To make others glad
There is much we may do.

And a word kindly spoken,
A smile, or a tear,
Though seeming as nothing,
Full often may cheer.
Each day of our lives
Some treasure would add,
To be conscious that we
Have made somebody glad.

Those who sit in the darkness
Of sorrow, so drear,
Have need of a trifle
Of solace and cheer.
There are homes that are desolate,
Hearts that are sad;
Do something for some one—
Make somebody glad.

—ANON.

THE HEN AND THE CAT IN PARTNERSHIP.

ONCE in a corner of a disused pigsty filled with straw a cat brought one by one her tiny kittens a few hours old. When the cat left the kittens a hen left her nest and sat on the kittens until the cat returned, when the hen immediately got out of the

way. This went on for a fortnight, but at last the hen refused to leave the kittens, but the kittens went to the mother when she came at intervals to see them; though the old hen objected pretty loudly when the cat came anywhere near, of course when the kittens grew up they left their faithful nurse!

THE KING'S COURAGE.

MANY instances of the King's courage might be quoted, but none will interest our young readers more than the following experience. When His Majesty was Prince of Wales and a pupil of Lord Playfair, the great scientist, his faith and courage were put to a severe test. The two were standing near a cauldron containing lead which was boiling at white heat.

"Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?" said Playfair.

"Certainly," replied the Prince.

Playfair then carefully washed the Prince's hand with ammonia to get rid of any grease that might be on it.

"Will you now place your hand in this boiling metal and ladle out a portion of it?" he said to his distinguished pupil.

"Do you tell me to do this?" asked the Prince.

"I do," replied Playfair.

The Prince instantly put his hand into the cauldron, and ladled out some of the boiling lead without sustaining any injury. It is a well-known scientific fact that the human hand, if perfectly cleansed, may be placed uninjured in lead boiling at white heat, the moisture of the skin protecting it under these conditions from any injury. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature the effect would, of course, be very different. It requires, however, courage of no common order for a novice to try such an experiment, even at the bidding of a man so distinguished in science as was Lord Playfair.

DAN AND THE STARS.

"You think a great deal, Dan!" said the visitor, as he looked at the little thin suffering face of a London child.

"Yes," said Dan confidentially. "but most at nights. The court's quiet then, and I don't feel so much that I should like to be out to play with the others all in the sun. And it's all dark, except up there in the sky. And the stars come out, such lots of them, for they're not the same, and they don't keep in one place." (Dan announced this as a discovery.) "They keep going on. Sometimes there's four or five of 'em in a bunch, and sometimes three in a row. And then there's one or two brighter than all the others, that don't wink, but keep looking at me so kind and steady like. They make me think of mother, and of our Saviour, and of the children in heaven. And I most think I can hear 'em singing up there sometimes." Then after a little pause, he suddenly looked up with a penetrating look, and said—

"What becomes of them stars all day long?"

"They are always there," was the reply, "only they are hidden in the sunshine."

Dan nodded as if confirmed in a conviction.

"I thought so," he said; "and that's how it is with heaven, and the Lord, and the children up there. It's just the same as with the stars."

"What do you mean, Dan?" asked the visitor, anxious to bring out the boy's thought.

"Why they're always there," said Dan, in a low happy voice. "They're always there, looking and smiling on us; only there's too much dazzle for us to see 'em, or hear 'em, and too much noise."

WINIFRED BERTRAM.

Bible Questions (New Series).

BY M.A. CANTAR.

1. WHAT are we told was God's purpose in translating Enoch?
2. Quote a verse which shows that our Lord was in the habit of relieving the poor.
3. What people were fed, clothed, and set at liberty by their captors?
4. In how many different forms is Joshua's name given in the Bible?
5. Give an instance from the life of Christ which shows that He attended a festival of man's appointment.

6. There are two passages in the Bible in which the Lord is called "the King of Israel." Where are they?

ANSWERS (See AUGUST No., p. 190).

1. Isa. xxxiii. 2. Isaiah.
2. St. John iii. 27. John the Baptist.
3. Esther viii. 6. Esther.
4. Judges vi. 15. Gideon.
5. Habakkuk i. 14. Habakkuk.
6. Dan. ii. 23. Daniel.
7. Ps. lxxi. 7. David.

Washing Days and Washing Ways.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE ART OF WASHING," ETC.



X.

IN this last paper of washing, I give a few principles. First of all, culty about obtaining hot busy cooking some very moment our silk point of smoothness, or be bone dry. Unless we can get an iron at once, our embroideries will be spoiled, our laces will suffer, our handkerchiefs will be mere wisps, our flannels will be rough. How can we manage?

Well, I advise that every home laundress invest in a little oil stove. Coal this year and in many succeeding years will be at fabulous prices. So we expect, at least. Oil, of course, will follow the rule of trade and be also dearer than it has been in the past. But oil is always a more economical fuel than coal. To heat our irons we only need to light our stove at the moment we want it. No waiting to get rid of hard orrel or black smoke before we can place on its surface our bright steel implements. No blacking of utensils when they are placed in position. Only a few minutes' wait, during which time we can be preparing board and blanket, and then—perfect irons. Stoves can be purchased for a couple of shillings quite large enough and good enough for this purpose. Or for about half a sovereign a proper ironing stove with niches and orifices for heating any number of irons can be procured. This stove can stand beside the manipulator in the laundry and obviates any recourse to the special precincts of the kitchen.

If oil be objected to, we must have a regular ironing afternoon. To prepare for this, as soon as early dinner is out of the way make up the kitchen fire. From the heap of well-washed thoroughly sifted cinders, which every good housewife stores up in a corner of her coal hole, take enough to fill the grate. Mix it, perhaps, with a little small coke. This broken coke, as it is called, can be bought inexpensively at any local gas works. It, in combination with cinders, produces a beautifully clear glowing fire; the very best sort of fire, in fact, for laundry purposes. Do not poke it much, for cinders are a brittle base at the best, and your carefully prepared mound of heating material will fall into chaos at any vigorous application of the "curate" or poker. Place the ring on the top of the range, and on the iron plate place the flat irons. They will be almost as clean if treated after this fashion as when heated on my favourite oil stove. But whether oil or coal or cinders or coke

on the lost art think I had better wrinkles about general there is often a diffi-irons. Mary Jane is special dish at the frocks are at the right our collars are found to

be used it is always best to err on the side of caution, and give each iron a rub with a clean cloth before using it. Also before heating it polish it on a board sprinkled with grated bath brick. When putting away irons for any length of time, it is well to rub them with a little mutton fat or vaseline, and wrap them in brown paper. They will then emerge in the condition in which they came from the shop.

Pay especial attention to the soft water pump before soaking or washing. Give the handle many strong movements before filling tubs or kettles. Rain water is not always in a proper state for use. It is frequently black with surface dirt, and, if gathered in barrels, full of smuts. Be sure it looks clear and smells sweet before you attempt to use it. It is well sometimes to have the soft water tank or well pumped out completely. We had a peculiar manner of having this done in one of my many homes. It was at a country vicarage, and we were much pestered by tramps. At last we were driven to offering work before payment to any able-bodied beggar. We promised to pay 1s. and give a dinner to the person who would pump out our soft water well! Only a couple of men in the several years set to work! But all the same, we made the yard boy pump for a few hours every week, and thus ensured a supply of perfect aqueous fluid for laundry work. If gathered in barrels placed under eaves, as I believe I recommended in my first paper of this series, the barrels should be emptied occasionally. No fear that in our humid climate they will stand empty for any length of time.

Be sure that the copper in which you boil clothes is kept scrupulously clean. It must be wiped out after each boiling and carefully dried, otherwise rims of hard dirt will gather to be loosened by the boiling solvent the next time the copper is used. This has disastrous effects on linen, leaving iron mould wherever it touches. To wipe out the boiler is far less troublesome than to tie up delicate articles included in the weekly wash in muslin or old handkerchiefs as I have sometimes seen done.

No iron rod or spoon should be used to lift boiling clothes out of the copper. A wooden stick, rather short and stout, in order to get good leverage, must be used.

Keep the rollers of your india-rubber-wringer dry, when not in use. Unscrew the boxwood rollers of your mangle at the same time. It will then last much longer, as pressure will have been removed when work was not on hand.

Do not leave raw starch exposed to the air. Dusty starch is often the cause of streaky, duckety-dun-coloured linen.

Never cover any soap. It will only dry economically if left in the open air.

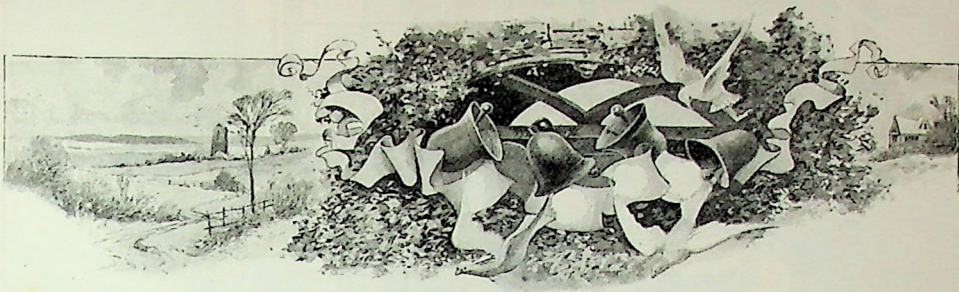
Use a fur collector in your kettle. The presence of lime in water used for laundry purposes is fatal to purity and whiteness.

Never use dry soap if soap jelly can take its place. The use of boiled soap is far more economical and efficacious.

Never stand on a damp floor when engaged in washing. Little platforms, made out of two boards nailed together by means of a cross slat, will prevent many of the ill effects supposed to arise from our unscientific ways on washing days. If our girls assist us in laundry work this is all the more to be insisted upon. Damp feet are the most fruitful source of delicacy in our growing population.

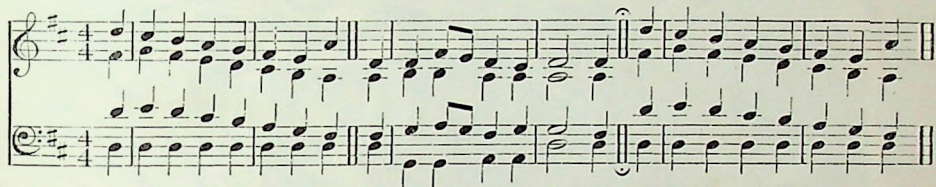
Be accurate in laundry work. Accuracy is as necessary therein as Promptness and Patience. If I have put that two teaspoonfuls of any given medium goes to a pint of water, measure the medium as well as the fluid. Rule of thumb is one to exclude from the laundry. It is extravagant, careless, and unsatisfactory. Science has shown exactly how much starch, and water, and wax, and ammonia, and bran, etc., go to the perfection of washing. Anything short or beyond those quantities cannot be expected to produce perfect results. It has been truly said by one of the deepest women thinkers of our age, that "Common tasks require all the force of a trained intellect to bear upon them." This is because the trained intellect will be accurate and thus successful.

Hoping this series of papers will induce many of my readers to prove for themselves how easy is this cleanly, delightful art of laundrywork I take my adieu of them for awhile.

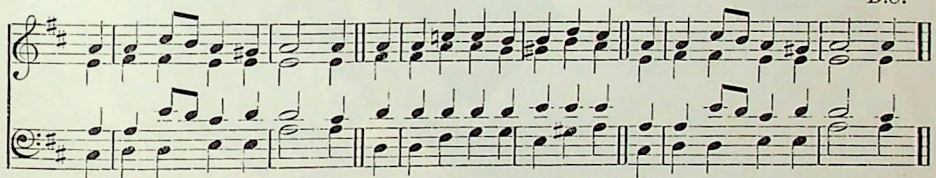


The Glad Church Bells.

Words and Music by J. H. EVANS.



D.C.



I.

THE glad church bells o'er hill and dale
To eventide are ringing;
Once more God's Day of Rest is here,
Sweet Gospel tidings bringing;
To high and low, to rich and poor
They chime sweet invitation—
O sinner, seek the House of Prayer
In joyful adoration.

II.

Of mercy to our fallen race
Those happy bells are telling,
To hymns of thankfulness and praise
The world-worn heart compelling;
Christ's boundless grace, the Father's love,
Are in their voices blending,
They speak of peace and pardon here,
And promise bliss unending.

III.

They echo from the distant hills
Those pealing strains of glory,
They penetrate the dark'ning woods
With their sweet Sabbath story:
They float upon the river's breast
In rippling adoration,
And deepen in the weary soul
To psalms of exaltation.

IV.

They sound those tender Sabbath bells
Unto the broken-hearted
Like voices from a distant shore
Of loved ones long departed.
O sinner, pass not heedless by
The church's sacred portal,
Come enter in to praise thy God,
And seek the Life Immortal.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS.

[See page 250.]

HOME

WORDS

For His Name's Sake.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER, AUTHOR OF "IN FARTHEST IND," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

ALL THINGS COME TO AN END.



THE night passed quietly, but dawn showed that the house was watched. Sentinels with gleaming spears were visible on every side, and when the valiant Kobus, the only one of the Hottentots who would

venture beyond the verandah, tried to get out to milk the cows, he was turned back. It was hopeless to try to conceal the fact that Shokomi was in the house, for Leapa refused pointblank to remain in the kitchen, or even in the parlour. The white man's house stifled her, she said, and she left her husband's sick-bed, and sat in state on the verandah, resplendent with a fresh coating of grease, which she had stolen out of the frying-pan when Sannie's back was turned. In a high monotonous voice she poured abuse upon Shokomi, who had brought all this trouble upon her and himself by his change of religion, until Mr. Hildyard, in despair, gave her some tobacco to keep her quiet, and she smoked in peace. As for Mataba, he was as troublesome as any small boy cooped up in a strange house might be expected to be, insisting on handling everything he saw, and pestering every one with questions, by way of improving his knowledge of Dutch.

About noon there came a demand from Seketlu, who prudently remained outside the house, that Shokomi should be given up to him, to which Mr. Hildyard replied promptly that he would defend the chief to the last drop of his blood.

"You are very foolish, Whitebeard," returned the usurper. "I am chief now, and the Amabula are my friends. If I asked them, they would come and shoot you for me, but I am ready to let you go in peace. You may take one of your waggons and a team of oxen."

"We will not go without Shokomi," said Mr. Hildyard.

"Then you will starve with him, Whitebeard. I will not lead the Banoga to storm your house, lest we should all be killed by your guns, but I shall set men to see that no one goes in or out, and when you are too weak to fight then we shall get in."

"I once heard Potino boast in much the same way," was the reply, "but he was never able to do as he had said."

"Potino spoke against your Morimo, and made Him angry," replied Seketlu triumphantly, "but this time Morimo is on our side. The Amabula worship Him, and read words from Him out of a book, as you do, and they say that it was He who gave Shokomi into their hands."

Feeling that the victory in this wordy war was on his side, Seketlu retired, and the inhabitants of the station found themselves subjected to a strict blockade. The cattle had all been driven off in the night, and the sentries took great delight in describing by signs the tremendous feast which the victors had enjoyed. The storehouse was out of reach, for the sentries would not allow any one even to cross the yard, and the only food available was the new corn, which had been stacked in the back verandah, ready for threshing. There was no means of grinding it, for the hand-mill was in the storehouse, but the grains were beaten out and boiled into a sort of gruel. Water was the greatest difficulty, for it was generally brought up in buckets by the Hottentots every morning, and Mrs. Hildyard at once collected all she could find in the house, and kept it under her own supervision, to be used only in small quantities at meal-times. Shokomi, who had been stunned by a blow on the head from the butt-end of a musket, was tormented by raging thirst when he recovered consciousness, and the

rest all found that the nature of their food made them thirstier than usual. Leapa's complaints were unceasing, and Mataba moved about languidly, and by the third day of the siege was too dull even for mischief.

On this third morning there came a slight diversion, for Hendrik Coetzer rode up to the gate and shouted for Mr. Hildyard, who went out on the verandah to speak to him. He and his friends had made satisfactory treaties with Seketlu, he said, and were returning to their own territory, where rain had fallen of late. Would the Hildyards like to join forces with them, and so ensure protection for part of the journey back to the Colony?

Mr. Hildyard hesitated a moment. Seketlu seemed determined to put a stop to missionary work, and it was certainly impossible to labour among the Banoga if food and water could not be procured, but he had not intended to withdraw permanently on that account. He had some idea of undertaking a journey among the more northern tribes, with Shokomi as interpreter, until some chance might offer itself of returning to his own work. Now that the Boers had got the country into their power, however, it was certain that no

English missionary would be allowed to stay there, and Mr. Hildyard wondered whether his best course would not be to return direct to Cape Town, and lay the true state of affairs before the Governor. Suddenly a thought struck him.

"You will undertake to protect the Christian chief Paulus and his wife and son, as well as ourselves?" he asked.

"Not I, preacher!" shouted young Coetzer. "How can a nigger be a Christian? Seketlu will look after him, and we will look after you."

"Then we stay here," said Mr. Hildyard.

"I warn you, preacher, none of your lives will be safe. Seketlu is no particular friend of yours, and he will get worse the longer you hold out against him."

"I am sorry to hear it, but I will not abandon Paulus."

"I may tell you," Hendrik lowered his voice, "that before very long there will be no holding Seketlu. Even we shall probably be unable to save you. You won't come? Well, good-bye. Your blood is on your own head, not mine."

He rode off, and Mr. Hildyard returned into the house with one very clear impression in his mind. Somehow or other, Shokomi must be got away as

soon as possible. He was able to walk a little, and if he was once past the sentries might succeed in finding some hiding-place in the hills. With him safely out of reach, it might be possible to open negotiations with Seketlu; but whatever was done must be done at once, for the water was almost gone. Thus it was that as soon as it grew dusk that evening, the sentries at the back of the house became aware that something was going on upon the verandah. All the mission party were there, very busy indeed in the light that streamed from the open door, and casting anxious glances towards the sentries to see whether they were looking. On this the sentries grinned at one another, and obligingly hid themselves behind the out-buildings, beckoning to their comrades in front to come and see what was happening. Apparently satisfied that they were not being watched, the white people went on with what they were doing, and presently two of the Hottentots lifted the result of their handiwork, and behold! it was a rough litter, made of blankets and branches from the roof, and light enough to be carried by two men. The watching sentries glared open-mouthed, as Mr. Hildyard and Kobus carried out a dark-faced man and laid him in the litter, and then went back into the house, no doubt to fetch their guns. This was carrying the joke a

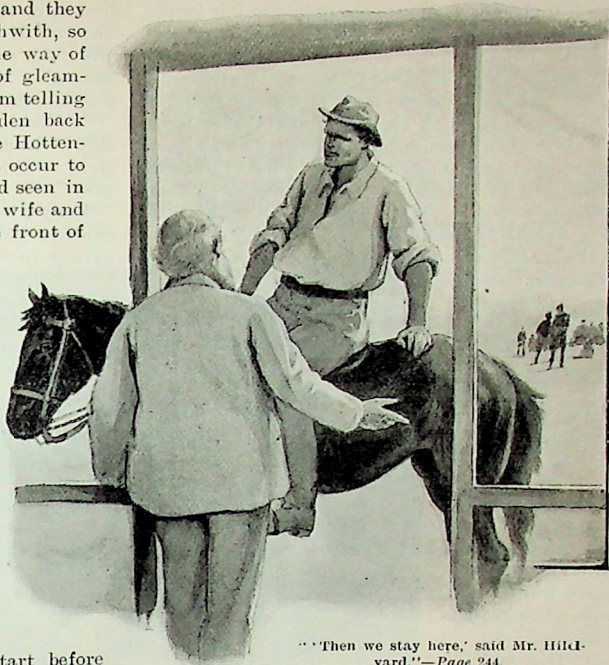


"Mr. Hildyard replied promptly that he would defend the chief to the last drop of his blood."—Page 243.

little too far, the sentries thought, and they came out of their hiding-places forthwith, so that when Mr. Hildyard returned, the way of escape was barred as usual by a row of gleaming spears. The sentries could hear him telling Kees and Klaas to carry their burden back into the house, and could even see the Hottentots' gestures of grief; but it did not occur to them that it was Saart whom they had seen in the litter, and that Shokomi, with his wife and Mataba, had crept quietly out at the front of the house, and crawled away under the shelter of the fence, while their attention was occupied at the back. The violent gestures of the Hottentots were due not to grief but to joy, and Kees and Klaas fairly rolled over one another on the floor when they were safely inside the kitchen, rejoicing in having outwitted the Bechuana. Indeed, there was general rejoicing in the mission-house that night, although the last drops of water were being drunk, and the wheaten porridge was becoming sickening in its monotony. Mr. Hildyard had promised Shokomi to hold out for another night and day, in spite of the want of water, in order that he might get a good start before Seketlu discovered that he was gone. After that, it would not, he thought, be hard to bargain for the lives of the rest of the party, especially if they consented to leave behind everything that could not be carried in the one waggon already offered them. Keeping the usual watches, the besieged slept in peace, and met for prayers in the morning with quiet and thankful hearts. That Shokomi had not been captured they felt certain, for the Banoga could not have refrained from letting them hear of it.

Rose happened to be kneeling opposite the window at prayers, and presently it seemed to her that the light was somewhat obscured. Opening her eyes and glancing up, she saw a face framed in the window—a black face, with the hair frizzed into a fierce bushy mop. Before she could even call out, something came whizzing into the room, a ball of grass soaked in grease, which burst into flame as it fell in the middle of the floor. The Hottentots sprang to their feet, and the hapless Sannie, anxious to help, rushed for a can of lamp-oil, apparently under the impression that it was water, and hurled it upon the blaze. The flames shot up instantly, reaching the roof just as the half-choked voice of Klaas, who should have been on guard, was heard from the kitchen, "Fire, baas! fire!"

Opening the door, Mrs. Hildyard recoiled in



"Then we stay here," said Mr. Hildyard.—Page 244

horror, for the roof over the kitchen was blazing already, and Klaas, his gun gone, was being hauled out by the neck by a stalwart Bechuana. Surrounded by flames, the rest could do nothing but rush for the back door, without attempting to save any of their property. The sight of a ring of natives with their spears pointed towards the door made them pause a moment on the verandah, but the roof had been fired in several places, and the house was now a furnace. It was better to be stabbed than burnt, after all, and in another moment they were in the open, and surrounded by the spearmen, who were watching the burning house with an eagerness that the fugitives could not at the time understand. Presently the rafters fell in, and a shout of disappointment broke from the Banoga.

"Water! water!" cried Mr. Hildyard. "Help us to put it out before the walls go!" but the spearmen closed round him instantly.

"Where is Shokomi, Whitebeard?" demanded Seketlu, approaching from a point of vantage higher up the hill, and the missionaries saw at once what their captors had been waiting for.

"Safe—long ago," replied Mr. Hildyard at once, but his words were met with a roar of laughter, and Seketlu was heard telling his men to pour water on the ruins and then to probe them

with their spears, in case the chief and his family should have found any hiding-place underneath them.

"As for you, Whitebeard," he added maliciously, "you will see a great feast of killing to-night. The Amabula think they have got the better of me with their treaties, and made the Banoga their slaves, but I am going to catch them on their way home and kill them all—and, where will their treaties be then? When I have dealt with them, then it will be your turn."

He made a sign to the spearmen, who drove the prisoners down the hill towards the town. As they left the station, the church and storehouse were also in flames, and Seketlu and his men were tearing up the fences, trampling upon the gardens, and destroying in pure wantonness everything they came across.

"The end of many hopes and prayers!" said Mr. Hildyard, with trembling lips, as he looked back for a moment, only to be pushed sharply forward by one of the guard.

"Go on, Whitebeard; go on! Are we to be kept looking after you all day, when the rest of the warriors are burning and destroying and picking up loot?"

Mr. Hildyard submitted to be urged on, and presently the whole party were lodged in an empty hut, very dark, close and dirty, in the chief's enclosure, which Seketlu had now taken as his own abode. Sentries were placed outside, and the prisoners were gleefully told that they had the whole day in which to think of the coming night, but that they could not in the least imagine what it would be like. Once left alone, they were almost stunned for a time, but presently an altercation arose. The other Hottentots had set upon the faithless Klaas, who was tearfully explaining that he had been so overcome by hunger that he had left the verandah just for a moment to see if there was any of last night's porridge left in the saucepan, and in that moment the enemy had crept up both to the front and the back of the house. Kobus was loud in

declaring that Klaas ought to be put to death at once, but Kees thought this would only save him from the tortures in store for the rest, and advocated a sound beating instead. Mr. Hildyard silenced them both.

"Is this a time for Christians to be quarrelling?" he asked. "We have only a few hours to live; we will try to use them well. Let us pray."

Many times during that long dark day the captives joined in prayer, black and white alike giving utterance to their terrible need. They were thankful to be left undisturbed, but they suffered much from hunger, and still more from thirst, for nothing was brought them either to eat or drink. The

long hours wore on, and through the crevices in the roof of the hut they could see that it was growing dusk. Seketlu and his army marched out, on their way to surprise the Boers, and the women and children who had been chattering in the enclosure all day retired to their own huts. Night fell at last, and Rose found that she could just see a star through a hole overhead. She was lying looking at it, with her head against her mother's knee, when a hushed voice from the door-



"Glancing up, she saw a face framed in the window. Before she could even call out, something came whizzing into the room, a ball of grass soaked in grease, which burst into flame."—Page 245.

way of the hut said, "Whitebeard!"

All the prisoners sprang up eagerly as Mr. Hildyard groped his way to the door, but nothing further happened. He stood talking in muffled tones to some one for some time, then turned and said suddenly, "Rose, kiss your mother and come here."

Was it death? Was she to be the first? Rose's heart beat so tumultuously that she could scarcely move, and Mrs. Hildyard held her tightly.

"John, she shall not go alone. I will go too."

"Let her go, Anne. It is for her own sake."

Mr. Hildyard's voice was harsh and strained, and he grasped Rose's arm and dragged her to the door. A dark figure stood there, not a native. The sentries, with their gleaming spears, were waiting on either hand, and Rose saw that they were under the command of the man whose injuries her father had dressed on the night of the flood.

"Rose," said Mr. Hildyard, in the same hard whisper, "Andries has risked his life to save you. Go with him, and—reward him as he wishes."

"I will not go and be saved alone," was Rose's indignant answer. "If he will save us all, I will do anything he likes."

"It is impossible. The guards will only allow one to pass, and they are risking their lives then. You must go. How can I tell you? Seketlu does not mean to kill you. Go, Rose, I command you. Better Andries than that."

"I won't go!" cried Rose, clinging round her father's neck.

"If you come quickly, I may have time to save some of the rest," growled Andries, speaking for the first time.

"Go, Rose, go," said Mr. Hildyard, as she let him unclasp her fingers and wrap her in a skin cloak which Andries had brought. "God bless you, my little girl!"

He put her unwilling hand into the ready one of Andries, and she felt herself hurried off, through a hole in the fence, between huts, round corners, along wide stretches of empty street, hiding sometimes in shadows, speeding across spaces where there was no shelter to be had, until they reached the outskirts of the town and then the banks of the river. Here were two riding-oxen, fastened in the shade of the willow-trees, and Andries lifted

Rose on one of them before she could say a word.

"No, no!" she protested wildly, "I have run all the way, and we have not lost a moment. Go back and save papa and mamma. Don't be afraid; I will wait here for you."

"No time," returned Andries shortly, setting the oxen in motion.

"But you promised! you promised! Turn back, or I will go alone."

"Look here, Rosje," said Andries savagely, seiz-

ing her hand in an iron grip as she tried to turn the ox, "you are coming with me if I have to tie you on the ox to keep you quiet. Am I a fool, to try to save four people with two oxen? I only said it to get you along; do you understand? I have saved you because I am going to marry you."

"Then you may let me go back, for you are not."

"Oh yes I am. It was Oom Jan's last injunction to you. I told him that otherwise you would stay where you were."

"If he had known what you were, he would never have said it. I won't marry you."

Rose was still struggling furiously to free herself, intending to slip off the ox and run back to the hut.

"Yes you will. We are going into the Republic, where Tanta Dortje Coetzer has promised to take care of you, and after a week with her you will be thankful to marry me or any one." Andries chuckled grimly. "So now, Rosje, you may struggle as much as you like. It only amuses me and keeps me from going to sleep. Softly, then!" as she broke into hard, gasping sobs. "Don't spoil your eyes with crying."



"'I won't go,' cried Rose, clinging round her father's neck."—Page 247.

"Have you no thought for your own friends?" cried Rose suddenly. "Seketlu has gone to surprise them. You might be able to warn them."

"Ah, but Hendrik and the rest have gone to surprise Seketlu," was the amiable answer. "He will be like Mynheer Stephanus, who thought he would get away and tell you of our plans, but found himself put in a safe place instead."

"At any rate there is Stephanus!" thought poor Rose; then aloud, "Then I suppose we were not in danger of being killed at all?" very quietly.

"Oh yes, the sentries were to spear you all if anything happened to Seketlu."

Rose burst into tears again, and Andries began to whistle, and thus they rode on into the darkness.

(To be continued.)



ST. PAUL PREACHING.

"Thy Word is Truth."

STUDY YOUR PRAYERS.

BY THE REV. CANON M'CORMICK, D.D.

NO greater mistake can be made than to suppose that we can command a spirit of prayer whenever we like, or that "private devotion" is an easy task. Hence it is that at our stated times of prayer we should not hastily, or inconsiderately, rush into God's presence. One of the most essential aids to private devotion is reflection. Yet, alas! it is in this respect we so frequently fail, particularly in the exciting and busy age in which we live. We recognise the obligation of entering into our closets, shutting the door, and praying to our Father in secret. But too frequently, no sooner are we alone with God than we fall upon our knees without a moment's reflection concerning the solemn work which we have, as a habit, or as a matter of course, undertaken; and when the task is over our spirits are not refreshed and we are thoroughly dissatisfied with ourselves and ashamed of our formality. It might, and in most cases it would, be different if, when the closet door were shut, we paused for a little serious meditation about our Holy God, and the nature of the prayers and praises we intended to present to

Him. Nay, this very meditation would not merely be an introduction to prayer, but it would form a most essential element of "private devotion." Sometimes the principal part of our communion with God is the holy silence and adoration of faith. Just to sit down and quietly and reverently to think about our Heavenly Father is often as beneficial to the soul as the most earnest supplication. The greatest saints the world has ever known found and made time for that reflection which we properly connect with the fellowship of God. We have so much to do, and are even so religiously busy, that it has not such prominence in our devotions as either to be worthy of us or to do us real good. If a time test were applied to our private devotions, the result would, in many cases, be most unsatisfactory. We seldom really enjoy that which costs us no trouble, and which we do in a hurry. If God be, as we are ready in theory to admit that He is, an invisible Friend, Whose society is a joy, it is a strange proceeding to give Him only a few minutes at a time—a few short minutes in a day—perhaps in a whole week.

This pause and calm reflection, in which we gather ourselves together for a great work, are calculated to give a definite character to the devotion. If we hastily and thoughtlessly rush to

prayer as a duty to be as quickly as possible accomplished, our "mind dreams its way through a dialect of dead words." There are no solemn obligations and no pressing necessities, and the consequence is that the prayer is vague, pointless, a parrot-like repetition, without emotion, without energy, without agony, without reality. "Private devotion" is a great business as well as a great privilege, and all who engage in it should know definitely what they have in view. "Study your prayers" was one of the very best of McCheyne's valuable exhortations. It is foolish to expect definite answers to requests which can only be characterized as vague generalities. Our Lord might often use now to His followers the words He addressed to the woman at the well, "If thou knewest . . . thou wouldst have asked, and He would have given."

THE MOTTO ON THE BELL.

BY THE REV. CANON WILTON, M.A.

"JESUS BE OUR SPEED. 1623."

On a Chime Bell in Grimston Church.

On the crown of an old bell,
High up in church-tower grey,
Is a motto I love well;
I discovered it to-day.
Difficult but dear to read,
It is "JESUS be our speed."

Thus this faithful bell, thought I,
Has for centuries flung the fame,
Like sweet incense to the sky,
Of that precious "worthy Name."
Never has the bell been stirred
But it woke the harmonious word.

Softly on the country round,
Hamlet, meadow, river, hill,
Falls its soothing Sabbath sound,
For it speaks of JESUS still;
Into many a weary breast
Breathing thoughts of heavenly rest.

On a happy bridal day
Listen to its voice again.
"JESUS, speed them on their way,"
Is its sweet and joyous strain.
Brighter is the marriage-feast
Where He is a welcome guest.

Then upon a sadder morn,
Friends around a dying bed
Sob a prayer from hearts forlorn;
It has caught the words they said,
Mercy to his soul be given;
"JESUS, speed him on to heaven."

When to gather souls for God
First He set me o'er this fold,
As within the church I stood
And alone the bell I tolled,
It, as I for succour sighed,
"JESUS be thy speed," replied.
Lord, may I proclaim below
What the bell proclaims above,
How for life and death we owe
All to Thy dear Name and love.
When I preach, may men give heed—
Oh, may "JESUS be my speed!"

WORK AND PRAYER.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF
LIVERPOOL.

SOME say work for God is prayer. My readers, never let pressing work, however important, be a hindrance to the earnestness and reality of our prayers. If we cut short our petitions to Almighty God it means loss of spiritual power, dimness of spiritual vision. Those who act on the maxim "to work is to pray" will find in time that they are unable to help those who come to consult them about their souls' welfare. How can the servant who labours without consulting his master do him true and laudable service? If the servant ceases to pray he will get "out of touch" with his Master. He will seek not God's will, but his own glory. . . . In proportion as you are a man of prayer you will be a man of power."

A DEWDROP'S LESSON.

BY THE REV. J. H. TOWNSEND, D.D., TUNBRIDGE
WELLS.

WHEN walking in my garden one morning, I could not but admire the beauty of the dewdrops sparkling in the sun. Suddenly my steps were arrested by what seemed a *jewel* among the dewdrops, glittering and flashing like a diamond! Every colour of the rainbow darted forth from that spot; the brightness and vividness of its rays filled my sight so that I could take in nothing else. But this, too, I found was a dewdrop, like its fellows in everything except this, that on it the rays of the sun had for the moment fallen in an especial way.

So, every page and each text of the Bible is full of beauty; but at times some text or expression seems vivid with brilliancy. Never before did its beauty radiate forth so gloriously into our souls! Is it not because the Sun of Righteousness is shining upon us and it? The light of the Holy Spirit is concentrated for the moment on the words, and they sparkle back, reflecting the brightness of Christ.

Practical Points for Sunday School Teachers.

BY THE REV. WALTER SENIOR, M.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, MARGATE.
AUTHOR OF "THE PRECIOUS THINGS OF HOME."



IF any layman wishes to be a labourer in the Kingdom of God, there is no position more to be coveted than that of a Sunday school teacher—unless it be that of a Sunday school superintendent. In the class one may make friends for life. I once knew a superintendent who won both love and esteem, which was shown in a remarkable way. He was head of a large Yorkshire Sunday school, to which he devoted all his leisure time for years and years. About the age of sixty-five his health broke down to such an extent that he had to retire from business; and he invested all his savings in the purchase of a ten years' annuity, to secure an income until he was seventy-five years old, an age which he scarcely expected to reach. But he actually lived until he was ninety, and so for fifteen years he had not a penny of his own. But what happened? His old teachers and scholars came forward, and maintained him until he died. Of how much honour does the fact speak! There was double honour in it: it was an honour to the old superintendent so much beloved; it was an honour to those who loved him so well and truly.

Nor is the teacher's position less worthy. Take the case of a mayor of an important town who will not give up his post as teacher on Sunday, though his week is crowded with business responsibilities. When it was suggested to him that he might find it necessary to resign his reply was: "That work comes first."

There is the secret of success in the Sunday school. A worker must be in love with his work. It should be, to use a familiar expression, his "hobby," on which he has set his heart. Then everything goes well.

Thoughts, devices, plans, new ideas, ways out of difficulties, flash easily through the mind; and instead of the heart saying before some great hindrance, "I must give it up," it only thinks and ponders, and strives the more to overcome it, for where love rules and reigns hindrances must give way.

So, then, love is the first requisite, and for this a superintendent should earnestly pray. "Lord, give me love, give me liberty, give me power, give me insight, perseverance, patience." He prays for all when he prays for love. The next thing requisite is a *definite purpose*, God's own purpose—the redemption of the young into the Kingdom of God's dear Son, who loved them and gave Himself for them. He should be able to say, "This class is mine for God and Christ. It is not the superintendent's class; I am not here merely because the vicar has asked me and pressed me, and I did not like to refuse; no, nor am I here merely because I feel I ought to be doing something to help the work of the Church in my parish; I am here for God and Christ; I am here for the souls of these boys and girls; I am here because God has given me this work as a spiritual work for Him. It is my sacred charge; my bit of the great work of the Cross; my responsibility.

Again, one must know one's class, and be a friend to each. To talk, to teach, to get through the half hour of Sunday school lessons is one thing; to win confidence, to win hearts, to win friendship is quite another. The talk, however fine, may be valueless; the friendship may be worth a life. I know a teacher who set himself to win the friendship of his boys—some of the roughest of boys—and to-day he has a dozen young men who accompany him to the Holy Communion and kneel with him side by side.

Now let us consider the preparation of the lesson. How should you begin? Begin, I answer, with an idea, a purpose, like a man who is inventing or constructing a machine, and who puts in the wheels, and the rods, and the teeth, and the bands, because the purpose of the machine requires them. In the same way let a teacher talk to himself something like this:—"Jack is too fond of teasing and inclined to be cruel in his strength; I must have a lesson for him; or Jem is too conceited; or George is too irreverent in his behaviour in church, and they need such and such a subject." You have an arrow to shoot and a mark to hit every Sunday. This is

the simple but practical truth which should be present in the mind of the teacher all the week, and according to the power with which he feels it, will be the preparation he will make.

This deals with the case of a teacher who chooses his own subjects. But supposing, as is much more common nowadays, the subject is chosen for the school, and comes in a course, what then? In this case a wise practical teacher will make it come to the same thing; he will get a purpose out of the subject, and do his utmost to see it applying itself to Jem, or Jack, or Bob, or all of them, and then he will prepare it and think it out. The first thing, then, to be done is to grasp clearly the practical point you want to teach, and then begin to work out the lesson in view of it.

The next principle is that the best information must be sought wherewith to furnish the teacher's own mind. Reading makes a full man. There are strange old-world facts to be made interesting, and this can only be done by putting them into modern forms, and handling them in an easy, entertaining manner. If the story is not made clear and interesting what chance is there that the moral to be enforced from it will be listened to?

Last, but not least, illustrate your lesson. Just as an article is illustrated in the magazines so illustrate what you have to say. Now that curios from every land are obtainable, specially from Palestine, there should be no difficulty. But quite simple points are worth emphasizing with the aid of an "object." A photograph will often work wonders in stirring up interest. A teacher who is resolved to interest his scholars, and so do them real good and make it worth while to be that great man—a real good Sunday school teacher, will think out how to present



BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS—EASTERN DRESS.

the subject in an interesting way to boyish minds. What sort of questions shall I ask? he will say; or even How shall I startle them and prevent them from losing hold of the subject and so fall back into their native restlessness? For the element of surprise in a lesson is a necessary element in dealing with young minds which have not yet acquired the habit of logical or mental attention. The young mind needs to be caught and kept on the alert. Therefore one wise principle of teaching is, give them something to see; have a picture or pictures; make them, if possible, go through the action of the lesson; have texts on the subject, which they must help to find out and read.

I do not think a teacher is called to "sermonise" his lesson, but he must always keep in mind that it is not mere instruction in facts he is to give, however valuable such instruction is, but that it is



BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS—
HOW A CAMEL
IS DRIVEN IN
THE DESERT.

X
III. in explaining—a work, I have no previous intention of performing I think I see the operation of the unseen hand in all this and I humbly hope that I will still guide me to do good in my day & generation in Africa

HOW TO ILLUSTRATE MISSIONARY TOPICS—PART OF LIVINGSTONE'S DIARY.

impression, spiritual impression, reverential impression about God and the salvation of the soul by Christ, which is to be his chief desire and aim. To be able for this, surely, requires in the teacher the sharpening of all his intellectual faculties, and the spiritualising of all his affections, and a faith full of the love of the Saviour Jesus Christ.

Lastly I would urge teachers to remember that nothing is too small or insignificant to be used of God. We are sometimes inclined to soar over the heads of our hearers, and forget the simple things of everyday life. Cannot the so-called inferior subject be treated so as to become a first-class subject? What is there which interests any human mind so simple

that it cannot be turned to profit by the illuminating power of the Spirit of God throwing on it the light of Christ? No, it is not to be allowed that subjects are necessarily inferior. Nothing that has a truth in it is "common or unclean" to the teacher who is on the alert to influence souls. It is good for the teacher as well as the taught that he should be drawn out of grooves which are unconsciously growing special to himself, and in which he is losing touch with others, and should be forced, as it were, to see truth and life through other eyes and other interests. Does not the wise scribe, "instructed in the Kingdom of Heaven," bring out of his treasure things "new" as well as "old"? The more I think of it the more I am convinced that there is a great deal of possible good both to teacher and taught in trying to work out this view of what interests. But I must leave it to fructify in the teacher's own mind, and for him to apply it to the circumstances of his own case.



BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS—CHASMS CAUSED BY EARTHQUAKE.
("The earth opened her mouth.")

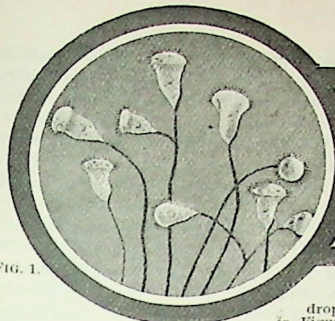


FIG. 1.

Rebelations of Tiny Life.

Written and Illustrated
from Nature
BY JAMES SCOTT.

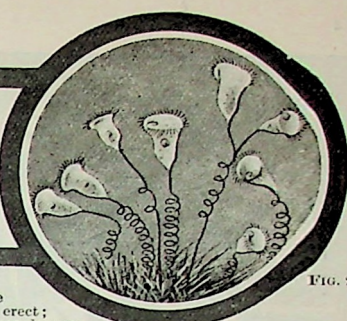
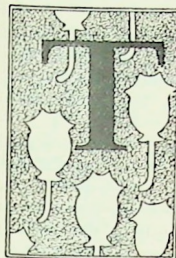


FIG. 2.

Thousands of these invisible flower-animals are found in a single drop of water. In Figure 1 their stalks are erect; in Figure 2, coiled to withdraw the flower from danger.



THE most remarkable specimens of life are to be gathered from among the smallest of Nature's works. Hidden away in ponds and ditches, or screening themselves from sight in our gardens and woodlands, are myriads of creatures more grotesque than the mind of man could picture. Many of these queer living forms display such astounding features or habits as might well

startle any one introduced to them for the first time. Strange and wonderful as they are, it must be ruefully admitted that they have received but scant attention from the giants who live among them, and whose own welfare is often materially affected by their presence. As a rule, people ignorant of the influence exerted by these minute creatures are content to despise them. Why?

There can be but one answer to the question: the dwarf-life of the earth has not been properly popularized. Men of science, who admire the neglected diminutive creatures fervently on account of their curious shape, brilliancy, or habits, make a study of their life-histories; and these learned authorities have perhaps unintentionally repelled many people, by their extensive and altogether warrantable use of tongue-twisting names and terms, which constitute a kind of universal language understood and used by foreigners and Englishmen alike. But the chief reason that has served to restrain knowledge concerning tiny creatures is that man, even with his excellently designed eyes, cannot see their wonderful peculiarities. It needs the use of the microscope to reveal these marvels, and this instrument is rarely possessed and understood by any save the few genuine lovers of nature.

I will try, in this short account of some of the myriads of quaint tiny animals, to show what a mistake is made when it is supposed that they are unworthy of notice. Apart from the interest which attaches to their intricate formation, many of them play so important a part in the economy of mankind that no excuse can be found justifiable for disregarding them.

In all water, except what has been filtered for use, invisible animals—called animalcules—live in vast

abundance. The varieties of shapes, the manners of their reproduction, and their general conduct are alike astonishing to persons still unacquainted with such minute forms of life, and this article has been prepared for such readers as come within that category. You may already have heard that one solitary drop of water is actually a world, inhabited by a large and growing population. This comparison may be a rather fanciful one; but it is quite true that hundreds of living creatures will sometimes be found, full of vitality, in a drop of water. Volumes have been compiled dealing with their remarkable life-histories, and to the ordinary mortal the diagrams and references concerning them have been as unintelligible as Chinese literature. I hope to show the extraordinary characteristics exhibited by one kind, and in doing so wish to avoid all tendency to dryness of description.

The particular creatures selected for illustration grow in clusters or colonies. In Figure 1 you have a rather meagre congregation, shown enormously magnified, for being quite invisible to the unaided eye-sight, they need to be viewed through a very powerful microscope. They are as clear and transparent as glass.

You would undoubtedly class them as tiny flowers, were you not aware of their true position in life, which has been long determined by scientific men. They strongly resemble tiny bells surmounting, either singly or in small numbers, long slender and flexible glassy-looking stalks. Unlike plants, however, they are endowed, both individually and collectively, with powers of energetic movement, and may be seen twirling and swaying in all directions, creating currents of water in a most eccentric manner. Around the top of each, which is in reality a large gaping mouth, is placed a crown of tiny hairs which unitedly slash the water in one direction; and this action results in the formation of tiny whirlpools, down which are sucked the helpless victims of even smaller and different families, or pieces of floating vegetation. These will eventually undergo consumption in the remarkable living bells, which need sustenance just as much as we ourselves do.

A unique and almost incredible faculty possessed by the queer forms of life is depicted in Figure 2. Should they be disturbed, or for some reason desire retreat, their stalks will suddenly coil up like

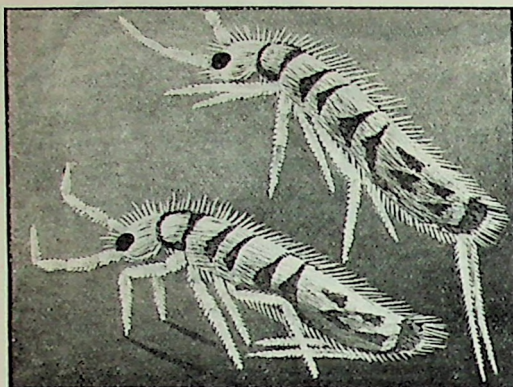


FIG. 5. Two Poduras, tiny insects which hop by driving a pair of tail props against the ground.

miniature spiral springs, which serve, by closing down in mechanical fashion, to drag them into concealment. This wonderful movement is usually so sudden that people when peering at a host of them (magnified) so retreating, have imagined that the creatures have entirely vanished into nothingness. But soon the springs will be seen cautiously opening out until the fairy-like objects are again gracefully erect and hard at work for their living.

Now and again one may become severed from its companions, and under such circumstances will swim nimbly through the water by vigorously rotating its circlet of hairs. A free member may or may not be in possession of its stalk, but should it happen to retain it, a curious spectacle is presented by the creature's actions.

If, instead of magnifying these and other tiny animals underneath a microscope, we could peer into a pond and observe the tiny life enlarged in bulk to the same proportions as the instrument displays it, our surprise would be boundless. In the solitary instance given, of the free-swimming bell and its support, we should have an amazing sight. To seek a comparison we must picture the flowers from our plants voluntarily breaking off from the parent stem and slowly soaring over our heads like snakes endowed with the power of flight.

In passing, I may be permitted to speak of an amusing surprise I once gave to a friend who had been in the habit of bathing in the river Lea, from which water I had secured thousands of these and other animalcules. I was showing him these magnified creatures, when he declared that never again would he go into the water if by doing so such things adhered to his body. It is safe to say that the number which would come in contact with a man when taking a dip in productive waters, would be quite equivalent to the mass of people on the earth. In this direction we have an apt illustration of the old saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." But seriously the creatures are quite harmless.

One of the most insignificant inhabitants of almost every pond or other water in our country is at the same time one of the most astounding living things on the earth. At first sight it appears to be but a tiny piece of silk thread, about the third of an inch long, and generally of a vivid green colour, although other tints are represented. Yet to the minute fellow-inhabitants of its own sphere it is a veritable devil-fish, seeking and devouring its prey in a precisely similar manner to that adopted by the huge and horrible octopus or cuttle-fish of the sea. From Figure 3 you may gain a very fair conception of the vicious and marvellously-endowed creatures, as seen greatly magnified.

Each consists of mere jellified substance, capable of great voluntary expansion and contraction like a piece of elastic. Notwithstanding its fragile condition, however, it possesses fantastic attributes.

Similarly to the gigantic octopus, it has a small number of tentacles, generally seven, sprouting around a quaint and hideous cavity which is at once a mouth and a stomach, and takes the form of a single hollow tube-like length of flesh, at one end of which is a sucker by means of which it can adhere to any substance it chooses. The tentacles or arms are for ever twirling about in all directions, endeavouring to grasp a victim from among the numberless creatures careering around it. When it succeeds in securing its prey, the latter becomes at once paralyzed or electrified, for certain portions of the hydra are provided with invisible and peculiar stings, which penetrate the vulnerable spots of a prisoner.

In the illustration a "full-faced" view is given of one hydra, presenting a star-like appearance. Another is represented as on the look-out for food; whilst a third is in the act of pushing a water-flea (concerning which fuller details are given later on) into its queer mouth. There is no more chance of escape for the water-flea than generally exists for a man who has been seized by the cruel arms of an octopus, for it is hugged with surprising tenacity and no struggling will avail it, especially in view of the fact that it may already have been partially stupefied by the stings.

An almost incredible, but well-established faculty possible with these queer creatures needs a word of explanation. One may be cut into halves, or its



FIG. 4. A specimen of thrips, an insect which hops about every kind of flower.

tentacles may be severed from its body, or indeed it may be mutilated in any way, yet—will you believe the statement?—each portion will, instead of decaying, retain so much vitality that it will grow into a complete animal. Thus, if a tentacle is cut off, it subsequently becomes a fully developed hydra; whilst, at the same time, the loser of the limb has another one grow in its stead.

There is a close analogy between this remarkable characteristic and the cultivation of trees from slips or cuttings. You know that if a twig be properly snipped from a healthy tree, the piece, when suitably planted, will grow as a separate individual, whilst the tree from which it has been severed will not suffer materially.

Another point of resemblance between a hydra and a plant is found in the peculiarity that at certain times it reproduces its kind by means of buds, which

protrude from the sides of the lithe trunk, and when ripe, as one might say, drop off and afterwards develop into full-grown animals.

Here the analogy ceases; for, in addition, the hydra delivers eggs from which offspring will hatch.

We should deem it a very strange thing if a tree had the power of careering through the air and planting itself on any desired spot at its pleasure; and of waving its branches about in order to ensnare birds. The plant world certainly does exhibit nearly equivalent examples of eccentricity, but they are so rare as not to affect my statements.

As I have already remarked, the oval objects in Figure 3 represent a common form of tiny life swarming in our ponds, known as water fleas, although they are distinctly different in formation and habits from the fleas on land. They are really minute *shell-fish*, remotely resembling mussels. Each flea is enclosed within a pair of oval and semi-transparent grey shells, hinged together at their edges similarly to those of well-known shell-fish. When scared, or resting, they usually secrete themselves within their covering; but when swimming they project some funny-looking legs from the opening of their shell, and nimbly strike the water. Considering their minute size, their rate of travel is really excessive. Seen edgewise, these extraordinary creatures are very much narrower than a side view depicts them.

If you are in the habit of growing flowers at all

extensively in a garden or greenhouse, you must certainly have often noticed many tiny black insects creeping or hopping about the blossoms, and known among gardeners as thrips. They are usually about one-twelfth inch in length. If you knock some of them out of their beautiful snuggeries on to a piece of white paper, the next time you observe them, you will perceive them dancing about in all directions. In the young or immature state they have no wings, but when perfect they are furnished with a pair which more nearly resemble tiny feathers than wings.

The occupants of very damp houses are often annoyed by the presence, usually in cupboards, of very tiny insects which hop over their food and other property with insolent indiscrimination. Very often you may discover them in the garden—in fact, they are not particular in their choice of a habitation. In general shape they strongly resemble the thrips

portrayed in Figure 4, but in many respects they differ materially from the latter insect, as magnification reveals. If you encounter one of them, and it happens to be stationary (which is an *improbability*), you will detect on very close observation that it sits on its "haunches," as it were, very much as the homely cat or

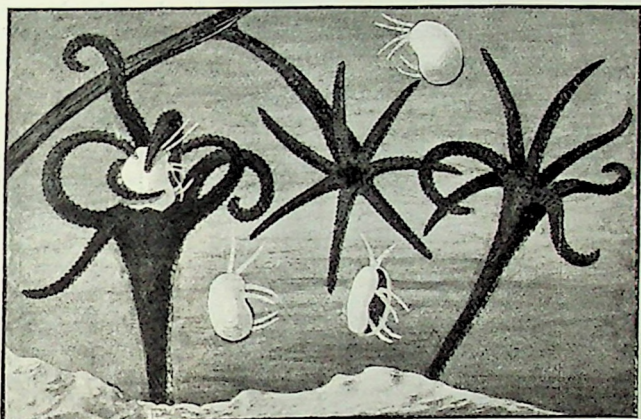


FIG. 3. Tiny inhabitants of every pond, which capture their victims exactly as does an octopus.

dog will. They are exceedingly queer little things. Two of them are depicted in Figure 5, one assuming the posture just alluded to, and the other being midway through a hop.

Like other insects they have six legs each, and a pair of funny horns; but in addition they are provided at the hinder extremity with a couple of long prongs or forks, which are usually retained within a groove that runs along the underside of the body. Just here I will ask you to recall the sight, which almost every one has been introduced to, of a walnut shell hopping by means of a match-stick fastened into cotton surrounding the shell, and bent so that the tension of the cotton will release the piece of wood like a spring. This movement is almost analogous with that indulged in by the *Podura*, for that is the name of the ugly insect.

The bent-under prongs, when pressed downwards by the creature, violently strike the surface beneath it, and so raise the *Podura* aloft. This is one of many instances which prove that some of man's mechanical ideas have been anticipated by Nature.

How Christmas Came Back again.

BY SYBIL PARRY.

I.



HAT is that faint stir of expectation that seems to breathe in the air as each November draws to a close?

The dark boughs of the evergreens murmur the open secret as the wind flutters through them and bears it away to the holly trees. As though the holly trees did not know it already and would have hidden their crimson berries behind their bright leaves if they could!



"Open the door, can't you!"—Page 256.

A great thatched roof slopes low over the white walls of Sandy Kerlew's cottage, somewhat after the fashion of a slouched hat which half conceals the wearer's features, and on this particular November morning long icicles peered out here and there from under the tattered thatch brim like so many stray locks of frozen hair. Outside the doorway is a little maiden cloaked in scarlet, hopping from one foot to the other like some impatient robin. With one hand she has tight hold of a brown paper parcel, and the other is outstretched in half uncertainty whether to repeat the unanswered knock, when a voice from within calls out—

"Open the door, can't you!"

Thus admonished the small person does open the door, and with somewhat more boldness than a robin hops into what is evidently a cobbler's workroom.

The floor is strewn with pieces of leather, and boots and shoes in many stages of dilapidation lie here and there. The occupant, an old man, bending over his work, does not stop to look up at the new comer as she breaks in upon the gloomy forlornness that pervades his little room like a ray of heaven's own sunshine.

"Mr. Curlew," so her child tongue interprets his name, "I've brought my slipper my very own self for you to mend. It's only quite a tiny hole, but mother said I might bring it."

As she spoke she unwrapped the brown paper parcel with a show of great importance and held up the small slipper for inspection.

Old Kerlew put out a horny hand big enough to swallow up so small an article and glanced it over with a professional eye. Having finished the inspection of the slipper, the professional eye was turned upon its small owner. Was the sunshine of her bright face suddenly reflected for a moment on his own, or was it indeed a real smile that flickered like a long-forgotten friend around the corners of his hard mouth and covered for a second the professional look in his eye with one of pathetic yearning?

"Yes, miss. There's a hole sure enough," he said, laying the slipper down and turning again to his work. "As soon as I've finished this bit of a job I'll see to it right away, and let you have it back to-morrow."

"Thank you, Mr. Curlew. But please don't mind about hurrying too much, because you must be so very busy just now," answered the maiden with winsome condescension.

"No, I'm not more busy than ordinary," he answered, glancing at her sideways and trying to keep the professional look in his eyes. "Why should I be?"

"Why, you know, Mr. Curlew, you *must* be! Everybody's always very busy just before Christmas. There's such lots to be done before we are all ready. There's cards to buy and presents, and there's the puddings to stir, and all the decorations to be done, and the carols to learn! But perhaps," she added, as her eyes wandered round the cobbler's small room, "it wouldn't take you quite so long, because, you see, there's not very much for you to decorate. Have you many people to buy Christmas presents for, Mr. Curlew?"

The old man turned right round on his bench and looked at his small questioner half angrily. "Christmas don't ever come here!" he answered with a

harsh laugh. "And so, as I've got no people and never has a Christmas, there's no call to buy presents!"

"Oh, Mr. Curlie!" Her face and voice were filled with a piteous and incredulous wonder. "No Christmas? But everybody has a Christmas!"

"Then I'm not one of the everybody," he answered scornfully, as if heedless of her dismay. "I hate the name o' Christmas."

He bent again over his work and there was silence in the little room, a silence which lasted so long that after a time he was obliged to look up and steal another glance at his visitor. There she stood, close beside him still, crumpling a corner of her scarlet cape with nervous fingers, while the tears welled into her eyes and splashed slowly down her cheeks.

"Come, missy, I didn't mean to vex you. You'll have a Christmas right enough; it was just made for such as you! There, wipe away those tears and look glad again, or maybe you'll set me crying too, and wouldn't it be funny to see an old man like me crying?"

He screwed up his face and put his knuckles into his eyes and looked so irresistibly comical that the sunshine was forced to make its way back again through the small maiden's tears.

After gazing at him a moment she broke into a merry laugh, but soon her face settled into grave lines again.

"Don't you even like carols, Mr. Curlie?" she asked with almost desperate expectancy.

"Well, what special carols be you thinking of, missy?" he answered slowly, as if to delay the evil moment when he might again have to give her pain.

"Oh, you know! When the boys and men go round and sing about Jesus lying in the manger, and all about the angels singing to the shepherds, and telling them of Him. You know what they sang, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.' That's it exactly, because I learnt it again last Sunday for mother, and I saw ever such a pretty text with it on in a shop the other day, which I'm going to buy for mother at Christmas. That's one of my secrets; so you won't tell, will you?"

"No fear, missy!" he answered with a smile.

"Isn't it a nice text, Mr. Curlie? Mother says it's the peace and goodwill towards men that make people happy at Christmas. Perhaps"—here she looked at him with questioning eyes—"perhaps, Mr. Curlie—do you think it may be because you haven't got the peace and goodwill towards men that Christmas doesn't come to you?"

He looked down into the thoughtful face raised so confidently to his own and hesitated a moment, half fearful how she might take his answer.

"Well, missy, maybe that's it," he said at length. "Perhaps I haven't got the peace and goodwill; but don't you fret, any way."

She continued to look at him earnestly, while the honest blue eyes betrayed the busy thoughts that were passing through her brain.

"How many days is it before Christmas?" she asked after a few moments.

"Let me see, to-day's the last day of November.



"'Perhaps I haven't got the peace and goodwill.'"—Page 257.

That makes just twenty-four days, doesn't it?" he answered.

"That's a very long time, indeed!" she remarked half ruefully. "God can do things very quickly if He likes, can't He?"

"I daresay He can, if He likes"—and the ring of scorn came back to the old man's voice—"but He doesn't always like."

A child's faith is strong, and the doubt implied in his answer passed unheeded.

"Twenty-four days," she murmured to herself again; "that'll give God a long time to do it in. I'll ask Him about it every day, to remind Him."

The sunshine was very bright on the little face



"Why, yes, mother, he always does!"—Page 258.

again, and Sandy Kerlieu wondered what the happy thoughts were that made it so radiant.

"I must go now, Mr. Curlie," she said, "but perhaps I'll come and see you again very soon, and—perhaps after all you'll have a Christmas this year. Goodbye!"

She gave a wave of the hand as she reached the door, and when it closed after her Sandy Kerlieu looked round to see why the sunshine had suddenly vanished.

That same morning a certain little person had another big secret—one which she could only whisper into mother's ear and to God. She also had a favour to ask, which favour was granted.

"And I may go and see him for just a little while very often, mother dear. Oh, how nice!" And the little person clapped her hands gleefully.

"Yes, but, Marjory, you must remember that God has His own time and His own way of answering our prayers. You must not be disappointed if you have to wait what may seem to you a very long time."

"But God is quite sure to hear, mother, isn't He? I'm not too small to ask Him."

"Does father hear you when you speak to him?"

(To be continued.)

GOLDEN PROVERBS.

SPEECH is silver, but silence is gold.
Patience is the cheapest law, as temperance is the safest physic.
The place to spend a happy day—Home!

"Why, yes, mother, he always does!"
"And so will God hear you, my darling."
* * * *

II.

It came about so naturally that Sandy Kerlieu never even thought it at all strange when morning by morning a gentle knock was heard at his door and his child visitor entered his gloomy room. Why, it was as natural as that the sunshine for a few short moments should pour in through his window. He had even got into the habit of leaving the door ajar so that she might run in the more easily. Not one morning had she missed for a whole fortnight, and he knew just what to expect. First the bright rosy face would peep round the doorway, then the whole of the small person would follow.

"Good morning, Mr. Curlie, I hope you are quite well?" was her daily greeting as she came and stood close by his bench to watch him at his work.

"Thank you, missy, I find myself pretty well, all things considered, and I hope you are very well?" was his unvaried answer.

When these little courtesies had been despatched a somewhat lengthy silence generally followed. Sandy knew well the question that was sure to follow, and he dreaded it, for he knew, too, how the answer he must give would pain her. He had always prided himself on his strict honesty and hatred of untruth, but he began now to wish that his conscience were not such a hard taskmaster and would allow him to tell just one kindly untruth. The moment, however, he stole a glance at the bright guileless face of the child he put the temptation from him, for he could not lie in the face of truth. Her voice grew more expectant day by day as, drawing a little closer, she would ask him the same old question—

"Has the 'peace and goodwill toward men' come yet, Mr. Curlie?"

His answer was always slow in coming, and he never dared to look at her as he gave it—"No, missy, not yet!"—but he could not fail to catch the smothered little sigh of disappointment which followed, though it was a brave voice that answered—

"Never mind, Mr. Curlie, it will come—I know it will!"

Then he would try to make some funny remark and bring back the smiles to the grave face, but all the while there was a lump in his throat and a pain at his heart.

"Goodbye, Mr. Curlie; perhaps I'll come and see you again to-morrow," she would say each time she took her leave, and Sandy Kerlieu was glad at the thought of her patient coming again, even though he so dreaded the question she came to ask.

Spend your evening at the sign of "The Teakettle."
Patches and darns are better than debts.
Shallow streams make the most din.
The child says what he heard his mother say.

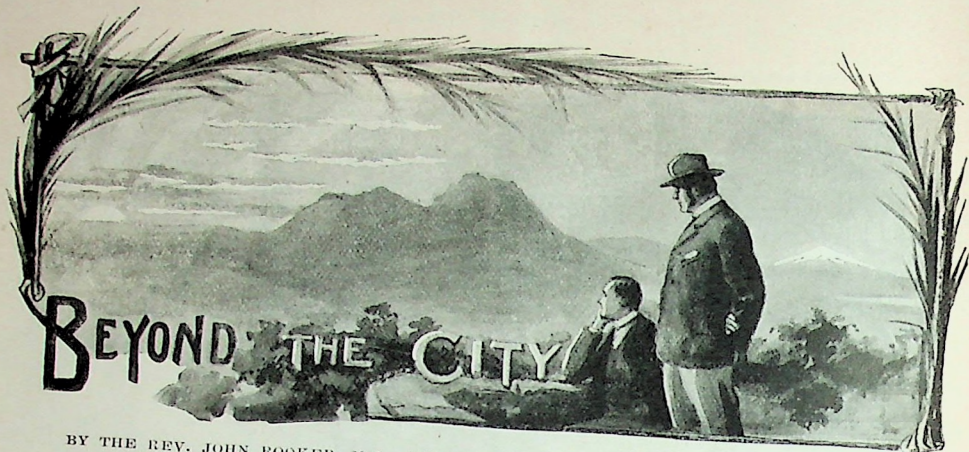


Specially drawn for "Home Words"

[by F. W. Benson.]

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep

Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.



BY THE REV. JOHN ROOKER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "A MODERN PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM."

X. MOUNT TABOR.

THE ride up Mount Tabor takes an hour, and it was about three o'clock when we reached the summit. There are considerable ruins on the top of Tabor, for in our Lord's time Tabor was a busy place, and there was a fortress and a town. To-day two monasteries occupy the ruins—one belonging to the Franciscans and one belonging to the Greek Church. Both claim the site of the Transfiguration, and as so often happens neither possesses it. Most certainly it is not here, but in the neighbourhood of Hermon.

As we clambered over the ruins at the Eastern end of the hill we got our first view of Galilee. There, far away, was the northern end of the lake, and Hermon, still farther off, rose like a sentinel angel on guard. The deep valley of the Jordan was to our right, with the trans-Jordanic hills a purple background—but it was at Galilee we strained our eyes. We were not long left alone, for very soon a brown figure came climbing over the rocks towards us. It was the Franciscan monk, who courteously explained the different points, and then took us into the monastery. We found ourselves in a long airy room with tables down the centre, and the Father informed us that he sometimes put up as many as thirty or forty guests. We then proceeded to inspect the dormitories, and found them clean and bright. Iron bedsteads, good mattresses, which stood the Friend's test, and linen spotless. Mosquito curtains—a luxury unknown in camp—were over each bed, and the whole arrangements were so charming that I said to the Friend: "Why not spend the night here?" "Agreed, with all my heart," was the answer. The Stranger agreed also, and when we told Domian he thought the plan excellent. The old Father was pleased to have company, for it is dull up there with one lay brother as a companion, and he spread us tea at once.

Tea? Yes, he promised Tea. We watched as he

went to a cupboard and produced an old pickle jar. "This," proceeded the Father, "is real English tea, given me two, three years ago by some pilgrims. It is good. I make it in honour of you." The Boy muttered that it looked green, but the Boy was really thirsting for tea. For, reader, you get no tea in the East, and after a while coffee palls on the taste. When the Franciscan father promised us tea we were glad. He brought it in and put it down in front of me, and I poured out four cups. He had no sugar and there was no milk. I tasted mine and put it down hurriedly. I think it was Camomile Tea!

"Boy," I cried, "leave it alone, and pass your cup to Domian." "Domian," I said, "you have the strongest inside of this party, therefore you must drink the tea. The good Father waits." Domian drank it, but his face was a study. The Friend pretended to enjoy his cup very much, but the tea remained at the same level after each sip. The Stranger took a taste, and remained thoughtful. The question was not how to get rid of the tea—the question was how to get rid of the Monk.

At last in desperation we sent him for more hot water, and when he had gone we rushed to the door on the other side and cast our tea to the courtyard. The good Father returned, and was mildly surprised when he could persuade us to no more tea. We took to coffee again, and we were quite satisfied.

At a quarter to six I went up on the flat roof of the monastery, and paced up and down watching the sunset. It became so glorious that I called the others up.

The sun was falling over Carmel, and a wondrous light was shed abroad. At our feet lay Esdraelon, with its valleys branching out and down to the great gorge of the Jordan, suffused with violet. Far away was a blue streak—the blessed sea. Coming round we caught a glimpse of one or two houses at Nazareth. To the north was Hermon, a pink setting of colour round the soft clean cap of snow. Then

further round was the head of the lake, purple coloured, while as a foreground we had the Horns of Hattin—the hill of the Beatitudes. Further south were the hills of Gilead, where the priest of the forty-second psalm took his last look at his native land, and further down the wondrous hills of Moab in their ever-changing hues.

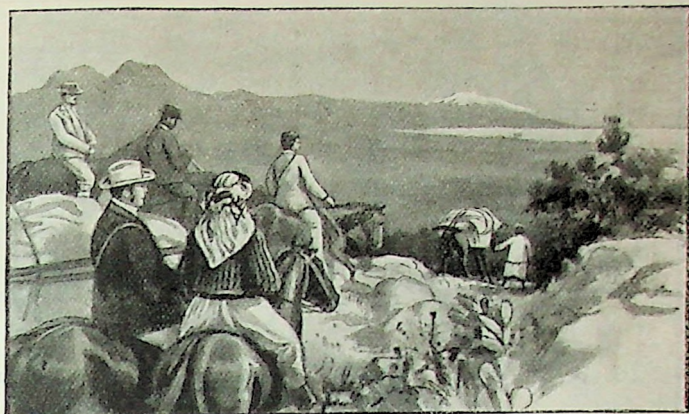
What a variety of scenes! Blessings, farewells; the storm and stress of war, the quiet uneventful village life: Elijah on the one hand, the holy child of Nazareth on the other. The home of each was visible.

Gradually the sun fell—fell over Megiddo on the edge of the plain in a blaze of gold.

The pink flush after its setting became more rich and deep—and the whole sky burned with fire. Hermon looked in the fast fading light a white robed spectre with just a halo of pink, then suddenly it was lost in the night.

The new moon came up in the quiet sky, and the stars filled the firmament with their dazzling lustre, such lustre as you seldom see in England, and our day of joy came to an end.

As we went down to dinner in the refectory we all agreed it had been the most delightful day of the tour.



"There, far away, was the northern end of the lake, and Hermon, still farther off, rose like a sentinel angel."—Page 260.

The good monk gave us a better dinner than tea. Domian seemed none the worse for the concoction he had swallowed three hours previously, and we listened after dinner to a paper he read, on shepherd life, with much interest.

In private we disputed about this mountain being the Mount of Transfiguration. I don't believe it for a moment. Tabor was a crowded spot in our Lord's day. There could be no privacy. Moreover, we are distinctly told He was in the region of Cæsarea Philippi, and we are also told the mountain was remarkable for height, which Tabor is not. Of

course the old Franciscan father believed the tradition—and he had his ruins on the spot.

The Greek priest—a glorious fellow with long yellow hair and beard, about thirty years of age, whom we visited earlier in the day—had his church on the spot also.

But the controversy was not important. I had seen a transfiguration in that glorious sunset, which seemed the very face of God, and as I knelt down in the quiet chamber of the monastery I prayed that I might be transfigured myself into more of the likeness of the blessed Saviour, and at last see Him—not on Tabor or Hermon, but on the heavenly mount—the shining table lands of God above.



"Domian drank it, but his face was a study."—Page 260.



Drawn for "Home Words"

OUR AFTERNOON TEA PARTY.

[By C. H. FINEMORE.]

The Young Folks' Page.

"WINGS SOME DAY!"

ALTER, said a gentleman on a ferry boat to a poor helpless cripple, "how is it, when you cannot walk, that your shoes get so worn?" A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment he said, "My mother has younger children, sir; and while she is out washing I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard; "what a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?" The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said in a low voice, but with a smile, "I am looking forward to having wings some day, lady."

THE SURE GUIDE.

The greatest heroes among men have done their great deeds because they believed and knew they were doing the will of God; and in the simple things of your life, like a good obedient child, will you not yield yourself up, as Jesus did, to the same perfect and loving Guide?

Remember, then, that your Heavenly Father is a Spirit, and that His presence is within you, as your gentle and sure Guide, and that you can make certain that you have His presence near you, and ever your Friend, by trying, trusting, proving it.

A CHINESE NEW BOY.

WHEN a Chinaman takes his little boy to school to introduce him to his teacher, it is done as follows—

The Chinaman arrives at the school, he and the teacher shake their own hands, and bow profoundly; then the latter asks, "What is your honourable name?"

"My mean insignificant name is Wong," is the answer.

"Tea is sent for, and the teacher says, 'Please use tea.' The father sips for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher, 'What is your honourable name?'"

"How many insignificant names have you?"

"My mean little stems have you sprouted?" (This means, "How old are you?")

"I have vainly spent thirty years."

"Is the honourable and great man of the household living?" (He is asking after the teacher's father.)

"The old man is well."

"How many precious little ones have you?"

"I have two little dogs." (These are the teacher's own children.)

"How many children have you in your illustrious institution?"

"I have a hundred little brothers."

Then the Chinaman comes to business.

"Venerable master," he says, "I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully entrust him to your charge."

The little fellow, who has been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, and knocks his head on the floor. The teacher raises him up, and sends him off to school, while arrangements are being made for his sleeping-room and so forth.

At last the father rises to take his leave, saying, "I have tormented you exceedingly to-day," to which the teacher responds, "Oh, no, I have dishonoured you."



As he goes towards the door he keeps saying, "I am gone; I am gone." And etiquette requires the teacher to repeat, as long as he is in hearing, "Go slowly, go slowly."

LORD ROBERTS AND CATS.

"A CAT may look at a king," says the old proverb, but there are men of less than royal rank who object to being looked at by a cat. Lord Roberts is one of them. He did not in India falter when called upon to penetrate the tiger-haunted jungle; but he dislikes and dreads cats. He may not be afraid of pussies, but he avoids her. One evening when he had gone out to dine, he had scarcely greeted his hostess before he asked, "Will you please send away the cat?" "There is no cat here," the lady assured him; "we do not keep cats." But he knew better, and was so manifestly convinced that a search was instituted, and an intruding tabby was routed out from beneath a piece of furniture and ignominiously expelled.

An American girl who stayed at a country house where Lord Roberts was later a guest had long eagerly looked forward to his arrival. He came, and she first saw him passing down the corridor just in front of her, presenting only his back to her view. She gazed intently, knowing he must presently turn to descend the stairs, when, suddenly, what was her surprise to behold the great little man skip nimbly into the air with an exclamation that was almost a cry of terror, then leap several stairs at a bound, clutch the balusters to recover his balance, and stare back over his shoulder with a face of disgust and dismay. A very small black kitten was lying on the top step. The girl promptly picked it up and carried it back to the kitchen, whence it had escaped; but Lord Roberts, so he told her afterwards, would no more have touched it than if it had been a snake.

RULES FOR THE GUILD OF KINDNESS.

- I. EVERY member must be kind to all animals and birds.
- II. Every member must try to protect everything weaker than herself or himself.
- III. Every member must be obedient and respectful to parents and teachers and to those in authority over them.
- IV. No member must rob a bird's nest or use a catapult.
- V. Every member must try to get another member.

Bible Questions (New Series).

BY M. A. CANTAB.

QUESTIONS.

1. **HOW** is it expressed that the father of the faithful prayed?
2. What Psalm names together three saints as eminent in prevailing prayer?
3. Name two who had three daily times of prayer.
4. Who prayed first for drought and then for rain?
5. Who prayed with tears for recovery?
6. Who prayed "day and night" for Jerusalem?
7. Who perpetuated an answer to prayer in a son's name?
8. Who cried unto the Lord all night?

ANSWERS (See SEPTEMBER No., p. 215).

- | | | |
|-------------|----------------|--------------|
| 1. Absalom. | 2. Rephidim. | 3. Cain. |
| 4. Hannah. | 5. Ishbosheth. | 6. Publius. |
| 7. Pashur. | 8. Uzza. | 9. Sapphira. |

ARCHIPPUS (Col. iv. 17).

"God's Work."

I. IN THE HOME.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES."

THERE is a verse in the Bible that I want to take as a groundwork for two short papers under the above heading. It is found in Jeremiah xlviii. 10. Read it in the margin. It runs thus, "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently."

Now, the great difficulty with all of us is to have our eyes sufficiently anointed with the salve of wisdom so that we may see what is God's work in our daily lives. "The trivial round, the common task" seems so very trivial and common to many of us. Surely we cannot dignify such as the work of the Lord! Well, we make a great mistake when we separate secular things from matters sacred. Everything we are called to do ought to be God's work to us.

Quite recently, to one of our camps on the Modder River, a caravan of baggage carts made its way. They were piled up with tins of condensed milk, bags of sugar, and parcels of tea. In charge of them rode a stalwart, strong looking man. These carts had been forwarded in response to a request for such luxuries made by one of the agents employed by the South African General Mission. He—Mr. Tayler—greeted the convoy with much delight, and read the wisp of a note handed to him by the stranger very eagerly. The letter ran thus: "I send you the tea, etc., you need, and along with the boiler, sugar, and milk, a friend who will give you much assistance." Help! That was what the Scripture Reader wanted badly. There were open doors on every hand only waiting to be entered in the name of Christ. No wonder he grasped the sturdy strong hand extended and welcomed the man to the field of work on the Modder. The deputation seemed to hesitate a bit as Mr. Tayler thanked him for prospective assistance in the Mission Tent and elsewhere. Then something like a twinkle ran over his face.

"I canna' preach," he said regretfully, "but"—and the smile widened and lit up his whole face—"I can boil water."

How well he could boil water is evidenced by the fact that in six weeks he and his employer gave out some forty gallons of tea. Besides this, they distributed in one day 1,000 oranges, and, during the encampment on the side of the river, presented 14,000 handkerchiefs, soaked in Eau de Cologne, to typhoid patients in the field hospitals! Much of this work of love and charity was accomplished by means of the man who could na' preach, but who did what he could with all his might. He opened the way to much profitable intercourse between the soldiers who drank his tea and bathfuls of hot lemonade and the missionary who laboured amongst them. He will have earned his mead of praise in the last day for having done what he could; for he did not do the work of the Lord negligently.

Now most of us have more to do with boiling water than preaching—which thing is a parable. See to it then that the

socks to be darned are done as well as needle and thread can do them; that the windows of home are kept as bright; that

the little ones are tended as tenderly as the Master would wish. Surely His own reminder, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My little ones, ye have done it unto ME," is enough to consecrate the smallest thing. God's work can be written across eating and drinking. This magnifies even cookery. In the account of work done for the Temple and Tabernacle, we read that the cloths of service were woven by the most wise-hearted of the women who worshipped therein. Such knowledge at once removes work at home from the region of commonplace into the realm of consecration.

I have occasionally seen emblazoned above a parlour mantelpiece the following quaint inscription. The first time I did so was in an Irish rectory—

"A little thing is a little thing.
But faithfulness in little things
Is a very great thing."

We do not need to go abroad to polish stones for God's beautiful temple. They lie ready to hand wherever we are. Our Bibles are explicit on this point. In the Old Testament we are told, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." But this is not sufficient for Christ's servants. So the New Testament takes up and amplifies the text, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord." It is the last three words that turn tucking and stitching and cookery and dusting and nursing into God's work.



The Housewife's Corner.

FAMILY RECIPES.

GREASE SPOTS.—The proper way to remove a grease spot is to lay it between blotting-paper and press with a warm iron.

It is best to leave the iron on the spot for some time. This will remove much of the grease, especially if it be tallowy in nature. Then, taking away the blotting-paper, wet thoroughly with benzine, rubbing from the edges towards the centre. Do not rub hard—stroke would be a better word. With a piece of the blotting-paper soak up all the benzine that you can, and repeat with fresh benzine. Do this several times, until you are satisfied that the grease is all removed. Lastly, wash out the last of the benzine with a little clear cold water, and press the material dry on the wrong side. The best thing to apply the benzine with is a sponge.

Dirty Sponges.—Put a piece of soda the size of a walnut to a tablespoonful of salt into a basin, and pour on boiling water. Allow dirty sponges to stand in this for a short time, when they will be quite clean and free from grease. Rinse in cold water.

A Good Cement.—Mutual love well stirred with forbearance mixed with readiness to forgive and general good temper, is an admirable cement. It is well to let all family jars be shelved at once.

Preserving.—The temper is best kept by using as little vinegar as possible. The heart by using abundance of the oil of grace. *Treasures* by laying them up where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.

Pickles.—Those persons get into them most who meddle with other people's business, or who act on the rule of policy rather than that of straightforward truth and unswerving honesty.

To Cure Cold and Heart-Burn.—Do all the good you can, live near to God, love your neighbour as yourself.

Tart.—Some think tart replies to be smart, but it is never wise to let our wit wound other persons' feelings. Soft answers turn away wrath; tart speeches lead to general sourness.



"PEACE
TO YOU:

AND

GODS GOOD WILL
THAT IS EVER TRUE."

F. R. H.

A Christmas Carol.

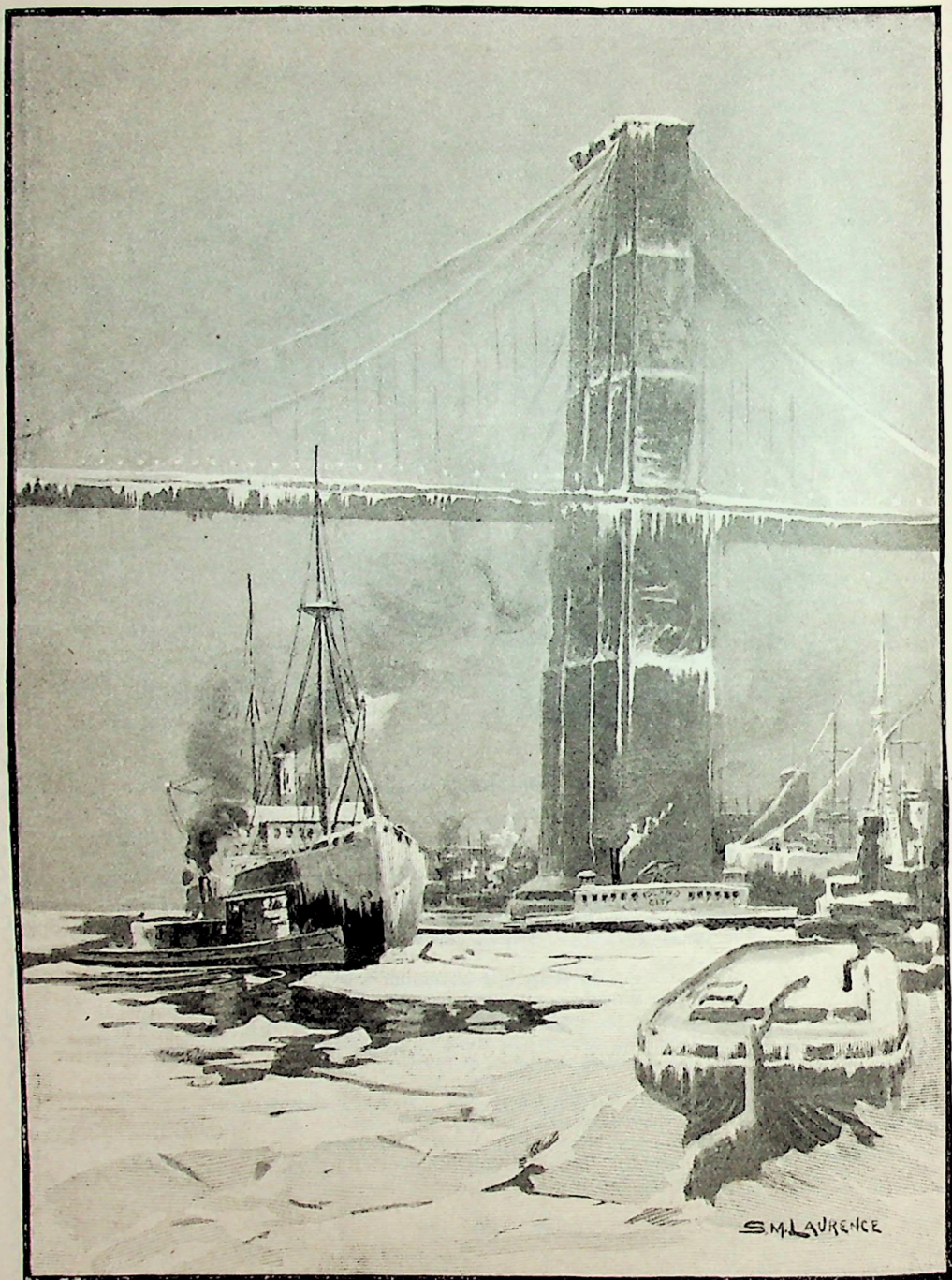
BY THE LATE BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young:
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul, full of music, breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

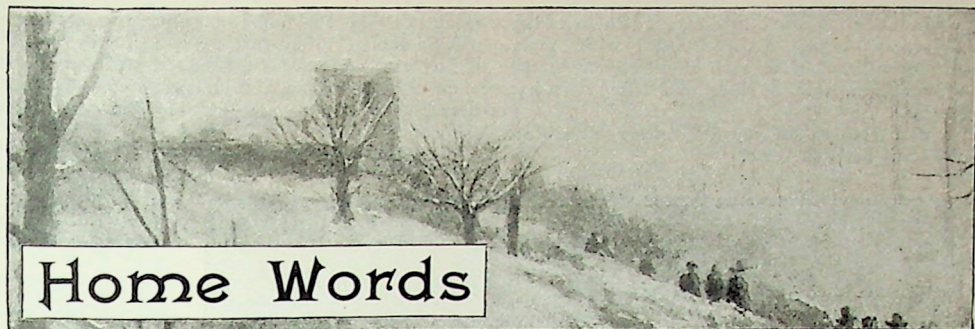
It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod,
The feet of the Christ-Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-Child tells out with delight
The grace and the glory of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
The voice of the Christ-Child shall fall:
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.





NEW YORK IN THE GRIP OF THE ICE KING.



Home Words

For His Name's Sake.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER, AUTHOR OF "IN FARTHEST IND," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW BEGINNING.

THEY rode on and on, the rough jog-trot of the oxen growing rougher and slower as the hours went by. Rose, helpless and miserable, kept her seat mechanically, conscious only of a longing that the ox would stumble and throw her, for then she might be allowed to die in peace. Andries made no attempt to talk. He had fastened her rein to his own, and seemed quite satisfied to ride in silence, knowing that she was powerless to escape from him. Just as the dawn began to make things dimly visible, he uttered an angry exclamation however.

"What's that moving behind those thorns? A rascal of a Bushman, I suppose? If he's going to dog us, I'll stop his hunting for him in future!"

Rose heard, without comprehending what he said, but the next moment Andries gave a convulsive start, and pressed his hand to his neck. His fingers seemed to be picking at something, Rose saw, but before she could ask what was the matter, the weary oxen stumbled into a frantic gallop, as if seized by a violent frenzy. They rushed this way and that, Andries making no attempt to control them, and when they swerved suddenly at a bush, Rose lost her balance and fell. At first she was too much stunned by the fall to do anything but listen mechanically to the flying hoof-beats of the oxen as they grew faint in the distance; but at last she raised herself painfully on her elbow, and succeeded in distinguishing the forms of the oxen still careering wildly far away. She tried to rise, wondering what had become of Andries, but as she crawled out from the shelter of the bush, something struck the ground just beyond her. She looked at it with a kind of half-awakened curiosity, and saw that it

was a small arrow—a Bushman's poisoned arrow. Again she tried to move, and another arrow fell close to her; she drew back under the bush, and no more appeared. The oxen were out of sight by this time. There was no sign of Andries. The Bushmen did not show themselves, and worn out by fatigue and anxiety, she sank into an unconsciousness that was half sleep and half stupor.

When she awoke, after a blessed period of blank insensibility, she found herself lying on a waggon-bed, made of strips of hide fastened to wooden supports. The waggon was not moving, and she lay for some minutes wondering what had happened, and whose were the guns and powder-horns and shot-belts which decorated the sides and roof. There were dried skins, also, and the floor of the waggon was packed tight with all kinds of stores. Outside she could hear the voices of Hottentots chattering in their own clicking tongue, and it occurred to her all at once that Andries had fallen in with his friends, under Hendrik Coetzer, and that they were taking her to the Republic in one of their waggons. There were no voices to be heard speaking Dutch, however, and she wondered whether the Boers had all gone out hunting. If so, she might manage to elude the attention of the Hottentots, and escape. Cautiously she peered under the flap at the rear of the waggon, and found that the Hottentots were gathered round a fire just below her. There were two other waggons there, and the oxen belonging to them were grazing contentedly on the coarse grass which grew around. A short distance away was the line of willows marking a river. There was her chance. If she could reach that shelter, she might creep along the bank unperceived, taking her chance of falling in with a crocodile or a hippopotamus. The Hottentots had not seen her, and she returned softly to the other end of the waggon and looked

out, then started back in dismay. There in the shadow sat a tall, brown-bearded white man, cleaning a gun. Her gasp of dismay attracted his attention, and he rose and lifted his hat politely.

"I am glad to see you are better," he said in a pleasant English voice.

meant to take the natives by surprise, and were unkind enough to say that I walked too heavily to be any use; so I stayed behind, to see if I could be of any service to you, and you prefer to break your neck rather than ask me to help you out of the waggon!"

"Oh, how can you—how can you laugh—now?" cried Rose. "If you only knew—the awful danger—and what it has been—"

"I do know a good deal about it, as it happens. Sit down here, and I'll tell you. Karel! coffee for the lady!" he called out in Dutch to one of the Hottentots. "Now, Miss Hildyard, let me introduce myself. My name is Barton, and my regiment is stationed at the Cape just now. I have been longing for some big game shooting ever since I came out, and at this moment I am on my way up-country with my friend Dirck Muller."

"Uncle Dirck!" cried Rose, in inexpressible delight. "Oh, thank God!"

"And for the last day or two we have done nothing but pick up portions of your party," went on Barton. "First it was Stephanus Duplois, whom we found on the veldt, all but dying for

want of water. He had heard the Boers, who had got him shut up, chuckling over the thought that your station would be wiped out before Muller could reach it, and he made up his mind to escape and hurry us on. With his servant's help—the servant was killed, by the way—he gave the Boers the slip, and set out to intercept us, but we only



"Andries gave a convulsive start, and pressed his hand to his neck."—Page 267.

"Oh, you are English!" shrieked Rose, fairly throwing herself out of the waggon as she realized what this meeting might mean. "My father and mother—save them—don't sit here!"

"Gently, gently!" said the stranger, helping her up from the sand. "My friends started hours ago on horseback to rescue your parents. They

came upon him just in time. Then, just as we had outspanned last night, a small nigger boy turned up, and absolutely went mad with joy at the sight of Muller. When he had calmed down enough for us to make him out, he explained that his papa and mamma were in hiding in the neighbourhood, on their way to the Colony, and that their missionary and his family were in imminent danger."

"It was Mataba!" cried Rose.

"Yes, Mataba was the little chap's name. Well, we inspanned again at once, much to the disgust of the oxen, and went on all night. Early this morning we met a Bushman, who told us we should find a white man lying dead on the veldt a little further on, and a white woman asleep under a bush. We suspected foul play, especially as the fellow added that the white man had been a great enemy of the Bushmen, and that they had stopped him in carrying off the daughter of the white preacher in Shokomi's country: so we kept him with us, but he managed to get away when we halted. You see, it was rather startling when we found it as he had said—a Boer murdered by poisoned arrows, part of the carcasses of two oxen (the Bushmen had made off with most of the meat), and lastly you. Poor Stephanus was dreadfully cut up when he recognised his brother, and he and Muller were both afraid that things must have gone very far for Andries Duploitt to be able to separate you from your parents, and they pushed on from here with the best armed of the Totties and the other man who is with us. Stephanus was in a terrible state of anxiety. I can tell you it was only very unwillingly that he and—I mean that he went off leaving you in my charge. And now here is your coffee at last."

"Oh, I can't take anything until I know what has happened," cried Rose.

"You haven't made a vow about it? Then let me beg of you not to refuse my hospitality so cruelly."

"Oh, can't you guess how I feel? I can't do anything until— Oh, I know Uncle Dirck will save them if any one can, but—"

"It's not for me to preach to you, but I can't help thinking that since Dirck Muller has got here just now, and after the way we have met just the right people to guide us and hurry us on, and all that sort of thing—well, it looks to me as if it was ordered, you know."

"I see; you mean I ought to have more faith?" said Rose. "I will try. I am ashamed, but it has been so dreadful."

"And you will soothe my wounded feelings by taking some coffee? Do you know you have never

asked who is the third white man with us? Don't you want to hear?"

"Is it any one I know?" asked Rose in surprise.

"I understand he is an old neighbour of yours. Curtis, his name is—Groot Willem the Boers call him. He had a farm in the Colony, but it has been ruined by a landslip, and I believe he was coming up here with some intention of settling near your father."

"If he had only come sooner!" sighed Rose.

"That's rather hard on him, isn't it? He could scarcely have prevented what's happened, and, at any rate, he's doing his best now. He's a right-down good fellow."



"Her gasp of dismay attracted his attention, and he rose and lifted his hat politely."—Page 268.

Rose was silent. Will was not to be forgiven quite so easily.

"I don't want to talk about him just now," she said quietly at last. "At present I can think of nothing but my parents."

"Would you like to stroll towards the river?" he asked kindly. "There is a bluff from which we could see a good way. But you have no bonnet."

"This will do," said Rose, tying her handkerchief over her head. "We were at prayers when the attack came, and we saved nothing but the clothes we had on and my father's Bible and Prayer-book."

"I fancy you will be thankful to get back to the Colony after this experience."

"I don't know what papa will do. If there are any of the Banoga left to teach, he will stay on, I am almost sure."

They reached the top of the sandy cliff overlooking the river, and gazed eagerly over the dried-up country to the north. Presently Barton pointed out a cloud of dust.

"Some one coming," he said. "That means it's all right."

"Oh, how can you tell?" cried Rose, trembling with anxiety.

"Why, did you ever know a man ride like that to bring bad news? Don't be so frightened. It's Curtis, and he's seen us."



"He and the horse emerged dripping from the stream."—Page 270.

They hurried down to the brink of the river, to find the rider just arrived at the opposite bank. He waved his hat.

"All right! all safe!" he shouted, and forced his horse into the water.

"Oh, Will!" gasped Rose, seizing his hand as he and the horse emerged dripping from the stream.

"Oh, Curtis!" said Barton. "Surely an Afrikaner of your experience ought to know better than to swim a river like that, without beating about for crocodiles! But tell us all about it."

"We had no fighting," returned Will. "Mataba guided us into the hills, and we picked up Shokomi and mounted him on your horse. He showed us the best way of getting into the town, and outside the chief's enclosure we left our horses and crept in through a hole that we found. We soon located

the hut where the prisoners were from the guards outside it, and, when we had got them covered with our guns, Oom Direk and the chief showed themselves, and advised them to surrender promptly; and so they did, not seeing that they were more than two to one. Then we let the prisoners out, and gave them what food we had with us. We wanted them to come away at once, but Uncle John was bent on seeing whether the station was utterly destroyed, so we sent out scouts in the direction Seketlu had taken, and went up there. Presently our Totties came running back to say that some of the warriors were returning, but only a few, and in great disorder,

and they thought there must have been a defeat. We consulted for a minute or two, and Shokomi suggested that there was a chance for him to regain his influence in the tribe. Oom Direk agreed with him, so we occupied the royal enclosure and confronted the fugitives as they came up. To our surprise, they were delighted to find a leader, for they said the Boers were just behind them. It seems, that instead of surprising the

Boers as they trekked home, Seketlu and his warriors met them coming to attack the town. There was treachery on both sides, you see. The Banoga had no chance, for the Boers sent their friendly natives in front as usual, and fired over their heads, so that the spears could not reach them. Seketlu and all his chief warriors were killed, and the rest ran away, with the Boers in hot pursuit. When we heard that, we knew there was not a moment to be lost if all the women and children and old people were not to be killed or made slaves, so Oom Direk and I, with two or three Totties, rode as hard as we could to meet the Boers. As it was, we were too late to prevent their firing the town, and their natives were having a fine time, catching the people as they ran out from the burning huts; but we gave them a

tremendous surprise. They insisted on their treaty with Seketlu, but Oom Dirck made great play with your name, Barton, as a high military official, and declared that the rightful chief, who had made no treaty with them, was with us. They had collected a good deal of cattle already, and at last they consented to retire with it. Of course they don't want to come into collision with the Colonial Government, just yet at any rate, lest it should declare their Republic British territory before they are strong enough to make a fuss. So they departed with their spoil and their natives, and we went back to see what we could do to save the burning town. But it was too late, and by this time there isn't a hut standing. Poor old Shokomi is chief again, but his people have no homes, and very little cattle.

The mission-station is utterly ruined, and Oom Dirck advises that a new site should be chosen for the town, and everything begun afresh."

"With the mission as a centre, and not as an after-thought?" suggested Barton.

"Something like that. I suppose you won't mind staying on here for a bit and giving a helping hand?"

"Provided that includes building a house for you, I will give up my long-expected lions without a sigh. In fact, I will go and tell the Totties to inspan at once."

"Rose," said Will, as Barton left them with a smile, "may I build a house for—us? Barton shan't touch a single brick of it. Rose, dear," as she turned and looked him straight in the face, "won't you forgive me?"

"I thought," said Rose, steeling her heart with the remembrance of their parting on the stoep at Mooiplaats, "that it was you who were right, and I was wrong?"

"I was a pig-headed brute!" said Will, with great vigour. "I did put the farm before you, Rose, and now there's no farm at all. I vowed to stick to it, and the Swarteberg has simply wiped it out. The Caffres always called it the

witch-rock, you know, and said it made the place unlucky, but I shall always think of it as the luckiest thing in my life. I was eating my heart out there, longing for you; but I wouldn't break my word, and now the Swarteberg has set me free."

"And you turn to me because you have lost what you cared for most?"

"No I don't. I knew all the time that what I cared for most was here, but I was too proud to own it. I am thankful—joyful—to be rid of the farm, and to come and help Uncle John."

"How do you mean to help him?"

"By keeping a store, of course. I had scraped together a little money of my own before the smash came, and Oom Dirck will back me up, and then we will show the natives the practical side of Christianity."

"We?"

"You and I. You wouldn't spoil such a splendid plan, Rose, and send me off lion-hunting with Barton? I might not come back, you know. You will forgive me, won't you? It doesn't do to be proud. I've tried it, and I was miserable."

"Really miserable?"

"Frightfully. Do you think I'm joking, Rose?"

"No—o, I suppose not. Oh, Will, I have wanted you so dreadfully!"

There must have been a lamentable lack of proper pride in Rose, since all her stern resolutions led only to this undignified conclusion; but, as she said to her mother afterwards, it was surely better, or, at any rate, more comfortable, for her and Will to be happy together than miserably separately.

Some three weeks later, Dirck Muller and Captain Barton were about to resume their journey northward. They and their servants had worked hard in helping to house the homeless Banoga, shaming the idle men of the tribe into relieving the women of the work of building. It seemed probable that the disaster which had overtaken the people would prove to be a blessing



"'Ra-Rosy knows,' answered Shokomi, glancing back at Mr. Hildyard. 'My town is to be Jesus Christ's town, and we shall call it Nazareth.'—Page 272.

in disguise, since the evil influence of Seketlu was removed, and the remaining warriors had accepted, peaceably, Shokomi's return to power. Although Dirk Muller had not been successful in inducing the Cape Government to declare a protectorate over the tribe, yet the Boers were not likely to meddle with it in future. The independence of their Republic was not yet recognised, and they were well aware that, if they were shown to be extending their territories by violence, public opinion was more likely to drive the Government to annex it. Hence their dislike for the presence of Mr. Hildyard, or any other witness, whose evidence was likely to be accepted against theirs.

The site of the new town had been marked out,

THE END.

"Thy Word is Truth."

PEACE ON EARTH.

BY THE REV. JOHN ROOKER, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, BECKENHAM, AUTHOR OF "A MODERN PILGRIM IN JERUSALEM."

"He is our Peace."—*Eph. ii. 14.*

WHEN Jesus Christ our Lord was born, angels, we are told, sang over the earth, and their song was, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

When Jesus Christ our Lord was returning to His Father the gift He gave to His Church was a gift of peace—His parting and His best gift—"My peace I give unto you."

When Jesus Christ our Lord comes again and sets up His rule over the world it is to be a rule of peace: for the promise is—"Of His government and of His peace there shall be no end."

Rightly then is our Lord called "the Prince of Peace." Rightly do we have at Christmastide texts of peace. Rightly are our songs hymns breathing peace. For peace is the character, the work, the result of the Lord and His coming to earth—Peace! deep, true, everlasting peace.

I. Our text says, "He is our Peace," meaning that it is through Him and Him alone this peace is possible. Possible for the world, possible for ourselves, possible for all around us.

For the world by itself was not at peace. Not with itself, not with its Maker. And such a condition was not, and never could have been, the condition for which it was made. The relationship of a loving father and an obedient child was the relationship intended for this world. One part of that relationship had always been kept. The loving Father had never altered. God to the world always was and is love. But the obedience of the child was gone. The world was at enmity with God. The old happy trust, when God and man held converse together, was broken. And

and places chosen for the church, the mission-house, and Will's store, but these could not be built at present. Until the houseless people were all sheltered, the missionaries lived once more in temporary huts. But good progress was being made with the work, and untiring industry was visible on every hand, as Shokomi walked round the site with his guests on the evening before their departure.

"And what is the new town to be called, Paul?" asked Barton, "or is it to be Lihuli, like the old one?"

"Ra-Rosy knows," answered Shokomi, glancing back at Mr. Hildyard. "My town is to be Jesus Christ's town, and we shall call it Nazareth."

naturally enough darkness fell upon the earth. Men knew not God, and they cared not for His laws. Thick night settled down, and the world believed itself alone. And yet it was not alone: the Father watched it still. He cared for it, and kept it, though the world knew it not. His heart never ceased to love it. His eye followed it. But how could the old relation ever be renewed so long as the child was a rebel? The Father was there waiting: the child had turned away and would not come to His arms.

His love—God's love—found out a way: had, indeed, prepared a way long before. He gave a fresh manifestation of His love, which was an invitation to come back, and at the same time a vindication of that law of right the world had broken. God sent His Son—the Babe Jesus, was born—and a message of love and peace came with Him.

It was as if God said: "I want to show you how I love you. I will come as near to you as I can. I will take humanity upon Me. I will become like one of yourselves, and show you how deep and true My affection is. You think I have forgotten you, and care not for you. Nay! It is you who have forgotten Me, and care not for Me. I love you still. I want you back. Come—come unto Me. Here, by this sending of My Son, I prove to you My love. Return unto Me, for you are Mine."

In some such language may the wonderful meaning of the Incarnation be faintly described. There were many proofs of God's love in the world before Jesus came, if men chose to look for them; but here was a transcendent proof of love, a greater proof than all before, the greatest in fact



THE STAR IN THE EAST.

that was possible—God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, yet without sin; God leaving His glory, and beauty, and strength, and taking upon Him the form of poor weak erring man.

So peace became possible. The old relationship could be fulfilled: God and man could meet. Love there was to invite man, forgiveness to receive him, new life to cleanse and purify him. And as many as received the message found in the old relationship of God and man, of father and child, a peace the world could never give, and also never take away.

II. It was then the peace of true relationship which Christ brought. He said to the world:—"Behold, God is your Father. You are His children. Come to Him and rest in that relationship." If the world asked, "How do we know it?" the answer was, "You may know it by Me. I am come from heaven to tell you, and My word is true, for I am God."

And if the world ask further: "But supposing it be true, how can God receive us after all that passed, and how can we make atonement for the old deep wrong we have done our Father?" again the answer was in Christ Himself: "I am that Atonement. My humiliation, My suffering, My cross, are the vindication of righteousness sufficient for all the past, sufficient for all the world. Here in Me is the offer and the pledge of forgiveness. Fear not, return unto your God."

So every way, to those who will listen, the story of Christmas is a story of love, and pardon, and peace. Simply as children we may take our Father's words, and with the thought of Bethlehem and Calvary in our hearts, turn ourselves unto God and be assured He will receive us and love us evermore.

And peace must follow. If you do in your heart

believe God is your Father—more loving, more wise, more tender, than the best earthly parent—then I say you must have peace in life; for all is done by God in life, and God is your Father, and your Father will do just what for you is best. If you do believe in your heart that Christ by His life and death has made atonement for you, and won a pardon for your sins (which you could never win), then, with the sense of all being made right between you and God, you can rest happily in the arms of Divine love. Though sorrows come, and trials press, and sickness visits you, and death awaits you, you can rest calm amid the chances and changes of life or death, for all is right, and peace is in your heart.

It is the message—a very simple one, but, oh, indeed, a happy one—which Christmas brings. It will transform all life for you, and make it bright. It will turn life into a chamber like the chamber Pilgrim rested in at the Palace Beautiful, a chamber that faced the sunrising, and the name of the room was Peace.

III. I would remind you of this Christmas message.

And surely if you believe the message and take it to your hearts, you will feel, must feel, that it is not to rest with you. Springing up

within you will come the desire to spread this peace, and tell again this message *wherever* and *whenever* you can.

At Christmastide we speak of goodwill; a kindly feeling is supposed to reign in our hearts; and men, forgetting old scores of wrong, greet one another as brother-men. Kindliness, friendship, and peace, these are the qualities of a Christmastide. But do not let us stop here; let us not be content with a general cheeriness and kindliness; let us (where we can) witness to the full the first meaning of Christmas; let us be not backward to confess that our joy is in Jesus our Saviour; let us show by our bearing and tone that the joy we have is not first in the earthly associations of the Christmas feast, but rather in the heavenly truths that Christmas speaks of: and so the higher thought of Christmas, its true and first meaning, shall not be lost among the innocent and natural rejoicings of the season, but it shall be witnessed to and handed on, and others shall be led to think of the true meaning of Christmas who may not have thought of it before; and so amid all the festivities of Christmas Day we and they shall have our hearts gladdened by the good tidings of great joy: "Behold unto us is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The Passing Bell.

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.



Photo by]

THE OLD BELL-RINGER.

[Mrs. MOLLAY.



A GREAT deal of superstition clings around that which we still call the passing bell. In most cases the name is misleading. The bell is now usually rung after death; but it was originally rung while the soul was passing away, and it had the twofold object of soliciting the prayers of the faithful and of driving away evil spirits. The practice of only ringing the bell after death has taken place is not an improvement. The first duty of a church bell is to summon Christians to prayer; and there could be no possible objection to thus summoning all who heard to utter a brief prayer for the dying. Knelling for a person already deceased becomes almost meaningless, unless to those who resort to praying for the dead. So the passing bell no longer speaks as a call to prayer—superstition no longer says that it drives away evil spirits; it has come to be an empty token of respect. It must be confessed that some of the old beauty of bell-ringing is gone.

That which we at present know as the "passing bell" is more correctly what our forefathers called the "soul bell," always rung after decease. There are still different ways of ringing this in different districts. Often it is contrived to announce both the age and the sex of the dead. This old term of "soul bell" was charged against

the Church of England as really embodying a belief in purgatory and in prayer for the dead. To this accusation Bishop Hall replied: "We call them soul bells for that they signify the departure of the soul, not for that they help the passage of the soul."

In the Advertisements for Due Order, published in the early reign of Elizabeth, we read: "When anye Christian bodie is in passing, that the Belle be tolled, and that the Curate be speciallie called for to comfort the sicke person; and after the time of his passinge, to ringe no more than one shorte peale; and one before the buriall, and another short peale after the buriall." We see from this that the use of the passing bell was continued after the Reformation, and indeed was often insisted on; for among the inquiries to be made of churchwardens and others of the Archdeacons of York, about the year 1630, we find the following: "Whether doth your clark or sexton, when any one is passing out of this life, neglect to toll a Bell, having notice thereof: or, the party being dead, doth he suffer any more ringing than one short peale, and before his burial one, and after the same another?" At the same time, it was desired to do away with any superstitious notions concerning the bell-ringing, and the question was to be asked "whether at the death of any there be any superstitious ringing." The superstition chiefly contended against was the old popular idea that the bells frightened away evil spirits, and that they really assisted the soul of the deceased in its passage to the unseen world. An old writer, speaking against the doctrine of purgatory, says: "If they should tolle their belles (as they did in good Kynge Edwardes days) when any bodie is drawing to his ende and departing out of this worlde, for to cause alle menne to praye untoe God for him, that of His accustomed mercye He should vouchsafe to receive him unto His mercye, forgevinge him alle his sinnes, their ringing should have better appearance, and should be more conformable to the auncient Catholicke Churche." In Chichester, in the year 1638, the inquiry ran: "Is there a passing-bell tolled, that they who are within the hearing of it may be moved in their private devotions to recommend the state of the departing soule into the hands of their Redeemer, a duty which all Christians are bound to, out of a fellow-feeling of their common mortality?" And in the diocese of St. David: "Doth the parish clerk or sexton, when any person is passing out of this life, upon notice being given him thereof, toll a bell, as hath been accustomed, that the neighbours may thereby be warned to recommend the dying person to the grace and favour of God?"

In rural districts, even at this day, when it is desired to indicate the sex of the deceased, the bell is generally tolled thrice for a man, twice for a woman; and after these preliminary strokes, the age of the person is tolled, a stroke for each year. A

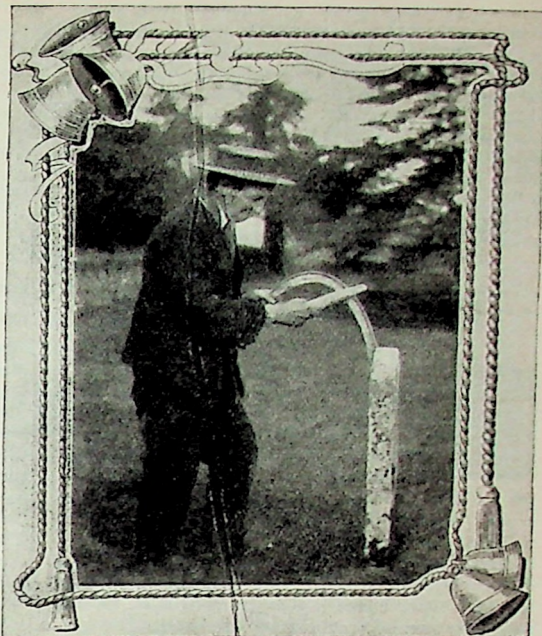


Photo by]

THE SEXTON.

[Mrs. MOLLOY.

quaint old homily states that the reason for giving a man three strokes is connected with the Trinity: "The forme of the Trinitie was founden in Manne, that was Adam our forefadir, of earth one persone, and Eve of Adam the second persone; and of them both was the thirde persone. At the deth of a manne three bellis should be rung, as his knyll, in worshyppe of the Trinitee, and for a womanne, who was the secunde persone of the Trinitie, two bellis should be rungen."

In his *Occasional Meditations*, a little book full of prose poetry and devotion, Bishop Hall has one meditation "on the tolling of a passing bell." He exclaims, "This sound is not for our ears, but for our hearts: it calls us not only to our prayers, but to our preparation—to our prayer, for the departing soul; to our preparation, for our own departing. . . . O Thou that art the God of comfort, help Thy poor servant, that is now struggling with his last enemy. His sad friends stand gazing upon him, and weeping over him; but they cannot succour him: needs must they leave him, to do this great work alone: none, but Thou, to Whom belong the issues of death, canst relieve his distress and over-matched soul."

We cannot but feel that, with such an interpretation, the passing bell might still be rung to the true edification of hearers:

Come, list and harke,
The bell doth towle

For some but now
Departing soule.

To find the origin of the passing bell we must go

back to pre-Christian days, when the Greeks struck metal pots and instruments at the bedside of a dying person to scare away the Furies. Grotius plainly tells us that one of the purposes of the bell was "to drive away the evil spirits at the bed's foot and about the house, ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage; but by the ringing of that bell (for Durandus tells us it was believed that evil spirits were much afraid of bells) they were kept aloof, and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start. Hence in later days one may account for the high price demanded for tolling the

greatest bell of the church; for that, being louder, the evil spirits must go farther off to be clear of its sound, by which the poor soul got so much more the start of them. This dislike of spirits to bells is mentioned in the *Golden Legend* by Wynken de Worde. So is it mentioned in Longfellow's fine poem of that name. We have here undoubtedly that which, in the inquiries set forth from the Archdeaconry of York, was termed "superstitious ringing." But the passing bell may be kept clear of all such fancies, and yet play an appropriate and touching part in the service of the Church.

How Christmas Came Back again.

BY SYBIL PARRY.

II. (Continued.)

LT would have made little difference to Sandy Kerliev had Marjory failed to ask him her question each day she came to visit him, for as the slow hours wore away it kept obstinately obtruding itself upon him. Even the robins that came ever and anon and rested for a few moments on the shrub outside seemed to warble out the words: "Sandy—Sandy Kerliev, where's the 'peace and goodwill' gone to?" And once, when he lay tossing on his bed unable to sleep for the busy thoughts that troubled him, he was suddenly startled by the harsh screeching of a night-owl in a fir tree near by. He lay still and listened, and presently the screeches softened into a plaintive moaning sound, which burnt like words into his weary brain. "No—peace—no—peace, goodwill—no—goodwill—no—peace—" seemed to be the night-bird's dreary lament.

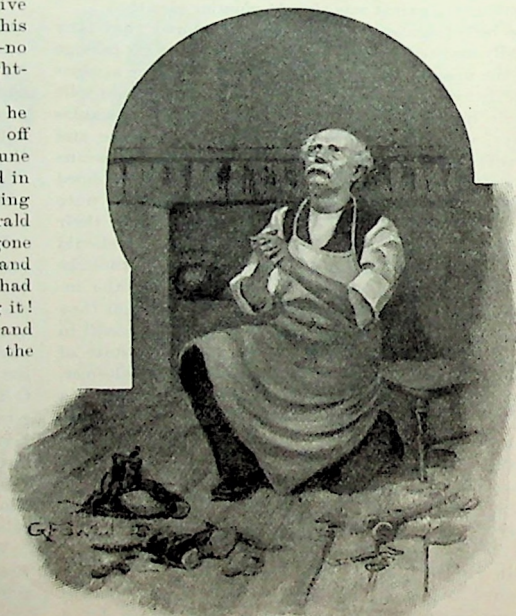
Sometimes he would hum a tune to himself as he sat at his work, and try in that way to drive off thoughts. But this was no better, for whatever tune he started it was sure to run away with him, and in the end he would invariably find himself humming the same old Christmas hymn, "Hark, the herald angels sing." How many years had come and gone since he had sung it with willing heart and lips, and yet it all came back as vividly as though it had been but yesterday. That last time he had sung it!

He was not alone then. He was not old and trouble-worn then. No; that was a time when the world and all it contained was very desirable: for that was the time of love.

All about the little homestead the white snow clothed the earth with a spotless emblem of purity, and within a strong new love was springing up, whose roots had taken such hold in Sandy Kerliev's heart that, should they be plucked up, all the richness and wealth of his nature would go with them. How often that bright picture of comfort rose up before him now, and kind memory gave the warm glow which the ruddy firelight had given then. The white-haired couple, so content in their old age,

seated on either side of the home hearth, and between them the young couple, content too in their young first bliss of love. Then the carol singers came along and stopped and sang that Christmas song outside the window, and they inside had joined in with full hearts. Yes, there was "peace and goodwill" then. His father and mother were peacefully nearing the other shore, hand-in-hand together; and Agnes had loved him then, and half promised to be his wife. The picture of the old couple was to him a happy foreshadowing of what might be the future for him and Agnes. Ah, happy Christmas-tide so long ago! His last happy Christmas-tide.

The old folks had long since gone home. And Agnes? Even now his hands clenched and his face



"He sank in the darkness upon his knees."—Page 278.

grew dark with anger as the bitter tide of memory swept over him. So well he recalled that time when the younger brother returned to the home. Back from a foreign country he came, with wonderful tales of adventure and stores of brave trinkets. How bright and gay he was, and full of kindly thought and kindly looks for all! And then—and then——. Did he not see? Did he not know?

The hard lines round Sandy Kerlie's lips would become still harder as he let his mind dwell upon this chapter of his life's story. Full many a time had these bitter memories held him like a vice in their clutches till his soul and body writhed with the torment of passion and ill-will that came over him.

But just lately, as again and again the past had come up before him, and the angry passion was still strong in his heart, another thought had come to him for the first time—a thought that cut him sore, and seemed to draw his very heart blood; and perhaps it drew the venom too! What if his own jealousy had been the match which set light to the train that had shattered his brightest hopes? What if he, with his own hands, had sown the seed which brought forth such bitter fruit for him?

* * * * *

III.

Thus the days hastened by, and Christmas-tide grew very near again. And day by day a sweet child's voice rang at heaven's gate, and the Lord of glory heard it. And did the angels begin to flutter their wings as they knew they were soon to carry again to men the Christmas gift?

Meanwhile Sandy Kerlie the cobbler was becoming Sandy Kerlie the artist. Mind you, he still stuck to his cobbling, but as he cobbled he was all the while busy drawing a wonderful thought-picture in his mind—the picture of a man. But such a man! On his face were printed the deep lines of anger and malice and evil passions. A very ugly, repulsive face these lines had made. Even Sandy himself would sometimes start back with horror as he gazed at it.

"Is there any wonder?" he would murmur to himself. "Who would care for such a man as that?" Then Sandy's own face would take on a sort of despairing look, for he began to see the image of himself in this thought picture of his.

"To-morrow's Christmas Eve, Mr. Curlie," said the child, as she was leaving him after her usual visit.



"She entered with her holly branch."—Page 278.

Her face was looking very wistful and sorrowful, and her voice would falter a little, though she tried so hard to make it bright. "Would you like me to bring a little holly to-morrow, because—well, because your Christmas might come even now. There's most of to-day and to-night and to-morrow for it to come in, and perhaps the holly might help. Oh, I do so want you to have a Christmas, because I've got a——. Oh, I nearly forgot! That's another of my secrets! But I do hope it'll come, Mr. Curlie." With another wistful look at the old man she went out.

Sandy Kerlie's own eyes were misty, and he got through very little work that day. When the evening shadows came he quite forgot to light his small lamp, but sat on still in the dark. He was feeling very sad and weary, for he had been looking at his thought picture a great deal that day, and thinking how hateful and unlovable it was. He felt strangely weak, too, as though he had gone through some big fight; and there was a queer void in his heart, but he couldn't tell what it was exactly that caused it.

Presently the ringers began to practise at the church, and the bells came pealing across the meadows—now near, now distant, as the wind carried their sound to and fro. As Sandy listened to them another figure seemed to creep into his picture—the figure of a little child—his little missy, as he had come to call his small visitor. And this child was looking at the ugly, passion-stained face of the man he had drawn in his mind with such a loving, sorrowful look. As he gazed in wonder that any one should express love for such an object, the child's face seemed to become the face of the Christ-child, and was even more full of love. Louder pealed the bells in full rich tones: and as Sandy, gazing at the pictured faces, listened to their voices, he knew at last what caused that strange void. All the passion and ill-will and malice were gone. He rose

from his chair and sank in the darkness upon his knees, while the peace of Christ stole into his heart.

* * * * *

IV.

An unusual feeling of shyness and hesitancy took possession of our little maiden when she reached the door of the thatched cottage early next afternoon. It was Christmas Eve at last, and she had waited as long as possible before she paid her visit, "In case—" she kept saying to herself, "in case—" but she dare not finish the sentence. One arm was clasped round a bulky object, and with the other she trailed a branch of holly after her, as it was altogether too cumbersome and prickly to carry.

Though it was afternoon instead of the morning, Sandy's door still stood ajar, and this gave the maiden courage again: so pushing it wide open she entered with her holly branch. She looked up expectantly and half timidly at the old man, and then forgot everything else in her joyful surprise. She did not need to ask the question, for, child though she was, she could see by his face that the answer had come.

"Oh, Mr. Curlie, I'm so glad! The peace and goodwill's come at last!"

"Yes, missy dear; thank God it's come at last."

"Now you will have Christmas again. Oh, how nice!"

She put the bulky parcel on the table. She had dropped the holly branch at the first glimpse of her old friend's face, and clapped her hands in ecstasy.

It would take too long to tell you all the details of that happy afternoon and the happy Christmas day which followed: and how Sandy was set to work to hunt out the largest stocking he had, and how, when he found it, he had to shut his eyes and pretend not to see when old Father Christmas, in the person

of a small maiden, with much exertion forced a bulky thing into it and tied it to the dresser handle with one of Sandy's new bootlaces; and all about the fun and laughter they had decorating the small workroom, and even sticking sprigs of holly into the old boots that lay about. But we must just stay to witness one more little scene before we say goodbye to our friends. When all was finished, and they had both gazed at their handiwork with much pride, Marjory stole up close to the old man's side and slipped her hand into one of his.

"Mr. Curlie, I'll have to be going soon; but do you think we might sing 'Hark, the herald angels,' together before I go?"

He looked down at her with a loving smile on his furrowed face.

"I'm not much in the singing line now, missy, but if you'll lead the way I'll see what I can do. First let me get the two photos I was telling you of. We'll put 'em on the mantelpiece, where we can see 'em, with a bit of holly a-top of each. There, so!" and he placed the two photos—a young man's and a bright-faced girl's—on the chimney-piece as he spoke.

"That's very nice, Mr. Curlie. What a pity your brother and sister are not alive now to be with you this Christ-

mas! Did you love them very much, Mr. Curlie?"

"I love them very much indeed, missy dear, both of them."

"Well, we'll think about the nice Christmas they'll be having up with Jesus," she said, the bright side occurring to her as usual. "And now shall we sing the hymn, Mr. Curlie?"

Thus it came to pass that a sweet strain of praise rose once more from Sandy Kerliew's homestead as the quavering voice of the old man and the glad childish treble mingled together in the Christmas hymn of Peace and Goodwill.



"The quavering voice of the old man and the glad childish treble mingled together in the Christmas hymn of Peace and Goodwill."—Page-278.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

OUR special Christmas Number (No. 1) will be, we hope, a genuine Christmas surprise to all our readers. In novelty of contents it should rival the Christmas stocking, and not the least remarkable item will be the complete story, cleverly illustrated, of some extraordinary adventures in a country village. The author is Captain Maynard. The second tale is by Mrs. L. B.

Walford. Another attraction we may notice in advance is an article entitled "Snowed Up."

Issued at the same time will be the special Christmas Numbers of *The Fireside* and *The Day of Days*: both will be true Christmas hampers, full of Christmas fare. Orders should be given at once.



READY FOR CHURCH.

Forty-five Miles an Hour.

BY R. D. STEPHENSON.



ASCENDING IN ZIG-ZAGS.

THOUGH the world is said to be slowly cooling we do not seem to get the wonderful old winters, with snowy beards and icy ringlets, which our fathers enjoyed—or say they did. We have our “snaps” of biting frost, but before we have got used to the weight of a heavy overcoat the chill has fled to bite somewhere else. That is why sledging, tobogganing, and skiing have never had half a chance to win popularity in England. Yet our countrymen have succeeded in making a reputation abroad: they come home when we are just recovering from influenza, and their tanned faces and clear eyes make us envious of the good time they must have had, not to mention a goodly array of prizes.

Let me take these winter pastimes one at a time. Sledging has its practical uses wherever the snow lies for weeks or months, and no one dreams of using wheels when the quiet gliding runners are available. The Swiss, for instance, put away their sledges in the summer when the coach can climb the zig-zag passes; but in winter they are brought out and the horses are harnessed to

them, the bells ringing merrily in the crisp, frosty air. But we all know, from early experience, the joys of sledging on a small scale on the flat, though possibly we have never made use of a horse to pull us along.

Tobogganing and ski-running, which are purely pleasure and health pursuits, are unknown joys to most stay-at-home folk. In the first place a mountainous district and plenty of snow must be available. Last year I saw a number of English boys trying their best to induce their tiny toboggans to descend a very gentle slope, thinly covered with flakes. Meanwhile the onlookers chaffed them unmercifully, suggesting the advisability of pushing behind. But next day there was a fresh fall, and thousands of more or less successful descents were made, the tobogganers running the gauntlet as they slid past a battery from which snowballs shot. I remember I attempted the run down American fashion, i.e. lying flat on my chest on the toboggan and using the toes of my boots as a means of steering. All went swimmingly till I came to a mound where the snow was sparse: a bump and shock and the rest of the journey downhill interested me no more! My toboggan went skidding off on its own account to the terror of other tobogganers, while I, like “Iser rolling rapidly,” eventually came to a “sit-still” in a soft snow drift.

Short of the scientific method of toboggan-



AN ADEPT TURNING.



GLISSADING STEEP SLOPES.

ing on a carefully prepared course there is one other form of the exercise, known as glissading. This is tobogganing without a toboggan. If you have some respect for your clothes it may be advisable to seat yourself on a small piece of carpet: otherwise you simply sit down at the top of the snow slope, get a friend to sit down behind you with his legs over your shoulders (it is a good plan for you to hold on to them to prevent a premature break up of the partnership), and, if available, another friend to complete the party. Then if the snow is in the right condition you may get up a great pace, the only danger being the gathering of a small wave of snow beneath you. This may have serious results, as the following experience, which I witnessed, will show. A party of three decided to descend some steep snow slopes on a Swiss mountain, hoping to regulate their speed by means of their Alpine ice-axes. But the snow was powdery and formed a huge wave: upon it they were carried rapidly down, until suddenly they over-shot it, and a moment later it had burst over them, completely enveloping them. From time to time various portions of their anatomy were visible above the surface, but arms, legs, axes, heads, coats, knapsacks, etc., seemed jumbled together inextricably. Happily the wave stopped, and they in it, some distance above a large chasm in the snow. It took us some time to sort that toboggan party and restore to each member his lost property.

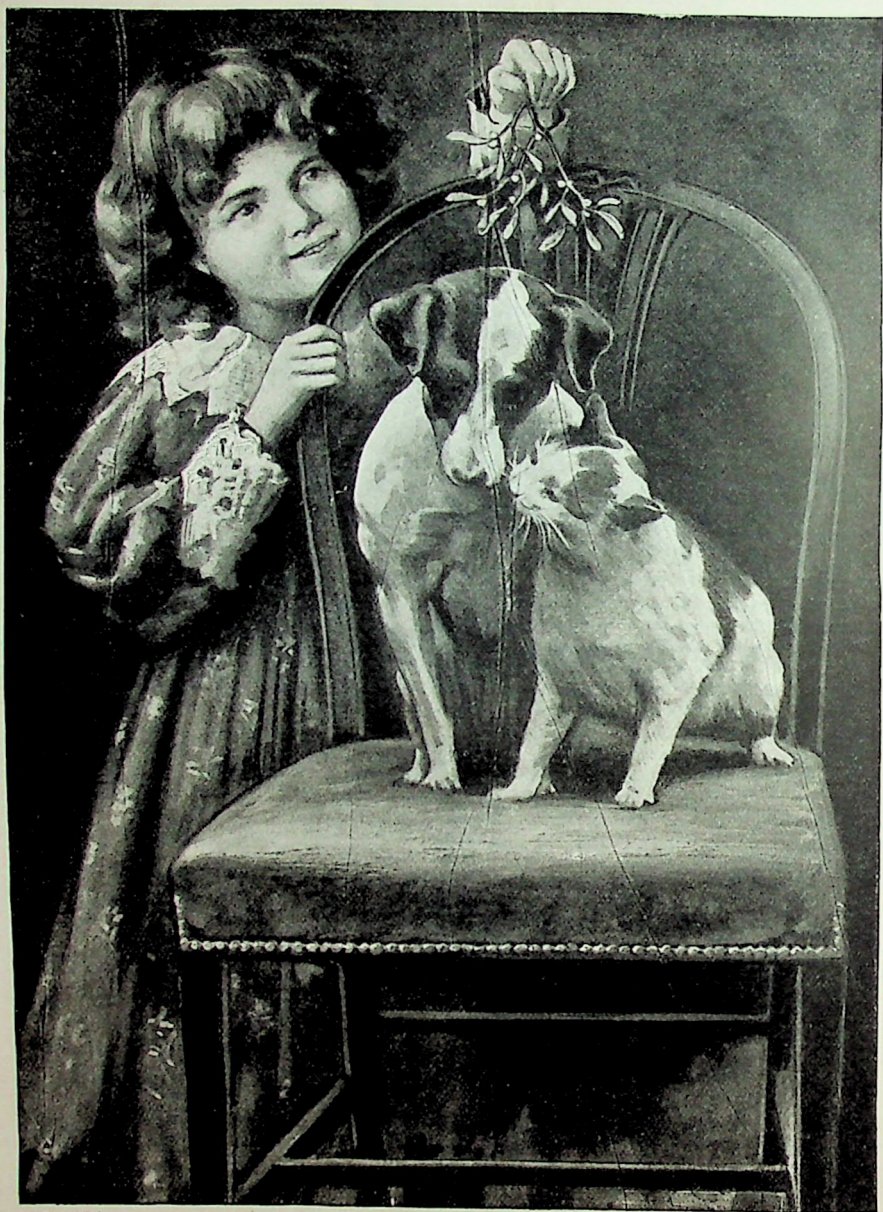
Scientific tobogganing needs much prac-

tice and skill. The courses are carefully prepared, roads being specially banked to prevent accidents and allow sharp curves to be successfully negotiated. Some of these courses are ice runs, and it may easily be imagined that a tremendous pace is attained by skilful exponents of the art. Even down a snow run a party of four, for example, may get up a speed of forty-five miles an hour "down the straight," while corners are turned at the rate of ten miles an hour. The average course is between two and three miles in length, and it is covered in from five to six minutes, according to state of the road.

The right use of a pair of "ski" is more difficult and painful to learn. They are slips of elm-wood, eight feet long, four inches broad, with a square support midway upon which one's boots are strapped. Once in bonds you are at the mercy of these fickle slips of wood. They are a thousand times more treacherous than one's first pair of skates: away they shoot from you without the least warning, and you are "landed" head foremost in a drift. The only method is to proceed cautiously and slowly: for a master of the art will take three hours to ascend a mountain which he can come down in a quarter of an hour. Every stubborn slope should be taken zig-zag fashion. Lifting the heel well up the ski should be half raised and half slid forward, then driven in by a smart downward stroke of the heel. The pole, too, should be continuously employed to prevent the loss of balance when the forward stroke is being made.



GLISSADING MODERATE SLOPES.



Drawn by

"KISS, AND BE FRIENDS!"

[A. C. WEATHERSTON.]

The Young Folks' Page.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY SARAH WILSON.



NCE more we see the Holy Land,
Its plains, and lakes, its mountains grand,
And one worn way;
With groups of people passing by
With steady steps, or wearied sigh,
The whole long day.

We see the inn, when ev'ning came,
The stranger-folk, some tired, some lame;
The setting sun;

A bed within a manger made,
An infant in it gently laid—
His course to run.

The shepherds, too; the angel sent;
The Magi on their journey bent;
The moving star;

The fear of Joseph, and his flight,
When Simon said the Gentile's light
Would shine afar.

We see the Innocents all slain
While weeping mothers plead in vain,
And to them cleave.

These scenes before our eyes are plain;
We see them ev'ry year again
On Christmas Eve.

A SPARROW'S LOVE.

"I RETURNED home one day," says a great Russian author, "and happened to wander into my garden. My dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself and moved forward cautiously. I glanced down the path and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak, and down upon its head. It had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the garden violently), and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with its little unfledged wings outstretched. The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow with a black breast quitted a neighbouring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and with ruffled plumage, and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang at the opening grinning mouth.

"She had come to protect her little one at the cost of her own life. Her little body trembled all over; her voice was hoarse; she was in agony—she offered herself. The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to her. But, in spite of that, she had not remained safe in her lofty bough. The dog stood still and turned away. It seemed as though he also felt this power. I hastened to call him back, and went away with a feeling of respect. Yes, smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird and for the depth of her maternal love. Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love that supports and animates all."

THE WISH OF THE HEART.

A DEAF and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart." So it is. Fine words and beautiful verses said to God do not make real prayer without the sincere wish of the heart.

THE GREAT FAIRY TALE WRITER.

ON the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of the death of William Grimm, one of the two brothers who wrote the delightful *Grimm's Fairy Tales* recalled an anecdote relating to the elder brother, Jacob. One day a well-dressed child about eight years old called at Professor Grimm's house and asked to see him. Looking very earnestly at the puzzled professor the child asked, "Is it thou who hast written those fine fairy tales?" "Yes, my dear," replied the professor; "my brother and myself have written the tales." "Then thou hast also written the tale of the little tailor—the one where it says at the end that whoever will not believe the tale must pay five marks?" "Yes, I have written that too." "Well, then, I do not believe the tale," said the little one, "and so, I suppose, I have to pay five marks; but I have not got so much money now, and can only give you part on account. I will give thee seventy pennings now, and pay the rest by-and-by." The kindly professor smiled, and told his little visitor that, because she was so willing to pay, she need pay nothing, afterwards explaining that that was only part of the story. Then he put on his greatcoat and walked home with the child, which was a rare honour.

FRANKLIN'S ADVICE.

FRANKLIN was once asked the secret of his success, and he replied with a number of splendid mottoes. Here are some that are worth noting: "Be up and doing, and doing to some purpose." "Drive thy business and let it not drive thee." "There are no gains without pains." "Work to-day; for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow." "One to-day is worth two to-morrow."

WHAT TOBACCO COSTS.

BEFORE you boys think of beginning to smoke I want you to count the cost. We will leave health out of the question, and stick to pounds, shillings, and pence. Suppose when you are a man you spend one shilling a week—probably much less than you would actually spend. How much will that amount to in fifty years? Here is a table which you can consult, compound interest being calculated, half yearly, at seven per cent. per annum. Money is worth that percentage, at any rate while we are young.

	£	s.	d.
At the end of five years it amounts to	15 5 0
At the end of ten years it amounts to	37 0 0
At the end of fifteen years it amounts to	67 5 0
At the end of twenty years it amounts to	109 10 0
At the end of twenty-five years it amounts to	170 5 0
At the end of thirty years it amounts to	255 10 0
At the end of thirty-five years it amounts to	375 10 0
At the end of forty years it amounts to	545 0 0
At the end of forty-five years it amounts to	784 0 0
At the end of fifty years it amounts to	1,121 10 0
At the end of fifty-five years it amounts to	1,597 0 0
At the end of sixty years it amounts to	1,772 10 0
At the end of sixty-five years it amounts to	3,214 0 0
At the end of seventy years it amounts to	4,999 0 0
At the end of seventy-five years it amounts to	6,432 0 0
At the end of eighty years it amounts to	9,088 10 0
A. L.			

Bible Questions (New Series).

BY M. A. CANTAB.

QUESTIONS.

1. SHOW from one verse of Scripture that salvation is the work of the Trinity.
2. What is the earliest business transaction mentioned in the Bible?
3. What man, whose name we know not, without seeing our Lord showed the strongest faith in His word?
4. In what different ways was a bed employed by our Lord and His Apostles to show the cure of those whom they had healed?

5. What very godly person do we read of belonging to one of the ten tribes long after they were lost?
6. How did Jesus acknowledge Himself to be a King?

ANSWERS (See OCTOBER No., p. 239).

1. Heb. xi. 5, "That he might not see death."
2. St. John xiii. 29.
3. The children of Judah 2 Chron. xxviii. 15.
4. Five. Num. xi. 28; xiii. 8, 16; Neh. viii. 17; Acts vii. 45.
5. St. John x. 22, "And it was at Jerusalem, the feast of the dedication, and it was winter."
6. Isa. xlv. 6; Zeph. iii. 15.



“God’s Work.”

BY MRS. ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF “WE WIVES,” ETC.

II. IN THE MISSION FIELD.

I GAVE gold for iron for the sake of the Fatherland.” Such is a motto which encircles every unit of the order of the Iron Cross worn in Germany. How came this national decoration to bear such an inscription? I will tell you. When the war-chest of Frederick William of Prussia was exhausted, it is said he appealed to the women of the Fatherland to replenish it.

“I promise to return jewels of iron for jewels of gold” is what he said. And from this appeal to German patriotism, and in fulfillment of this promise, arose the order so much valued by the Teutonic nation.

A poor exchange, say you? Nay! Not one of those original crosses can nowadays be bought for more than double its weight in pure gold! Even commercially speaking, the women made a good bargain!

Much in the same way Christ lays before His subjects the great choice. He says, “Follow Me,” as He did long ago to Matthew. And with a like result! A lifetime of hardship and sorrow, very often, in exchange for profits at the receipt of custom! At least, such seems to be the case when we speak of God’s work in the Mission Field. A friend of mine has a wonderful album in which she keeps the portraits of scores and scores of Missionaries. It seems a sad thing to hear over and over again, as we turn over the pages, “That is So-and-so. She died in China”; or, “This is Mr. S——. He was drowned crossing a lake in North America”; or, “That is Bishop H——. He was murdered by the natives of Southern Equatorial Africa.” Iron for gold, indeed, it seems to be! All these men and women, aye, and hundreds like unto them, have gone out to preach the Gospel according to the Divine command. In their full health and strength (for no feeble ill-thriven Missionaries are accepted by our big societies) they have left all to follow Christ. Only after a few months, may be, to find a cruel death and lonely grave in the heathen places of the earth. Yet, if you read the lives of any of these devoted persons, you will find the iron given was better than the best gold! They take “gladly,” as did St. Paul, the spoiling of their goods and persons for the joy laid before them. Read, if you can get hold of the books, such memoirs as that of Bishop Hannington, Mr. Stewart, the two sisters Elsie and Topsy Saunders. Any of these will show you how much more beautiful is God’s iron than man’s gold!

To go back to our illustration. It was only a comparatively small number of women who were privileged to respond to the call of the Prussian king, and lay their jewels on the altar of German patriotism. So it is only a limited number of missionaries who can forsake father and mother and all that they count dear to go into the Mission Field. What is left for those who are bound to England by unbreakable chains to do? Well, *we must hold the ropes* as our sisters go forth into danger! As a dear friend asked the other day, “Do you people pray enough for your own Missionaries wherever they are?” Do you, Mary or Hettie or Janey, do you ask God daily to bless, say, one single Missionary? He or she has taken our place in the Mission Field. Are we holding up her hands by remembering her daily before the throne of grace? Like the Israelites of old, she and hundreds like her have willingly offered gold and gems and precious things for the completion of God’s beautiful Temple. Shall you and I forget her, and let her bear the burden and heat of the day all unsupported?

Some day I will tell you a few wonderful stories of devotion in the Mission Field. To-day, I will only ask you to remember that you have your share in God’s work in the Mission Field. It would be a good plan if you selected one bit of the world each week to pray for. Take China first. Ask for grace to be given to all those who are working in that far away topsy-turvy land. Read all you can, even of the secular life in China, so that you may realize how our sisters have to live in the Land of the Umbrella. Learn about the 10,000 idols which form the hierarchy of their idols out there. You will realize, then, how difficult it is to meet the kitchen god, and the god of the flies, and the paper god, and the children’s devil! Ask God to undo the bandages which have so long enwrapped the spiritual world in China, just as He is enabling our Missionaries to unsnatch the bindings which have so cruelly hampered the feet of those who walk on Chinese soil. Make each item of intelligence into a picture from which you can sympathize with our brethren as they work and labour in China. And from China you will go on with increasing interest to Japan, India, North America, and elsewhere. All the time, week by week and every day in each week, praying for the Missionaries in the particular portion of God’s vineyard you are reading about. In some such way, each of us, however poor and isolated, may take an intelligent interest in God’s work in the Mission Field.

Some Home Hints.

PUT a small piece of butter into the saucepan when boiling fruit; this prevents its boiling over, and makes less scum. In case of jam burning at the bottom of the pan, add the juice of a lemon, and the burnt smell will quickly disappear. A very economical way to clean brown boots.—Rub the inside skin of a banana all over the leather, then polish with a soft cloth, and the result will be excellent. It is said that if parsley is eaten with onions or a salad contain-

ing onions the odour of the onion will not affect the breath. The sprigs of the parsley should be eaten as you would celery. Fly marks can be removed from gilt frames, etc., with a mixture of methylated spirit and ammonia solution—of each one ounce to a pint of water.

To clean silver-plated articles, tinware, etc., or brass work.—Mix plate powder or whiting with methylated spirits, and it will clean like magic.

For the heading “A Shepherd and his Sheep” in our September No. our artist was much indebted to a photograph by the Rev. C. S. Painter, M.A.

A DISAGREEABLE FELLOW



BY L. B. WALFORD, AUTHOR OF "CHEERFUL CHRISTIANITY," ETC.

L NEVER go in for *blarney*, if that is what you mean," said David Tristam roughly.

It was seldom that he thus addressed his young sister, a fair and delicate girl some years his junior; and Una coloured beneath the tone.

She saw however the trouble in her brother's eye, and forebore to retort; perceiving which, he proceeded in modified accents:

"It comes easy to some—it does not to me. People must take me as they find me; and one would have thought after all these years——"

"Yes, after all these years," said she, as he stopped and bit his lip. "Don't you see, dear David, that it is just that? Mr. Middlemass feels that considering how long you have been in his house, and have never received from him or from any of the partners anything but kindness——"

"I ought to be at their beck and call whatever they may choose to put upon me? They would not have dreamed of suggesting this to a new hand, but it's—Oh, tell Tristam to do it; Tristam will do anything—and for once it was just as well to show that Tristam is made of the same flesh and blood as other folks."

"My dear David!"—she could not help laughing. There was not in the firm of Middlemass Brothers a person more respectfully treated than the senior clerk, nor one whose rights and privileges were less likely to be infringed upon.

"Tristam is a most valuable fellow," old Mr. Middlemass would say, shaking his head, "capable, reliable, true as steel; he has but one fault"—here the grizzled eyebrows would stand stiff out, while the eyes beneath twinkled humorously—"a dreadful temper. Touch him on the raw, and he has as nasty an edge to his tongue as you would wish to find. But it all means nothing, it all means nothing," the old

gentleman would proceed placably; "want of manners, that's about the length and breadth of it. As for an oath, or a profane word, David Tristam would as little let fly anything of that kind as I should myself. A good lad, but disagreeable," he summed up.

And in David's home there prevailed, if not exactly the same opinion, a variation of it.

"He does himself such injustice," Una would sigh, and puzzle her gentle spirit as to what could make any one, particularly any one so dear and good and self-sacrificing as her brother, say and think such things as David often did.

Not to her, oh no, she had nothing to complain of. Her little heart would swell with the fondest affection and gratitude whenever she thought of all she owed to her only near and dear relation; of his many tenderly conceived schemes for her comfort; of his quickly aroused anxiety when illness or even the apprehension of illness overshadowed her; but why, oh why did one so noble-hearted in reality, continually misrepresent himself to the world?

"If they could only see him with me!" she reflected.

To be sure even with her he might be a little brusque at times; still, that was nothing, she could always win him round; and if other people only understood David as she did—but the annoying part was that they did not; and, worse still, that it was David's own fault that they did not.

The brother and sister inhabited a small flat on the south side of London, whence he went every morning to his work in the city, while the latter found occupation in domestic affairs, until such time as he rejoined her at the close of the day.

His step would hasten and his eye brighten as the hour of re-union approached. Often he would stop by the way to buy a trifle—a flower, or a packet of sweets—for Una. He never failed to bring her a daily paper, carefully laid aside

for her benefit directly he had finished its earlier perusal. Then he would inquire what she had been about; inspect her sewing; praise her modest cookery; if fine, insist upon her going out with him—occasionally to entertainments for which tickets of admission were produced as by a miracle extraordinary from his coat pocket; or if the weather, or season of the year made the snug parlour more tempting than a ramble, he was ready for a talk, a game, anything she liked, after tea. Young Tristram's fellow-clerks would have been amazed had they peeped in—which he never invited them to do—during such evenings. One and all they voted David the most unsociable fellow they knew; and as for asking him to join them in a merry-making, they would as soon have applied to old Mr. Middlemass himself.

Una deplored this. "I am sure there must be some nice ones among them, David?"

"Oh, well enough," said he indifferently.



"'In my shirt sleeves?' said David, laughing."—
Page 2.

"Are there not *any* you can be friends with?" persisted she.

But David alleged that he did not know what she meant by "friends." He got on all right with the lot; he liked some better than others; but if it came to bothering with them out of business hours—

"Only, you see, if you don't have them in your own home, you can't get to know them, and they can't get to know you. Not really to *know* you," said Una, who had been dwelling on this idea. "I am sure you are different here from what you are in the city; and I should like those who see you there to—see you sometimes—"

"In my shirt sleeves?" said David, laughing. For he had been doing a job for her, and was resting with a happy, satisfied look, in his arm-chair, over the back of which hung his coat. "Where's my pipe?" continued he, looking round. "So you are hankering after men's society, are you?" as he filled it and applied the match.

"I think you want another man to smoke with," rejoined Una steadily. His last suggestion was not worth notice, and she knew by the tone it was only made in jest; but she was bent

on embracing an opportunity for saying what she often thought. "I think, dear, you would be if not happier at home, at least happier in the office, if you had one or two companions who thought of you as 'David,' not as 'Tristram.'"

But this was just what David did not think. Like many others of his class, with him it was a fixed idea that by jealously guarding all knowledge of his social life from those connected with his business life, he preserved his independence; and he would not for the world have broken down the barrier between the two. There is no more secretive human being than your humble "Daily-breader," who morning by morning appears from, and evening by evening vanishes into, the unknown. He pops up from his train, or drops down from his 'bus, and there he is; and the utmost likely to transpire—and that only if the speaker be of an open, expansive disposition—is that he lives "out such-and-such way."

David Tristram was even more than usually, we might say he was morbidly sensitive on the point; and in fact it was in connection with it that he and his sister were at issue on the evening we introduce them to our readers.

We have hinted at Tristram's character, reserved, retentive, unable to throw its sympathies abroad, yet capable of deep and strong affection for the few on whom it was concentrated. For his sister Una, and for one other to whom we shall presently allude, he was ready to do, or be, or sacrifice anything consistent with his principles, and his principles, be it added, were those of a sincere, if somewhat severe and inflexible Christian.

Principle however had nothing to do with our young man's mood on the present occasion; it was a question of temper, and Una grieved over the temper; distressed not the less by its manifestation as unworthy of her brother's high profession, than by the imprudence of an ebullition which might lead to serious consequences.

She could however control her tongue if he could not control his; wherefore, as we have seen, his fierce assertion that he was "of the same flesh and blood as other folks," called forth by what seemed to her a trifling annoyance, altogether inadequate, was met first by gentle argument, secondly by an arch look, and finally by silence.

"Well, you have nothing more to say?" quoth he, this stage being reached.

"No, I have nothing," said Una quietly. Then she lifted a steady eye and met his. "I have nothing, because you will listen to nothing. I am very, very sorry. If this costs you your situation—"

"There are others. I am always worth my pay," and he threw up his head, his nostrils expanding. "Don't suppose I am bound to 'Middlemass Brothers'; and it would serve them jolly well right if I left in a month. They wouldn't get another fellow to do my work all at once; it has taken me years to get into it"—he stopped, with a faint but real emotion audible beneath the bravado.

"I know—I know," said Una mournfully; "and you told me only the other day, that you had made for yourself precisely the niche which suited you, besides its being one in which you could go on for years, perhaps for all your life, since you could extend and develop—"

"What is the use of reminding me of that?" interrupted he fretfully. "Supposing I have to give it up, all that won't be so very pleasant to look back upon, that you need harp upon it now. I never said I should leave of my own accord; I don't suppose I shall."

"Oh, David, no. Dear David, before you ever think of doing anything so foolish, so wrong—"

"Wrong!" ejaculated he.

"Surely it would be wrong," said Una firmly,

though her heart beat as she spoke, "to allow a momentary feeling of resentment to outweigh all the esteem and friendliness you have felt for the Middlemasses ever since you have been with them. And, David, I know you; I know that if you do not overcome this feeling now, it will grow and grow till your grievance becomes an enormity. And even if nothing more is heard of it, you will go about cherishing and magnifying it, and it will be so bad for you, David; bad for your higher life, dear brother," she whispered softly. "It will eat like a canker into your best desires, your noblest resolutions—"

"This is hardly fair, Una." But his tone was altered; he was listening; and presently to her joy a softened look stole over his brow, and he quietly left the room.

That morning David Tristram had been asked by one of the heads of the house, a son of the senior partner who had lately been himself taken into partnership, to undertake what Archy Middlemass considered a trifling commission. The request had been made offhand, as one young man would ask another; and nothing was less expected than the surly response it met with.

But it chanced that Tristram was out of sorts from some cause or other that day; already he had experienced a sense of affront at the hands of one of his fellow-clerks, and was smarting beneath this, when Archy Middlemass' airy call, "Hallo, Tristram, would you take out my portmanteau with you this evening, and leave it next door your diggings? And just say I'll be there about eight o'clock," petrified him by what seemed its cool arrogance. His diggings? He had never told a single person in the house where his diggings were! And to fetch and carry for Mr. Archy as if he were a servant! His blood was on the boil. Almost before he knew a sharp retort burst from him.

"Hey-day!" cried the other, no less taken aback. "What?" For he could scarcely believe his ears.

"It's I who should say 'What?' What do you mean by treating me like that?" pursued David, trembling with excitement. In a few moments the two were in the thick of a quarrel.

"If you had known Tristram you never would have asked it," said old Mr. Middlemass afterwards. "Of course you meant nothing, and it was churlish in him to refuse; but I wish you hadn't done it. I would give anything that you hadn't done it."

"The fellow's a regular brute," cried Archy hotly. "You should have seen how he glared at me, and what do you think he had the impudence to say? That I had been spying round to discover where he lived! And had done it, too, in order to make use of him, and all sorts of absurd insinuations. Upon my word, the whole thing was so ridiculous that if I hadn't got into a passion myself, I should have laughed. As you say,



"'Hey-day!' cried the other, no less taken aback."—Page 3.

it is a pity it happened; for it will be uncommonly awkward to fill up his place—but I don't see how I was to blame. I would have done the same to any friend I had."

"Aye, but Tristram is not your friend, he is not even your equal—at least in this house; he is in a subordinate position, and for that reason, being of a temper to take affront, he fancied you meant to affront him."

"It's a horrid nuisance. Tomorrow he will throw up his place, I suppose."

"Unless you can contrive to soothe him down. I wish you could. I wish for both your sakes you could. Tristram would be invaluable to you as you go on in the business, and when the day comes for you to take command of it I had always looked forward to his being your right-hand man. A more trustworthy, reliable—"

"Yes, sir, but what is to be done? I don't think I am usually an ill-tempered fellow."

"No, no; no, you are not, Archy. No one can say that of you."

"And if Tristram says nothing more, I shan't, but I shall give him a wider berth in future. I don't suppose he will apologise." But to the unutterable amazement of both father and son David Tristram did apologise, and the manner of his doing so was such as to make an ineffaceable impression upon his hearers.

Alone, in the silence of the night, David's conscience had spoken. He had combated the voice,

struggled with it, tossed this way and that upon his pillow in vain attempts to evade the edict it unflinchingly set forth; but finally upon his knees before his God, his proud spirit gave way, and once convicted in his own eyes there had been no subsequent drawing back. David Tristam was truth itself. He could not pray, as he was in the habit of praying, that the same mind which was in Christ Jesus might be in him, without feeling the hypocrisy of such a prayer while devoured by bitterness and swelling with pride. What then remained? Either to yield to the devil or trample him underfoot. We have seen the result.

"Well, Archy?"

The door had closed on David Tristam, and father and son looked at each other, a species of awe depicted on the countenance of each. "I think, my boy," proceeded old Mr. Middlemass gently, "that you and I have received something of a lesson just now. It would not have cost either of us one-tenth what it did that young man to face us two and offer spontaneously his straightforward, manly apology, yet I doubt whether we should have done it. Did you see how pale he was, and how his voice shook? Take my

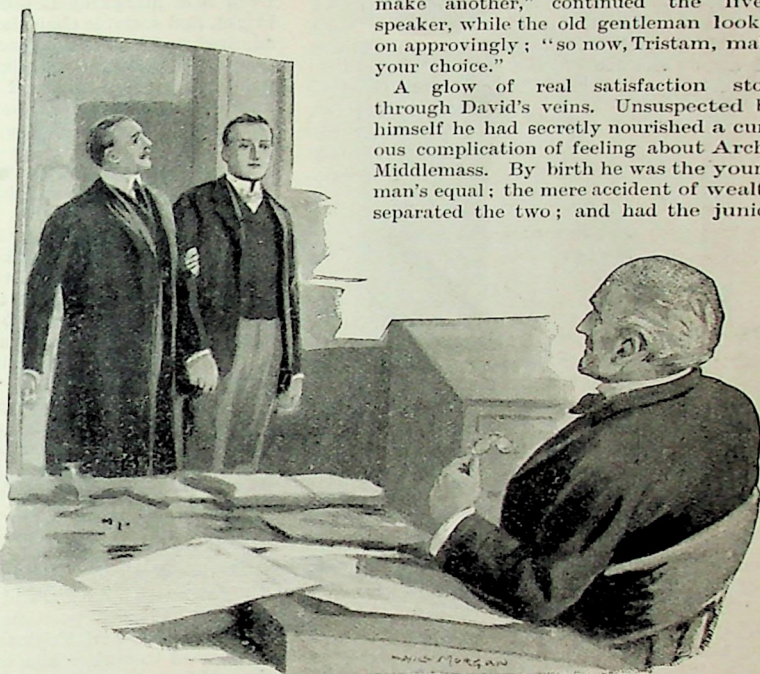
word for it, my son, it required a Higher Power than any earthly motive to force those words from David Tristam's lips, and it is my belief that religion and religion alone unsealed them. You see this, Archy? I hope and trust you see this? You are not doing Tristam the injustice to put down this candid avowal of his fault to mere worldly prudence?"

"No, sir. I—I never was more taken aback though. Look here, father, it won't do to let all the generosity be on his side." Suddenly Archy started forward. "I wish I hadn't let him go out like that; it's rather humiliating to have to go after him. However, here goes," and he opened the door—in another minute he was back, bringing David with him.

The one was laughing, the other serious. Archy

Middlemass was of a gay and frank disposition, and heroic, even when his feelings were touched, were not in his line. "I say you must and shall come in," his voice was heard as the two appeared; "it isn't fair to me to refuse me a hearing. Your apology was made before the senior partner, and so shall mine be. Father, I was as big a fool as Tristam. I beg to apologise to him for losing my temper, and to you for making a row in the office. But if Tristam says he won't come and dine with me to-night, I don't know that I shan't make another," continued the lively speaker, while the old gentleman looked on approvingly; "so now, Tristam, make your choice."

A glow of real satisfaction stole through David's veins. Unsuspected by himself he had secretly nourished a curious complication of feeling about Archy Middlemass. By birth he was the young man's equal; the mere accident of wealth separated the two; and had the junior



"Bringing David with him."—Page 5.

partner of the firm shown any disposition to overlook this and seek the other's companionship, there was no one towards whom David would have more favourably inclined.

Hitherto, and perhaps naturally, no overtures had been made however; and thence had emanated a certain disappointment, of which as we have said the latter himself was unaware, and the only outcome of which was to make him scrupulously avoid all appearance of courting notice, or of joining his fellow-clerks in the general liking for "Mr. Archy." Now, not only was it pleasant to have his apology met by apology, to be placed as it were on an equal basis with his former antagonist, but to have the reconciliation clinched in a manner at once so imperative and informal. Archy kept hold of his



"David stood before her."—Page 7.

arm and joggled it as he spoke. "You can't get out of this," cried he merrily.

"So you see, Una, I really could not get out of it," quoth David, with animation, when recounting the scene.

* * *

It was a dark, tempestuous autumn evening about a year after this.

David Tristram, returning home at the close of the day, mounted the steps towards his own door with a heavy tread, and instead of at once joining his sister as was his wont, turned aside and sought the solitude of his own room. David was not this time in a fiery mood as when we formerly introduced him to our readers; *that* could find vent in Una's presence, and relieve itself in speech even if it did arouse sympathy; but now there was a load upon his bosom, a weight of grief and misery which tied his tongue, and made even the sweetest fellowship intolerable.

We have hinted at the existence of another than his sister for whom young Tristram cherished a true and tender affection which permeated his

whole being, and had its influence on every action of his life. The girl he loved was worthy of him; and what was more, she was the very person in all the world best suited to his peculiar temperament; but it must be owned that even when the secret for long hidden in his own breast was avowed, and met with a response equal to what his fondest dreams could have pictured, all was not invariably smooth between the young couple. David was a jealous lover; it would have been hardly possible for him not to be one. Even had Margaret Leyton been less pretty, bright, and sociable than she was, less generally admired and beloved, he would still have found food for doubts and misgivings; and it needed many an explanation and not a little forbearance and experience on her part to maintain her on the throne before which he devoutly knelt.

Margaret, however, proved equal to the occasion; and Una for one had no fears for the future, could the present, the trying period of the engagement, be safely tidied over.

"She knows what I think of her," David would persist if gently reminded that outward demonstrations of affection, even if that affection were taken for granted, were not amiss under the circumstances; and his mentor added that he had a tiresome way of saying nothing when Una knew he was feeling the most. "If Margaret is not satisfied," he would proceed, while looking so wretched that Una would hasten to reassure him on the point, and Margaret herself laugh at the pair when she found out what had been going on. It was not, however, till Archy Middlemass appeared upon the scene that anything more than this occasional slight ruffle on the surface broke the harmony of things.

David's engagement had taken place soon after the *fracas* with Archy, and had he told his new friend of his new position all might have been well; but, as usual, Tristram's policy was silence. "No need to bother him with my affairs," said he. "Archy is a good fellow, and I have gone out of my way to be civil to him, now that he is civil to me; but why should we suppose he would take any interest, that is to say any special interest, in hearing of my engagement? He has only seen Margaret with us, and though he said she was a pretty girl, I don't see why we need bring him more under her notice."

"Meeting her here so constantly," hinted Una.

"Then he needn't meet her. For my part I wish he wouldn't come so often. Of course I can't help asking him, as he keeps on inviting me, but if it is to make a worry about Margaret,"—upon which Una had hastened to protest that no worry need be made.

But now David's brow was dark and his soul overwhelmed. Could it be, could it possibly be, that anything so awful, so cruel, could overshadow his peaceful dwelling, as that his friend—

for he had come to look upon Archy Middlemass as his friend, and was in his way happy in the friendship—should, beneath an open and amiable exterior, prove a treacherous supplanter? Archy must have divined the truth. Once or twice David had so plainly evinced reluctance when a proposition was made which included both the young ladies, and had so resolutely resisted any proposals of Mr. Middlemass' to advance in intimacy with Margaret Leyton's people, that he fancied the most obtuse person in the world could not but guess the cause. From one step to another he had now arrived at a conclusion. His rival young Middlemass must be, and who was he to stand in the light of Margaret's making so good a match, one so infinitely better than any he could offer her?

"David, David," cried Una, knocking at the door.

David stood before her.

"I was out when you came in," said Una gaily. "I suppose you were disappointed, but you need not have bolted your own door, sir. I only ran across to Margaret to tell her—my dear David, what are you looking at me like that for?" she broke off short.

"To tell her what?" demanded he, in sepulchral accents.

In a moment Una recognised a "mood."
"Only what will please you, dear Mr. Middlemass—"

"Confound him!"

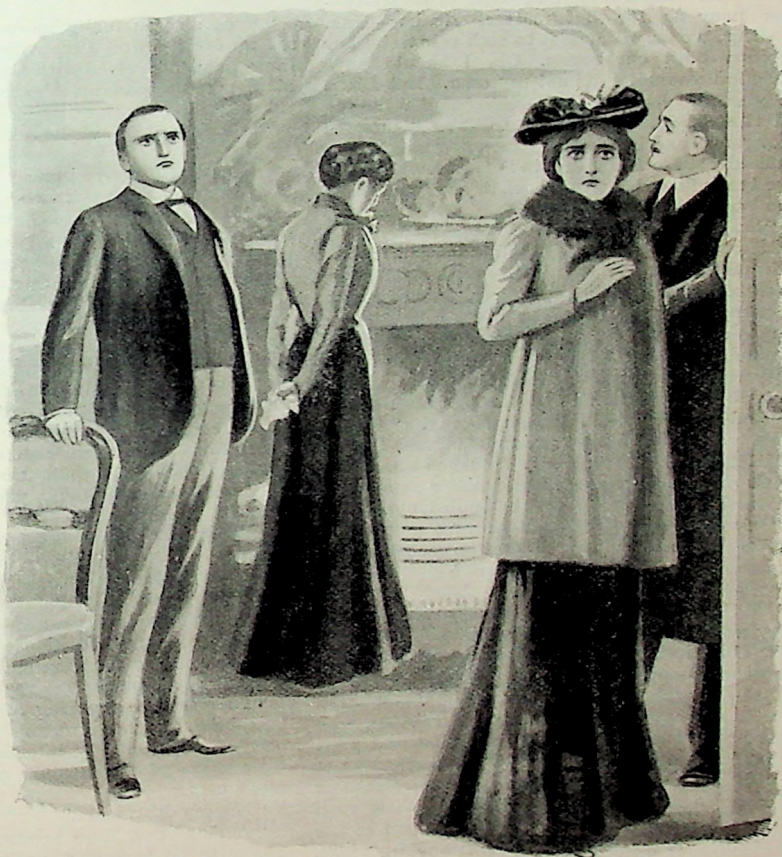
Una's open lips fell apart, a deep flush overspread her whole face. It was not the words, little as she was accustomed to such from her brother's mouth, but his twitching nostril, his

eye of agony. She clasped her hands with a gesture that told its own tale.

"That serpent! that viper!" hissed David between his teeth, "has he stung you, too, my poor little girl? I know what you come to tell me, Una. He said something of it in the office, but I thought, I hoped I had quashed it. Has he dared—?"

"Only to—to send Margaret and me some tickets," murmured Una, trembling pitifully. "Oh, David, you can't mean, he only knows Margaret through us, and though he admires her, though he can't help admiring her as everybody does, he never—at least I did not think he ever—"

"You think it now? Yes, I see you do. And you think it is my doing; and that if I had followed your advice, and openly told Archy Middlemass that Margaret Leyton belonged to me, this would never have happened? But I tell you



"She turned and left the room."—Page 8.

no. He could see, as any one could, how things were between us, and if honour does not keep him back now, it would not then. He is handsomer, cleverer, richer, and in a better position than I. It would be considered a condescension for him to marry Margaret, while for me—and I am a morose fellow, no good at making love, no drawing-room ornament—it would have been fun for Archy Middlemass to cut me out. Una, why don't you speak? Isn't the whole plain as day before you?"

A long pause and then, "Yes," answered Una simply.

"It is not wronging you," pursued David, with relentless energy, "to say that while you are inexpressibly dear to me and lovely in my eyes, Margaret is——"

"Oh, David, I know." She cowered beneath the stroke.

"I ought never to have let him come near her"—his breath came and went as he spoke—"or near us, for that matter. He has—Una, darling, we may confess it to each other—he has broken both our hearts. Oh, I should have guarded yours if I did not my own. But I was engrossed, absorbed in watching and weighing all that Middlemass said and did as it affected Margaret, and I little thought *you* would be the sufferer." He folded her in his arms, and while her tears flowed, a single hard dry sob burst from the bosom she lay upon. . . .

"So you don't want to go to-night?"

Margaret, who had entered the room a few minutes previously, stood still and looked at its inmates with a startled eye. Clearly she had not been prepared for this.

"We do not," said David. He had disentangled himself from Una's clasp at the tap at the door, and now stood with his hand grasping the back of a chair, resolution and defiance in his air.

"Such a pity," said Margaret gaily. "I made sure you would like to go, and followed Una as quickly as I could; and Mr. Middlemass has come with me"—looking over her shoulder as a figure loomed in the dim light of the outer lamp.

"Our not going need not prevent your doing so," said David, his very agitation rendering the words cold and calm. "Una and I——"

"Nonsense!"

David started. There was a very whirlwind of gay merriment in the single word.

"Una and you, forsooth!" cried Margaret Leyton, stepping up to him briskly. "Since when, pray, has this firm of 'Una and you' been instituted? And who, Mr. David Tristram, who gave you leave to institute it? Una and you! Una! Come, come, sir, this won't do."

"But it shall," cried David, and his voice rang through the room. There was to his view such an insolence of triumph on her brow, and in the smiling countenance of the false friend by whom she was accompanied, that he was blind with

passion, no longer master of himself. If those two had neither honour nor conscience nor even common decency that they could thus come and flaunt in his face their perfidy, at least they should feel the lash of his tongue.

And he let it loose.

And beneath it he saw the face of the girl he loved change and her cheek blanch. Would she speak? Would she dare to speak? Once or twice he stopped, almost hoping that she would, and that there would thus be fresh provocation, and a fresh impulse given to his fury and bitterness; but Margaret said never a word.

Now and then a little shiver passed over her frame. She had never seen, never dreamed of David Tristram like this. Her womanly delicacy, her tenderest sensibilities were outraged. With the look of a stricken creature and with a solitary gesture of farewell she turned and left the room. Her eye said "Forever." . . .

"Una, do you really mean it?" A sick man sat up for the first time after a long and weary illness, and addressed with touching earnestness his devoted attendant, who had breathed something into his ear.

"I do, indeed," said she softly.

"But—oh no, you are mistaken," said David, with mournful conviction; "you are misled by the promptings of your own gentle spirit. Margaret is not like you, she could never forget nor forgive. It is all very well for you and Archy, you are too happy to be severe, and you are both so generous that I need fear no reproaches; but that I could have been so blind and cruel——"

"Dear David, think no more of that. You *were* blind, you *were* cruel; and I, I felt with you though I said nothing; and we both misjudged and misinterpreted in the strangest way. But Archy says it was his fault, and that he ought to have remembered you were so engrossed by your own affairs that you were quite likely to overlook him; and that his coming here so often for *my* sake, laid him open to—oh, you know, you understand."

"Yes, now; but it is too late. My miserable temper——"

"Your anxious nature——"

"My unutterable folly——"

"Your natural resentment——"

"No, no, Una. Nothing can excuse it. You often warned me that it would some day be the ruin of my happiness."

"I never said anything of the kind, David." Una, brisker, more vivacious than she had ever been of old, promptly interposed with a gleeful little shake of the invalid's pillows. "I said it was a pity."

"No, my dear, a sin."

"A sin. Yes, dear brother, and one which ought to be struggled against and overcome. And it is true that I often feared what its conse-

quences might be. But, David, I think, I hope this lesson—"

"Will never be forgotten. But, alas! that often happens after the lesson has been learned, while yet there is no place for repentance—at least I mean no remedy—that is—" He put his hand wearily to his brow.

"This is not like the lesson I learned last time," he murmured. "That mischief could be undone; but to go to Margaret hat in hand—" He shook his head.

"Precisely what Margaret feels," said Una, nodding.

"You cannot go to her—there now, are you all right?" breaking off to survey an arrangement by which her invalid was comfortably screened in from draughts, while yet able to enjoy the sweet spring air which came in from the open window; "now if a visitor should chance to look in—"

"I should be very glad to see him," said David gently. Of course he knew who Una's visitor would be.

"*Him!*" echoed she, and there was a faint rustle and movement behind the screen, but absorbed in his own contemplations, David noticed nothing.

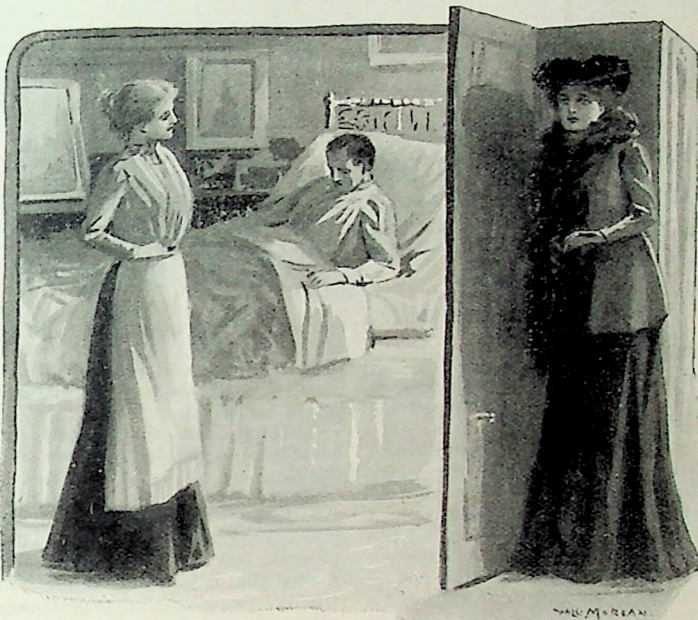
"Archy is a good fellow; you will be very happy with him," proceeded he, dreamily gazing into space. "I ought to be deeply thankful to God

that my terrible mistake did not wreck your life as it has done my own; and, dear Una, you must not let your marriage be delayed because of my loneliness; and another thing yet"—with an effort, for it must be said—"you must not try to make me imagine what I know, I *know* cannot be the case. I insulted Margaret beyond what any woman could forgive. She must always have known I was a fellow hard to live with, difficult to put up with; but she could not have supposed—yet oh, how I loved her"—the voice sank to a whisper—"how I love her still!"

"David."

It was not Una's voice that spoke.

Perhaps David Tristram will always have something to contend with in that troublesome temper and hyper-sensitive nature born in him: perhaps he will never be altogether free from the petty suspicions and irritations engendered by them; but one thing is certain, he has two memories



"And there was a faint rustle and movement behind the screen."—Page 9.

which are ineffaceable, and which have an abiding influence over his life. He can never forget that once by his own folly he nearly lost the valuable and honourable position he now holds, and again by the same, the wife who is the light of his eyes and the guardian angel of his household.

Margaret always knows when he has been thinking of either of these occasions. He is so very humble.

"Robin's" Little Bill.

WITH this number we again send out "Robin's" plea for London's children. Sixpence gives a "party night" to a child, who otherwise knows no Christmas dinner, or red-

letter day of happiness. Will every reader send back the little collecting form to "Robin," care of the Editor of *Home Words*, Coomrith, Eastbourne, and make somebody glad?



The Christmas Visitor.

BY CARRUTHERS RAY, AUTHOR OF
"WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A MATRIMONIAL INVESTMENT.

GEOFFREY Sprage, Senior, leant back in his office chair, and tapped his desk with his gold "pinch-nose" spectacles. He was a meek little man, reminding you of the white fluffy rabbits you can buy in toy-shops for three shillings and sixpence, only I fancy the shopman would have knocked off the odd sixpence in the case of Mr. Sprage. He was a little shop-soiled, in fact. From the age of fifteen, or thereabouts, he had lived most of his life in the stuffy atmosphere of business—first in a printing house, then in a counting-house, and lastly in solicitor's chambers. As he went up in life his office ventilation improved, and at the age of fifty-two he could afford to own a window that opened and shut without any difficulty. But he tried the fresh air cure for wrinkles and crow's feet far too late. Or to put it differently his life had been like one of those wordy legal sentences which drag their huge length along on parchment. By the time you come to the end and sense of it you are completely out of breath and patience.

Yet Geoffrey Sprage, Solicitor, was not all musty, fusty, or dusty. Even a legal document has a piece of red tape, and that at least is cheerful. If you happened to meet Mr. Sprage out of business hours (there were not many after you had subtracted meal time and bed time) you found in him a man of merry, good-natured

spirits, fond of quaint little plans for distributing rays of sunshine into dark corners. At such intervals he was like a boy with a bit of looking glass, making the sunlight dance on the shady side of the street.

Geoffrey Sprage continued the gentle tapping of his glasses on the desk: it seemed to help him to think.

"A trifle annoying to be sure"—tap, tap—"just a shade disconcerting"—tap, tap, tap. "Not that one need take the matter seriously at present, but at the same time it must be admitted that it is not good for business." Punctuality, perseverance, penetration, and all the other p's, not to mention the q's of business, are apt to go to the wall when love comes in at the window.

Do not imagine that it was Mr. Sprage, Senior, who was contemplating matrimony late in life. He had married long before on thirty shillings a week, and his honeymoon from the counting-house had been short and sweet as a bank holiday. No, his son was the culprit.

You see, what it is quite right and proper for the father to look back upon with sober satisfaction, it is quite wrong for the son to look forward to with glad anticipation. "Repent in haste: marry at leisure," say the old folk sagely, but somehow or other young heads refuse to recognise the force of the remodelled proverb till too late.

That was the case with Mr. Geoffrey Sprage, Junior. He had just been made a partner in the firm; but that did not mean that he had taken

shares in his father's prudent notions about marriage. Business is business, and love is sometimes jealous of her rival. Which brings us back to the senior partner's ruminations.

"I do think Geoff might have confided to me the lady's name," he was saying to himself, still to the insistent accompaniment of taps. "I do not wish to be curious or inquisitive, but it is only natural that two heads should be better than one in considering such an investment, one, too, in which I am involved as well as he. But there, the lad's a good fellow, and he's asked me to trust him in the matter till he has some definite prospect of winning the lady's consent. Besides he assured me that if he succeeded—a very remote possibility, he called it—he was convinced I should approve his choice. Ah, if only his dear mother were alive how soon would he have told his hopes and fears to her."

For quite a quarter of an hour Mr. Sprage ceased to play with his *pince-nez* and looked with dreamy eyes at the rows of law books on his shelves without seeing them at all. What he did see was a small neatly-furnished garret-room, a tiny table gay with country flowers, two chairs—and, and a vision of two young home-makers, with big investments of hope at the bank of love with which to make ends meet.

A rap at the door woke Mr. Sprage from his reverie.

"A telegram, sir," said the clerk. "The boy is waiting."

"Thank you, Saunders." (Mr. Sprage always found time to be courteous to his inferiors.)

He tore open the envelope and read the contents slowly, a puzzled expression spreading over his face.

"Now I wonder what *can* be the meaning of this?" he soliloquised. Then he remembered the clerk.

"I will send an answer presently, Saunders; you can tell the boy he need not stay."

Saunders went out regretfully; it was not often that he had seen the head of the firm look so perturbed.

When he had gone Mr. Sprage re-read the message. It was short and to the point:—

"Can you pay professional visit next Tuesday? Stay Christmas. Dean, Deanmore Hall."

"Very strange indeed," murmured the solicitor; "I can scarcely believe my eyes, yet I suppose it is all right. Christmas has a habit of patching up ancient squabbles, and I have no reason for being behindhand when Robert Dean leads the way. But what does he mean by a professional visit lasting over Christmas? Even if he wants all his property devised in the fashion of a puzzle problem I should not need to be in attendance so long. And at Christmas too!"

Mr. Sprage quite failed to account for his invitation, but he accepted it none the less. "Business is business," he repeated, for he loved

the saying. "Geoffrey might have gone if he had not been otherwise engaged," he told himself: "but there is really no objection to my doing a little work, even in the holidays."

Robert Dean, of Deanmore Hall, belonged to one of the loftier branches of the family, a branch which had once swayed proudly above the lower and stouter limbs of the ancestral tree. There had been little dealings between the Deans and the Sprages, and the very distant relationship was almost forgotten. All that was remembered was a family quarrel, generations old, when the Sprages had taken to city and professional life, and the Deans had held tightly to their country acres. The present Mr. Sprage was profoundly ignorant as to what it had all been about, and the Squire of Deanmore was probably no wiser.



"Geoffrey Sprage, Senior."—Page 10.

It will, however, be understood that the solicitor regarded his invitation with satisfaction. His son had already told him he should be away for Christmas—no doubt on courtship bent: why should not he enjoy himself at Deanmore, and possibly do business as well?

There was, too, another happy consideration. The solicitor's favourite hobby was the collecting of ancient inscriptions and brass rubbings from churches. Deanmore possessed an ancient Norman edifice which had often been the happy hunting ground of antiquarians. Of this Mr. Sprage was well aware; and that very evening he made plans, which, happily for the interest of our story, went very much "agley."

CHAPTER II.

IN CHRISTMAS WEEK.

TUESDAY in Christmas week was a mild, unseasonable day. Fog curtained the London sky from early morning, but Mr. Sprage regarded the weather with quite a benevolent air. He had finished his work the night before by dint of sitting up late, the incentive being the hope of catching an earlier train than he had intended down to Deanmore. Not that he was anxious to get to the Hall before he was due: rather had he promised himself a preliminary canter on his hobby horse: in other words, he was bent on a morning visit to Deanmore Church to begin his favourite pursuit after ancient inscriptions.

After a solitary breakfast he wrote a short note to his son, who was to return later in the day from Salisbury, where he had been representing the firm in a case which had spread itself over a full week.

"I have had an unexpected summons to Deanmore Hall on a matter of business," he wrote. "You will remember that the owner, Robert Dean, is a distant relation. What he wants us to do I have no idea; but since you told me you were paying a visit this Christmas I thought it best to undertake the matter myself. I hope to do a little research work in the neighbourhood during my stay, and shall not be back until the Monday after Christmas." He did not mention that he had concluded that his son might be more interested in affairs connected with courting rather than with those pertaining to the courts, and that therefore he had not asked him to undertake the matter.

An hour later he had taken his ticket for Deanmore, and was comfortably seated in an empty compartment, pretending to read a newspaper by the aid of the carriage lamp. He looked just a little comical, up to his ears in a snug overcoat, his eyes twinkling humorously as they beamed on the world in general. Even fog could not depress Mr. Sprage. He told himself that beyond London he was sure to find clearer atmosphere, and he was not disappointed.

At Deanmore the country side was under a cloudless sky, and one could almost imagine that spring had arrived.

"Can I get some sort of refreshment anywhere in the neighbourhood of the parish church?" Mr. Sprage inquired of a porter.

"Well naow, sir, I beant sure but what you mightn't," said the man enigmatically. "There's Mrs. Marten's shop not above half a mile away; I reckon you'd get nothing sweeter to your taste any nearer."

"That will serve my purpose. Come and carry this bag along for me. Deanmore Hall's some way beyond the village, eh?"

"Aye, sir, her be a tidy tramp. If so be as you're going there I'll get a barrer."

"No, no. I'm staying in the village till the evening: then if no conveyance comes for me I will have you and the barrow."

George Ritson, the porter, laid special stress on that last significant phrase when he repeated as much as he could remember of the above conversation to the police twenty-four hours later.

At Mrs. Marten's general store the solicitor enjoyed a simple lunch—plain enough but substantial and satisfying. Mr. Sprage particularly appreciated the homemade bread of his hostess.

"I do not know when I have tasted such bread and butter," he said to her.

"'Tis very good of you to say so," returned Mrs. Marten. "I've heard tell as they've heavy hands in London, and may be you notice the difference."

"Heavy hands," echoed Mr. Sprage. "Why I believe they make our bread by machinery. Flour and water go in at one end, and loaves come out at the other. No delicious taste like yours—just so much dough baked into blocks. I tell you I should be obliged if you'd make me up a sandwich or two—just bread and butter only: I fancy I'll have an appetite before evening."

That was how it came about that Mr. Sprage started off for Deanmore Church well provisioned, with a packet of bread and butter in each pocket.

The church stood back fully three hundred yards—possibly more—from the road. It was surrounded by ancient trees, a few of them but hollow trunks, in which the winter wind whistled on rough nights. The chief interest to antiquarians lay in a ruined side-chapel, which was still joined to the church, though the connecting arch had been bricked up by a former vicar who could not raise funds for complete restoration.

Needless to say this relic of bygone days at once attracted Mr. Sprage's attention, and he lost no time in getting on his hands and knees to make a thorough examination of several tablets, whose lettering had been rendered nearly undecipherable by the ravages of time and partial exposure to wind and rain.

Here let us leave Mr. Sprage, and precede his advent at Deanmore Hall.



"Kathleen Dean could not help knowing that Geoffrey Sprage had fallen in love with her."—Page 11.

CHAPTER III.

THE TELEGRAM THAT FAILED.

"My dear, I can't conceive what could have induced you to ask Geoffrey Sprage down here. Kathleen has just told me that you telegraphed to him yesterday."

Mrs. Dean rose from her bureau where she had been writing.

"I understood, Robert, that I was carrying out your wishes. Did you not promise to send him an invitation?"

"For this Christmas? Certainly not. I may have extended a general invitation—in fact I believe I did when he was of so much service to us in town a month ago, but —"

"Anyhow, Kathleen told me you had practically asked him down here for Christmas week. She suddenly remembered yesterday that you had not been as good as your word, so I sent a telegram. We do not want to seem churlish after being so very grateful to him for saving us from what might have been a most awkward accident."

"Well, well, you've done it now," returned her husband. "He's not a bad sort, and I daresay he'll behave himself. You know he's one of the Sprages—connections of the family?"

"So I understand; but that need not influence us. We can't keep up mediaeval feuds in these days; it would be too absurd. At any rate he's presentable enough to join the party we have down here this Christmas."

Meanwhile another member of the family had been discussing (with herself) the forthcoming visit of Mr. Sprage to Deanmore Hall. It was, without a doubt, chiefly due to her that the invitation had been extended.

In fact Kathleen Dean could not help knowing that Geoffrey Sprage had fallen in love with her at first sight more than a month before. She must have been lacking in that sensitive something which can send and receive wireless messages between heart and heart if she had not guessed what had come of her little adventure in London when he had saved her from a runaway motor-car. He had been escorting the Deans home after an afternoon tea-gathering at a mutual friend's house, when without much warning a motor-carriage charged over the curb stone and dashed into the window of the very shop they were passing. He had thrown her from his side and had himself been knocked over by one of the wheels as the machine swept past him. It was a narrow escape, and at the time Mr. and Mrs. Dean could not express their gratitude sufficiently warmly. But whatever comes quickly to the boil soon cools, and though Geoffrey Sprage was invited on several occasions to Mr. Dean's London house his welcome became a trifle less genial every time he accepted. Possibly this was not the intention of either Mr. or Mrs. Dean, but

he was quick to notice anything like a slight. When Christmas drew near and his promised invitation failed to arrive he very naturally thought bitterly of the ingratitude of the Deans.

But he was by no means inclined to give up hope of winning Kathleen Dean: she, he was certain, was not one to let the smallest debt remain unpaid, least of all a debt of gratitude.

This may account for the very hurried way in which the invitation was sent at the last moment, but it does not explain the wording of the telegram. Mrs. Dean possessed a lady-like handwriting, which rejoiced in those spires and pinacles which make the fashionable pointed style. She certainly meant to write the message which she dispatched to Geoffrey Sprage at his office address as follows:—"Can you pay promised visit next Tuesday? Stay Christmas. Dean, Deanmore Hall."

Unhappily she did not know that young Mr. Sprage's father had the same name as his son, and she certainly could not have anticipated the ingenious reading of her writing adopted by the telegraph clerk at Deanmore Post Office. Thus it came about that Mr. Geoffrey Sprage, Senior, received the telegram, the word "promise!" having disappeared in favour of "professional." That it was meant for his son he had no notion, and thanks to the error in the wording he not only answered it with a return wire but also in person.

CHAPTER IV.

MISSING.

"You understand, James, that Mr. Geoffrey Sprage is to be met at the station. He will arrive by the 5.40 train from London."

"Yes, miss; I will be sure to be in right and proper time."

"You might be a little earlier than usual to make sure."

"I will, miss—not but what I've ever been late for a partickler engagement on any occasion." James was rather touchy when his punctuality was even indirectly called in question. "Sometimes," he added, "the trains do come in ahead of time, which I hold is as inconvenient to some people as if they was late."

"Very good, James. Then I will depend upon you not to disappoint me."

"You may that, miss."

James retired and forthwith began to reason out the why and wherefore of his young mistress's insistence upon punctuality on this special occasion. "If I'm not blind as any toad," he said to himself, "there's more in the wind than meets the eye"—a pretty mixture of metaphor of which James might have been proud had he not been skilled in that direction. "Young miss can't nowadays play hide and seek with her feelin's: folks is always findin' them easy. Now if I'm not blind, as I was sayin', there's a young gentle-

man as has to be met to the minute this evenin', and I reckon that means a nice little nest egg to add to my sittin'. There be only one genooine generous time in a gentleman's life, like as there's only one Christmas in the year."

Do not jump to the conclusion that James, the oldest and most devoted manservant at the Hall, angled for undeserved tips. He did his best to earn them it is true, but it was no secret to those who knew the old coachman that James's mother received every penny he could spare. But that is a story which deserves a title all to itself.

James arrived at the station a full quarter of an hour before the London train was due, and he expressed his thankfulness more than once that the weather was rather mild; his horses would suffer no harm from the waiting. When the 5.40 arrived three passengers alighted, all of whom James knew by sight. The expected guest had not come by that train.

"I be not goin' to wait for the 7.10," said James emphatically to a porter.

"And who may it be you come to meet?" asked the latter.

"Nobody you know, I'm thinkin'," snapped James. He felt irritated. After all, his surmises might be wide of the mark.

"Mebbe I know more'n you're aware of," returned the porter. "You don't happen to be waitin' for a gent o' the name of Mr. Geoffrey Sprage? In course not." He made as though he intended to return to his work.

"Stop," called James eagerly. "That's the gentleman I want. You don't say he's come, and gone up to the Hall without the carriage?"

"Ah," returned the porter, "so you can be inquisitive like other folk. I reckon I've a job waitin' for me and haven't no time for to talk."

"The young mistress will be rarely annoyed if he is not met," said James diplomatically.

"That so?" questioned the porter. "Who'd ha' thought it? Anyway she shan't be disap-

pointed. She do visit my missus reg'lar: does her a sight o' good, too. If you just prance them hosses o' yours round to Mrs. Marten's, mebbe ye'll hear tell o' the gent and his luggage. I know, since I carried his bag along for him this mornin'."

James thanked the man and drove off at a rare speed. At the village store he pulled up.

"I be to ask for Mr. Geoffrey Sprage, Mrs. Marten," he shouted from the box to the widow. "They told me at the station I should find the gentleman here."

Mrs. Marten came to the open door.

"I've been 'specting of him back this half-hour,

Mr. Holroyd. He went fer a walk I reckon this mornin', and said he'd be returnin' 'bout this time, in case there was a 'conveyance,' as he called it, from the Hall."

James sniffed at the expression.

"Then I s'pose that means waitin' fer him as well as the train," he said in disgust. "Give me the train fer choice. Anyways I don't see no call to stay fer more than half an hour."

"Ye could do with a dish o' tea, Mr. Holroyd?" suggested the widow. "I've some to spare inside I'm thinkin'. 'Tis cold work settin' out, even though it be rare

mild for the time o' year."

James accepted the proffered refreshment with alacrity.

"That be very kind of you, Mrs. Marten," he said, when he returned the cup. "There's something rare homely in a cup o' tea—makes me think o' settlin' down and enjoyin' a period o' leisure as they say."

"Aye fer sure tea is very comfortin', Mr. Holroyd."

"Yes, an' so's settlin' down, Mrs. Marten."

"I must be goin' in to clear up," said she; "it doesn't do to get behindhand."

"You're wonnerful businesslike, Mrs. Marten. I've heard tell ye're thinkin' of enlargin' the shop."



"I understood, Robert, that I was carrying out your wishes."—Page 14.

If I could leave the hosses, now, I should like to— Why, isn't that your Teddie? Here, lad, come and mind the hosses, and I'll give ye a fine ride next time ye're about."

And it came about that James waited nearly an hour for Mr. Geoffrey Sprage, and yet he did not arrive.

"Anyways I'll take his luggage along," James decided; so the Gladstone bag occupied the seat of honour on the return journey, and Teddie was allowed a place on the box until they were in sight of the Hall.

The old coachman sent in word to his young mistress that the visitor had come by an earlier train, and was walking up to the Hall. This extraordinary news had the effect James had foreseen: he was summoned to give further details.

Miss Kathleen was not slow at eliciting the facts.

By what train had Mr. Sprage arrived? Where had he gone? His luggage had been brought up? Then he would, no doubt, soon follow it. Of course he had lost his way: it was quite easy in the woods even when the trees were bare of leaves.

James saw that his mistress was more annoyed than she cared to show. "It be cruel," he told himself, "that any young fellow whom mistress favours ever so little should not make a point of keeping to his word. He might have telegraphed alterations," concluded James.

Which was precisely the conclusion of Miss Dean. That evening dinner was put off for an hour, and still there was no sign of the missing visitor. Kathleen had been indignant: she was rapidly growing nervously anxious. What if there had been an accident?

CHAPTER V.

A SECOND TELEGRAM.

Two hours, three hours, four hours after time, and all that had reached the Hall was Mr. Sprage's luggage. The incident was discussed at dinner and after dinner—at first with not a little humour, but later with some degree of presentiment of ill. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Dean and their daughter there were half a dozen guests, two of whom had driven over for the evening from a neighbouring house.

"It is a common thing for me to arrive on a visit without my luggage," remarked Mr. Templeton, a grey-haired, shrewd little man, who showed his legal profession in his face. "But, Mrs. Dean, I do not recollect a single case of luggage losing its owner. If only Mr. Sprage is enjoying an adventure in the Grange Wood and turns up safe and sound to-morrow morning he will have a good story to tell."

"You don't think we ought to send out to look for him?" asked Mrs. Dean. "He may have sprained his ankle or ricked his knee, and he

might catch his death of cold exposed to the chill of a winter night."

"Happily, my dear, it is unseasonably warm to-night, and I do not think a vigorous young man would suffer much harm from exposure. Anyhow it would be impossible to do much searching in the woods with no moonlight to help us."

So it was decided not to organize a search party until the next morning; but in this decision Kathleen Dean did not concur. At ten o'clock she slipped out to the coach-house, and half an hour later two of the stable-men started with lanterns and instructions not to return without the missing visitor.

To their credit be it said that they did spend some time vainly groping about in the copes of Grange Wood, but they soon grew tired of barking their shins and stumbling into holes, and made a bee line for the village inn, where they were easily persuaded to spend the rest of the night.

By ten o'clock the following morning the whole village was agog with the news of the mysterious disappearance of a gentleman, whose luggage had arrived at the Hall. Mrs. Marten found herself a celebrity, and her shop greatly benefited in consequence. Even Miss Kathleen paid her an early visit.

"You are quite sure," she asked more than once, "that Mr. Sprage did not say where he was going?"

"No, miss, that he didn't," answered the widow. "I fancy he was not wantin' to say where he was going."

"What made you think that?"

"Oh, he just looked like it, miss."

"Looked like it?"

"Yes, miss, sort of settled what he'd got to do, and determined fer to do it without interference."

"Was he looking quite well, Mrs. Marten—not worn out?"

"Well, I wouldn't go for to say as he looked very strong, miss—a man like him must be overstrung, worritin' over business in London like as not."

"Did you think he seemed overworked?"

"Ah, miss, we aren't all so young as we was."

"But Mr. Sprage is not old."

"Not old, miss; oh no, not what some folk call old—still gettin' on."

"Getting on—what can you mean, Mrs. Marten? Why he's quite a young man."

"Aye, aye, miss, that's what my husband used to say. 'We're all young nowadays unless it's a pension we be applyin' for.' To be sure he ate like a young un—no end hearty, and made me cut him a rare lot of bread and butter, case he wanted a meal afore night. Aye, he did compliment me on my bread too; it made me feel like I used at the prize-givin' at school."

Miss Dean returned home in the hope of finding that the missing guest had been discovered.

But others had been no more successful than she herself. Search parties had scoured the woods, and inquiries had been made in every direction.

"We had better dispatch a telegram," said Mr. Dean at lunch. "His father ought to be communicated with. We shall have to word it carefully, so as not to alarm him."

After many alterations the message was decided upon:

"Expecting son. Only luggage arrived. Is he delayed?"

"Let me see, my dear, what is Sprage's home address?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Robert. They moved, you know, after Mrs. Sprage's death—into lodgings I believe."

"But where did you send young Sprage's invitation?"

"Oh, to the office; I knew he'd be most get-at-able there, and I should not have to wait for a reply."

"Then we must do the same in this case, I suppose. I hope he will understand."

"Of course, Robert. He will be sure to think we want the wire to reach him at once—it will be quite right."

It was Kathleen who wrote out the telegram, and gave it to James to dispatch. The reply was awaited in some anxiety. But none came that day.

"The matter must be put into the hands of the County Police," Mr. Templeton declared in the evening. "It gets beyond a joke when a man vanishes for fifty hours—it will be that and more by Thursday morning when we can communicate with the station."

"Quite so," agreed Mr. Dean. "It must be seen to first thing in the morning."

CHAPTER VI.

A STRANGE DECORATING.

WEDNESDAY was Christmas Eve. It had been the custom for years for the Hall party to help in decorating the Parish Church on the day before Christmas; but such was the interest roused by the mystery of Mr. Sprage that the Rector found it impossible to enlist any one's services. Even he himself felt bound to help

in the dragging of the river, which runs within a mile of the village. Only the old clerk determined that the decorations should not fail.

It was late in the afternoon of Wednesday when he unlocked the church and set to work, by the aid of a couple of lanterns and the stumps of some old candles. The shadows swayed and bowed among the pillars as the draught blew the candle flames to and fro. The lanterns shone like searchlights upon the old man as his rheumatic figure tried hard to stand upright, and his bony fingers to reach as high as possible. Never a glance had he for the gloomy recesses: he was too used to the old church to harbour fanciful superstitions. No doubt he was dull of hearing, and the moaning of the wind in the tower was quite lost upon him. Steadily he persevered with his work. It was crude and inartistic: in fact he had but one idea, to poke sprigs of holly wherever they could be made to stay. To the old man it was a labour of love. Ten, or was it fifteen, years ago he had been ousted from the office of decorator, and young ladies had taken his place. He had resented the new fashion. "It was unbecoming," he said,



"Did you think he seemed overworked?"—Page 16.

"when the rightful clerk was ready to do all that was needed." The blood coursed warmly through his old veins that evening; he felt young again, for he was at the task which had not been his for fifteen years.

He had nearly finished when an unexpected sound broke the stillness. At first he paid no attention, thinking what he heard was but fancy. But the noise persisted. It was like the beating of a drum, fitted with tinfoil instead of skin. It was strangely muffled, and the old clerk's face grew white as he listened.

Out of the depths of the earth outside the church came the dull monotonous clanging as of a subterranean passing bell.

"It be almost onnatu'el," whispered the old man hoarsely. "I never heard th' likes of it, drum, drumming. I reckon it can't be fancy nohow, and I beant dreamin'. It can't be no mortal soul tryin' for to break outter his grave?" The thought sent a cold shudder through him. He tottered slowly down the aisle, a lantern in each hand (the candles had long since burnt out). At the south door he paused, and before opening it sank on his knees and prayed to be delivered from the Evil One. When he rose painfully he had new courage, and his hand scarcely shook as he opened the iron-bound door. To his eyes the darkness seemed unusually black: it was like a heavy pall over the churchyard. Setting down one of the lanterns he put his hand to his ear. The sounds had ceased—nothing but the wandering spirit of the wind moaned round the church. Minute after minute he waited without result.

After ten minutes had passed he bent down and extinguished one of the lanterns, put it inside the door and closed it. Almost like an echo of the clang of the door the mysterious drumming began again.

The old clerk was scared. He imagined the approach of spectral troops, the march past, perhaps, of those who had died while he had been in office. Or, perhaps, what the ancient legend said was to be proved true: those who were to die before the next Christmas Eve would come and knock at the church door. Shaking with fright he started hobbling down the path to the lych-gate, the quivering lantern rays turning tombstones into shapes that moved. With a shriek of dismay the clerk passed through the gate, and ran breathlessly along the footway towards the high road. At the second gate his fingers trembled so that he could scarcely undo the latch, and when he had succeeded he never dreamed of stopping to refasten it. Suddenly he heard a deep voice summon him. He felt he was lost. With a feeble cry he stumbled headlong at the very feet of young Geoffrey Sprage.

CHAPTER VII.

YOUNG GEOFFREY SPRAGE.

WE must needs try the reader's patience with a short retrospect to explain the unexpected appearance of Mr. Geoffrey Sprage, Junior. The young man had returned to London a day later than his father had anticipated, and had driven straight to the flat which had become his father's and his own home after his mother's death. There he found the note, the contents of which we have already given.

Geoffrey's amazement may be easily imagined. Had he not been anxiously expectant of an invitation to Deanmore Hall for the last month? Had he not suffered all the pain of hope deferred? Had he not been at his wits' end trying to devise some reasonable method of reminding the Deans of the invitation they had promised should be extended to him that Christmas? He could not, try as he might, convince himself that Kathleen had lost all interest in him. She had been so very kind. Could it have been nothing more than such gratitude as she would have given to any one who had done her a service? His heart told him there was something more in her eyes than conventional thanks.

But what could this summoning of his father mean? On business, too. Could that business be an inquiry into his financial position? It seemed incredible. His father had written so clearly that it was a matter of business, also inferring that it might have been carried out by himself, the junior partner.

The housekeeper noticed that he was preoccupied and unlike his usual cheerful self. She missed his exhilarating spirits and keen appreciation of her arrangements for his comfort. His lunch he ate without a word of comment, and directly after it he went out, saying he would be back from the office for dinner.

"I may find a letter there," he told himself. "Father would have left orders for my correspondence to wait my return, since he expected me home yesterday."

There were letters, but not *the* letter he still hoped for. At three o'clock came the telegram—about himself!

"Expecting son. Only luggage arrived. Is he delayed?"

What could have happened? Of course he had it—a letter must have miscarried. He had been asked: they were expecting him. But the luggage: what did they mean by that? He had only brought his portmanteau back with him that day. Ah, possibly some other visitor had sent his luggage in advance, and it had been mistaken for his own. Yet it was wildly improbable that there should be no labels by which to identify it. Anyhow his course was clear. He was eager to go to Deanmore Hall: here was justification for a visit. He took up a telegraph form and wrote:

"Coming at once. Regret possible mistake. Invitation miscarried. Geoffrey Sprage."

This he dispatched on his way home to the flat. The housekeeper he astonished by his boisterous spirits: he bubbled over with good humour, and insisted upon her accepting what he was pleased to call a trifling gift, with which she was to purchase a Christmas present.

CHAPTER VIII.

"DRUM, DRUMMIN'."

THE startling apparition of the parish clerk and his collapse, lantern and all, at the feet of Geoffrey Sprage was a severe test of the young man's presence of mind. He had arrived at Deanmore by the last train from town, and finding no conveyance available had made up his mind to walk the two miles to the Hall. Before he had gone far he was inclined to regret his decision, for the road was lampless and it was no easy matter to keep clear of the ditches by the roadside. The spot where the clerk made his precipitate descent from the church, which stands on rising ground, was particularly dark, and for a few seconds Geoffrey could not distinguish what kind of animal was lying at his feet. The lantern had gone out, and not even the faintest starshine filtered through the clouds overhead. He bent down and felt for the clerk, who groaned under his touch. In a minute he had the lantern relit, and was trying to get the old man into a comfortable position. So far as he could make out he had suffered no physical injury beyond a few bruises. The first thing evidently was to revive the unconscious man.

"The ditch may come in useful now," Geoffrey said to himself, and he forthwith made his way across the road. Kneeling down he soaked his handkerchief in the muddy water at the bottom, and with this restorative returned to the stranger. The doctoring proved successful, and the clerk, still dazed with fear, opened his eyes.

"You have had a nasty fall," said Geoffrey. "Happily I was close by, or you might have laid out all night."

The clerk gazed anxiously round in the direction of the hedge.

"Are they gone back?" he gasped.

"Who do you mean?"

"The ghosties," he whispered hoarsely. "They chased me outer the churchyard."

"Come," returned Geoffrey quickly, "you mustn't think of that sort of thing. You must have got scared in the dark: it's an ugly night and black as pitch. Do you think you can walk, if I help you, as far as the village?"

The old clerk rose unsteadily and, thanks to the strong supporting arm

of Geoffrey, moved slowly along in the direction of the solitary light which flickered in the distance. More than once the pair stopped to rest: the fright had made the old clerk terribly short of breath. At last they reached Mrs. Marten's shop.

The widow was not slow to answer the knocking at her door, and when she saw who her visitors were it looked as though Geoffrey might have another patient to treat.

At sight of him she started back, raised her apron in amazement, and was obviously undecided whether to faint or fly.

"Who are you?" she managed to ask.

"My name is Geoffrey Sprage—"

"I knew it!" she exclaimed. "The very image of him, too—only a lot younger." Then she noticed the clerk for the first time. "What's come over Stephen?" she asked. "Why he might have seen a ghost he looks that demented."

"That be just what I should ha' been seein', Mrs. Marten, ef it hadn't been that dark I could on'y hear 'em. If I'd not run to save me life I'd



"It was Kathleen who wrote out the telegram."—Page 17.

ha' bin dead. An' then I fell of a sudden, and this gentleman recovered me and helped me along the road. Thanks be to God I'm here safe with humans again."

The widow and Geoffrey helped him into the parlour, where he was made to lie down on a sofa.

"Now don't 'ee talk till I've made 'ee drink some hot broth," said the motherly body. "I'm sure," turning to Geoffrey, "you'll excuse my 'tending to him first."

The old man quickly recovered after taking the hot food, and even Mrs. Marten could not prevent his giving a detailed account of his "fearsome venture."

"I'll mind that drum drummin' in my ears till my dyin' day," he repeated over and over again. "It were comin' nearer and nearer and I, I ran as I never run since I were a lad."

"Drummin', what d'ye mean by that, Stephen?" asked Mrs. Marten.

"Ugh, it were that unearthly I can't describe it, Mrs. Marten; I can't indeed. It started low like a tappin', then it got to bangin', and then I ran."

"I do believe I know what t'was," exclaimed Mrs. Marten excitedly. "'Always put two and two together' my old man used to say. But —" She stopped short abruptly; she had been too engrossed by the clerk's story to ask what relation Geoffrey might be to the gentleman who had unaccountably disappeared.

"What is it, my good woman? Why do you stare at me like that?" asked Geoffrey.

"It's your father what's disappeared," she said with conviction. "I'm sure 'tis. Didn't he come down here on Tuesday?"

"Yes, yes; but is he not at the Hall?"

"At the Hall? Not unless he's got there to-night. He had lunch here a Tuesday and went out for a afternoon walk, and he's never been seen since. They told me they'd telegraphed to London about it."

"I must go to the Hall at once. You say he may have arrived safely to-night?"

"Aye, sir, mayhap. I do hope so; but if he hasn't you might do worse than remember there may be something in that bang bangin' what Stephen heard."

"Is there any one who can put me on the quickest route?"

"Yes, sir, my lad will do it gladly, though I'd be rare obliged if you'd ask if he might sleep in the coach-house. He might be scared o' comin' home alone."

Geoffrey hurried off with his young guide, and half an hour later arrived at the Hall.

He rang the bell, and in wonderfully short time the door was thrown open by the butler. The man's mouth opened wide in astonishment. Without a word he turned and fled through the hall.

"Him or his ghost has come!" he shouted.

The effect was instantaneous. From the drawing-room every one poured into the hall. Geoffrey noticed how earnestly Kathleen looked at him. Suddenly she fell fainting into a chair. In a moment he was at her side.

It was some time before the new comer could be questioned.

"Thank God you have come at last. We have been really anxious," Mr. Dean said, when his daughter had recovered.

"Anxious, why?"

"From your telegram we understood you were coming here on Tuesday. Your luggage came, and you were known to have arrived by the morning train."

"I?"

"Yes."

"But I was in London to-day, in Salisbury the day before. You must mean my father."

"Did he travel down here on Tuesday?"

"Yes. He left me a note saying he had been summoned here—to the Hall—on business. I found it waiting me this morning. When I received your telegram I thought it referred to me."

"So it did: we thought *you* had disappeared."

"Then it was my father?"

Mr. Dean explained all that was known.

"We have done everything we could think of, but with no clue whatever to show for it. We had decided to put the case in the hands of the County Police first thing in the morning, and we have made up a party to renew the search to-morrow."

"I shall search to-night."

"To-night? it would be madness: there is no moon."

"I have an idea; it is only a mere outside chance, but it is just worth trying. I won't bother any one about it, if you can lend me a man to show me the way to the church."

"A man. I'll come myself; so will these men. Forgive me, I have not introduced you. This is Mr. Geoffrey Sprage, Junior. I am sure you can count upon my friends to help."

"Thank you very much," Geoffrey said cordially. "I believe there is something in my idea. You see my father is a collector of old brasses. He may have got locked up in the old church by some mischance."

CHAPTER IX.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

WE have indicated the way to the end of the story so clearly that it is a keen temptation to leave the reader to finish it for himself. But if you are not contented with a signpost let us go a few steps further.

The search party found that Stephen's ghost and Mr. Sprage, Senior, were identical. He, poor man, had descended into a vaultlike chamber in

the half-ruined side-chapel in order to decipher the inscription on an ancient brass tablet. To do this he had let himself down by a rope, which had been left by workmen engaged in the restoration of the main building. Half way down the rope had suddenly snapped and he had fallen heavily, stunning himself completely. How long he lay he had no idea, but when he regained consciousness it was dark. He made several attempts to escape from his prison, but a sprained ankle effectually prevented his success. Then he tried shouting for help, but his voice was hoarse and feeble: he had caught a chill. Besides he was some distance below the stone flooring of the chapel, and his shouts were muffled and probably quite inaudible on the high road. When daylight came he renewed his efforts to climb out of the vault, but the eight or nine feet of stonework proved too difficult for him, and finally a second fall entirely incapacitated him. If it had not been for the bread and butter he had with him, he afterwards declared, he should have given up in despair. Early in the afternoon a happy thought struck him. After painful en-

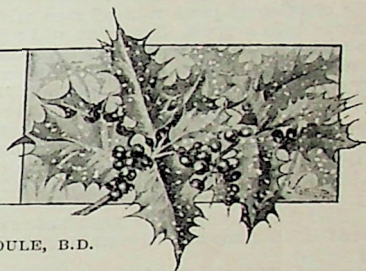
deavours he succeeded in loosening the brass tablet so that he could strike it with a fragment of stone. The sound carried far better than his voice, and he could keep it up far longer. He little guessed that the weird noise thus made scared away the only man who came near enough to hear him.

When he was found by the search party from the Hall he was utterly exhausted, and it is extremely doubtful if he would have survived a second night's exposure. For the best part of a month he played the part of invalid at the Hall, and the whole household declared that they had never come across such a cheerful patient. Before he was well enough to return to London he had also learnt how to behave as a benevolent father-in-law. It is quite needless to say to whom.

So the Christmas visitor came by his own at last, and in days to come he will no doubt tell the tale of his courtship to his children with the little moral at the end, "Never despair. God has better in store for us than the best of us deserve."



Christmas Eve.



BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON MOULE, B.D.

WHO would repaint the yellow primrose fair,
Or new compound wild violets' fragrance rare?

And who by men's device essays to blend
Daisies and king-cups sprinkled on the lea;
The gleam of the far distant sleeping sea;
The voice of God in echoing thunder heard;
High soaring cloud, or notes of woodland bird?
For ever strange, like sudden treasure found;—
And ever welcome like familiar friend,—
Till the far reaches of the better land
Under the azure of heaven's arch expand;
And flowers and songs are new on that celestial ground.

Ah! who would hush the pealing Christmas bells,
Heard in fond memory o'er dividing seas?
And who would change th' angelic song which swells,
To faith's quick ear upon the midnight breeze

Of this late Christmas Eve? Can ancient guess,
Or modern phrase agnostic answer, *yes*,
To long desire of the sad groaning earth
For rest from war and flood, from want and woe?—

Fell guerdon, since her children long ago
Entered the lists with virtue? Now we know
The sure glad tidings of the Saviour's Birth;
Majestic Truth like sunlit mountain dome;
Near and familiar like the roofs of home!
Peace and goodwill to men with glory blending,
God's favour here, and then the life unending!

Sad earth! too soon thy fragrant beauty dies!
Now breaks the promise from the wintry skies
Of endless life, through Him Who in the manger lies!

Sad sin-struck world, where death and sorrow reign!
By the Bless'd Spirit, through the Son we gain
Access to God and in our Father's Home remain!





THE CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

"The Christmas that God will give,
Long after all these are o'er,
When is day nor night, for Christ is our Light,
And we live for evermore."

I. MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY THE REV. S. B. JAMES, D.D.

CHRISTMAS bells are all sweet and true, and the peal need never be spoiled if we take the bell ropes in our hands with determination to ring fair and free. There are "changes" on life's "ring of bells," no doubt; but the changes may beautify and mellow the sounds. One Christmas peal with us all, a most glad some peal, echoing from the very skies, is "goodwill." Many a heart has responded to this true note of joy. There is a happy feeling of being at peace with all men which the Christmas bells suggest. Some men will not be at peace with you, but what of that? You can be at peace with them, and pity their unhappiness, for no happy man refuses to be at peace with his neighbours. Goodwill is one of the peals that are floated over our heads, and into our hearts. Goodwill it is that makes us happy. Envy any one. Are we happy when we do so? Quarrel with any one. Does it make our fire burn brighter, or our mind easier? Does it not rather bring gloom and heaviness? Speak an ill word of any one. Does it not haunt us like a spirit after we have done so? Dislike any one. Are we happy in our dislike?

But now, on the other hand, just for a few weeks to begin with, let us take things kindly, believe every one means well, though it is not always the case, cherish generous sympathies, put away ill thoughts, and everything bordering on uncharitableness; and never would be such a Christmas as this for home happiness, and heart happiness, and all happiness. Nothing makes us so cheerful as contentedness, retiredness, calmness, and charity.

Another way of being happy is to cast the burden of care on the Saviour. There is a law which forbids any one to be arrested for debt on the sacred Sabbath: a law which the bad make a bad use of, but a good law and a holy. So the reckless will make a bad use of the freedom and joy of Christmas. In a wrong sense they talk of casting dull care away. But it is none the less for that a trouble-forgetting, free-hearted day of joy, a day for casting care upon the Lord.

Do any say, We would, but we cannot? Ah! but why cannot you cast your care on Jesus? Because you have not cast your sins on Jesus. Tell me not of the poor Feeblemind—and there are many good and bad sorts of Feeblemind—that says, "I cannot cast my trouble on Jesus," when he has never even tried to cast his sins on that willing, open-armed, loving Burden-Bearer. Sing first of all, "I cast my sins on Jesus," and you will find that, as a kind of sublime and heartlifting chorus—a Christmas chorale, I would

name it—there comes the glad completion, "I cast my cares on Jesus." Sin first, care after.

Finally, give Jesus this day—Jesus, for whom there was no room in the inn—give to Him a welcome to your souls and hearts.

II. BELL NOTES.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

GOD'S WILL CUTS NO ONE OFF.
What man affirms he hath no dower
Of noble gifts and dearly-priced,
When every loving smile hath power
To show the human smile of Christ?

HAVE A WIDE CHIMNEY-CORNER TO THY HEART.
Win a sweet spirit and a happy face,
And thou shalt be a quiet resting-place,
Whither, beyond the wheels, the angry hum,
Tired hearts will seek, and souls the crowd hath trod,
Saying, "The Good Physician bade me come,
For greenness, peace, and tender gleams of God."

LIGHT OF MOON AND STARS.

God dwelleth, some would have it, very far,
And yet His light down this unlovely street,
In long reflection smites a splendid bar,
And heaven grows homely to the passing feet.

"I CAN'T STEP IN," SAYS YESTERDAY.

Let us be thankful now: some have not learned
To know sweet Mercy till her back is turned.

All can give gold who do not lock their heart.

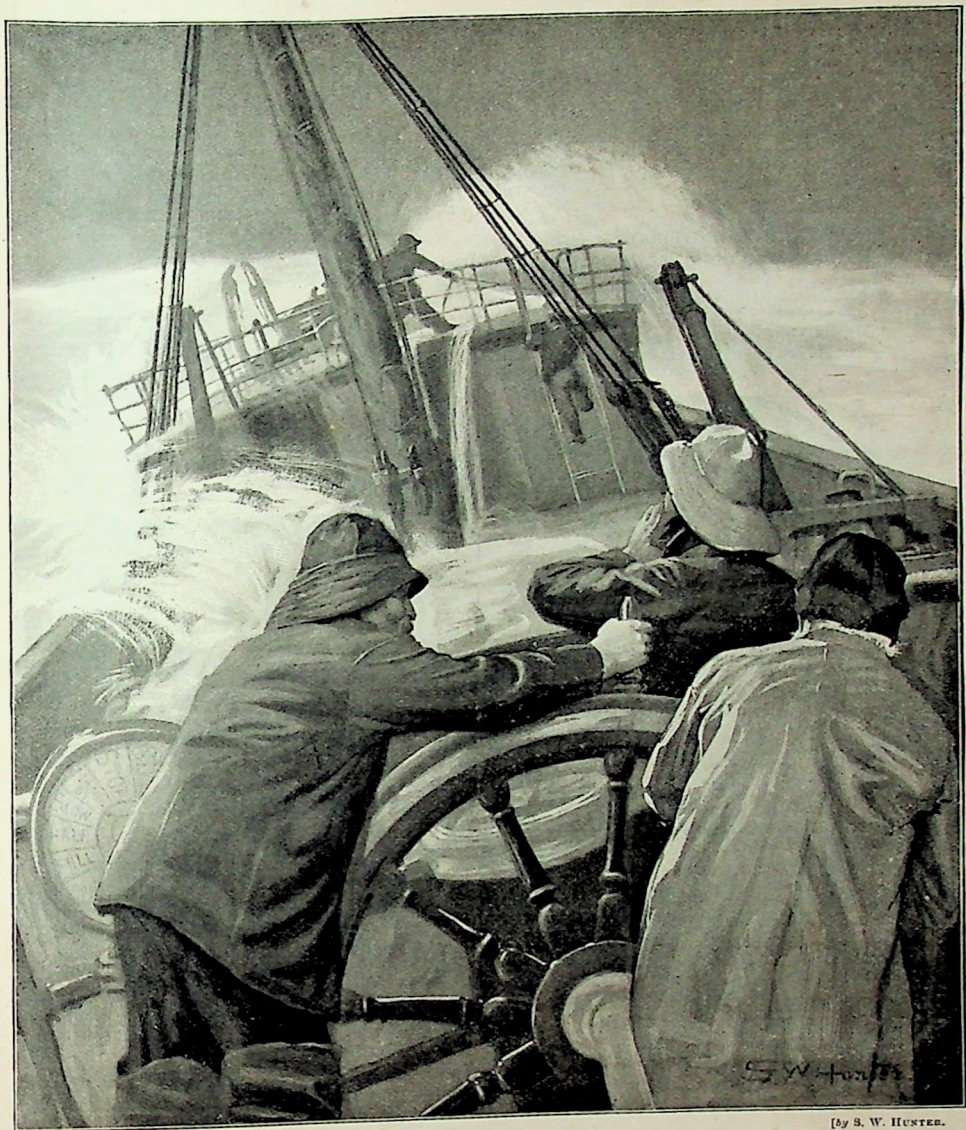
God counts none mean who gives himself.

III. HOME COMING.

BY THE REV. CANON SUTTON, M.A.

THERE will be gladness in many a home this Christmas-time because families are gathered together: because father and mother and brother and sister can rejoice in the common joy of all. What are such reunions but a poor, faint picture of that bright and glorious time when all who on this earth knew God as their loving Father in Jesus Christ shall meet in the Heavenly Home? Here the joy of meeting is hardly realized before the thought of separation casts its shadow on the heart. There the gladness shall be perfect.

One other thought—let Christmas joy have a wide circle. Be happy and make happy. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." There are many to



Specially drawn for "Home Words"]

[by S. W. HESTER.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

"Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat at play—
That was on the *Bolivar*, south across the Bay."

whom Christmas will be a sorrowful season, unless we do our best to gladden them. Let each of us try to deserve the name of one of Bunyan's characters in the "Holy War"—the very name for Christmas-tide—*Goodwill*. "Goodwill" to the aged; "goodwill" to the "human Robins" who are looking for their "Happy Evening"; and "goodwill" to all who have wandered in the world's tempting and delusive ways, to help them to find their way back to "The Father's House," where there is "bread enough, and to spare."

I know not how I can better close than in the words of Nehemiah—"Then he said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portion unto them for whom nothing is prepared."

IV. THE STARS' CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY H. E. HUNTER, AUTHOR OF "THE GOLD MINE."

"MOTHER, when the stars sing
Do we never hear?"
"Hush! you silly wee thing,
Stars are silent, dear."

"Mother, but the stars sang
When the earth was born
"Yes, with joy the world rang
On Creation's morn."
"Mother, when the Babe King
To the manger came,
Angels sang. When stars sing,
Do they sing the same?"
"Mother, sing the stars' song—
Tell me what they say."
"Little one, the bright throng
Praises God alway."
"Unto God be glory!
Unto man goodwill!"
'Tis the old, old story
They are singing still.
"Blessings on the Babe King!"
Such the seraphs' lay;
Darling, if the stars sing,
That is what they say."



Christmas and January Numbers.

"The Chimney Corner" ❖ ❖
"THE FIRESIDE" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

6d.

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RATS: An Illustrated Article. By John Isabell, F.E.S.
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"The Day of Days" ❖ ❖
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A COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED TALE by Christian Chamberlayne.

"Home Words" ❖ ❖ 1902.
JANUARY NUMBER ❖ ❖

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How I Photograph Cats. By James Huff.
God Bless Our Home. By the Archbishop of Canterbury and others.
The Quiet Hour. By the Bishops of Ripon and Durham and the Editor.
Photogravure Motto Card.
The Churchman's Calendar and Prayer Union.

"The News" ❖ ❖ FRIDAY,
CHRISTMAS NUMBER ❖ DECEMBER 13th.

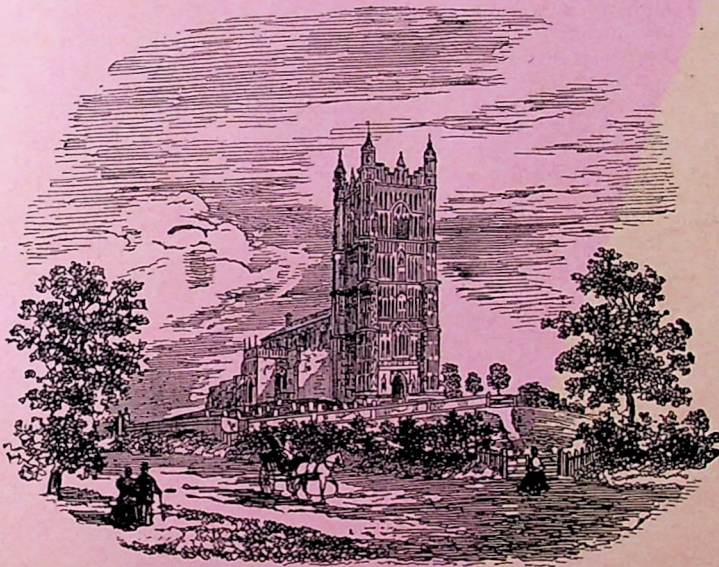
Daily

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No. 1.

JANUARY, 1901.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

EASTERN COUNTIES HOME FOR INEBRIATE WOMEN.

A meeting, at which some fifty persons were present, was held at Gawdy Hall, Friday, the 23rd November, to consider a scheme for providing homes for inebriate women. Mrs. Sheepshanks, in supporting the movement, said that the Dioceses of Ely, Lincoln, Norwich, Oxford, and Peterborough had agreed to combine for the purpose of providing a suitable Home, and that each Diocese should contribute £100 towards furnishing, and £25 towards its annual maintenance. Persons who consented to be placed in a Home must sign a declaration that they were willing to be treated, and, if possible, a near relative was required to do the same, the signatures being taken in the presence of a magistrate. Once admitted, persons were detained compulsorily for a period not exceeding two years. The Homes would be licensed by the proper authority, and would be under Government inspection.

The vice of intemperance was not by any means confined to the poorer classes, the wretchedness of whose surroundings exposed them specially to temptation. It was impossible for us to blind ourselves to the evil which existed. The difficulty of dealing with cases of inebriates was confessedly great, but it was less than appeared at first sight, if only each one would do something for the cause. Employers were not always sufficiently thoughtful as to those in their service, and much might be done by providing refreshing non-alcoholic drinks, and by good ventilation where the work was of an exhausting character. The giving as a gratuity intoxicating drink to servants or tradesmen should be absolutely forbidden. Habits of self-control, even in things themselves harmless, should be practised, and especially taught to children. Speaking from personal knowledge, Mrs. Sheepshanks said that she knew of several persons in the larger towns in the Diocese who would be willing to avail themselves of the help of such Homes. Those having the means would contribute towards the cost of their own maintenance.

Mr. Sancroft Holmes supported the movement, as did also the Rector, who in closing the meeting proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Sheepshanks for her address, which was very heartily accorded.

A sum of £7 0s. 6d. was collected, and handed over to Mrs. Sheepshanks for the proposed Home.

CONFIRMATION.

A Confirmation, specially for adults, was held by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese on December 13th in St. John's Church. In his address before laying on of hands, the Bishop dealt with the two aspects of Confirmation—the being confirmed, or strengthened, if we come rightly, by a special gift of God's Holy Spirit, and the confirming, or ratifying, the promise of our Baptism, and so openly confessing Christ (St. Matt. x. 32; Rom. x. 9, 10). In his second address the Bishop took for his text the words, "Abide in Me, and I in you" (St. John xv. 4), and spoke of human effort and Divine grace as the means of persevering and going forward in the right way, in which those who had been confirmed with a true heart had taken their stand. Their part, in human effort, was to *remember* the promise they had made, to *avoid* occasions of temptation, and to *engage* in some work for God. God's part, in Divine grace, would come to them through *daily* and diligent *prayer*, constant study of the *Bible*, regular use of the public means of grace, and especially of Holy Communion, to which they were now admitted, and which was not only a great privilege, because in it, if with a true penitent heart and lively faith we receive it, we spiritually eat the flesh of Christ and drink His blood, we are one with Christ and Christ with us, but a plain duty, one of those "holy commandments" which they had just promised to keep, because He had said, "Do this in remembrance of Me."

BAPTISMS.

- Dec. 12. Alice Hubbard, aged 16 years.
" " Emily Chambers, aged 17 years.

MARRIAGE.

- Nov. 26. William Ecclestone and Esther Mary Ward.

BURIALS.

- Dec. 3. Richard Canada Ellis, aged 62 years.
" 8. William Ruth, aged 67 years.

COUNTY COUNCIL SCHOLARSHIP.

We have pleasure in announcing that John Nelson Coker, son of our good Station-master at Harleston, has gained by examination a County Council Scholarship, being placed fourteenth in a list of 122 candidates, many of them considerably older than himself. This success reflects great credit not only upon the boy himself, but on Mr. Osborne, the master of our Boys' National School, where he has been educated, and upon Mr. Bacon, the assistant master, whose private pupil he has also been. He is entered as a boarder for the coming year at Swaffham Grammar School. We wish him success in his future career, and we trust that this practical proof that the way up is open will encourage others, girls as well as boys, to make full use of the excellent education given in our Schools, and of the opportunities of advancement which are now offered to industry and ability.

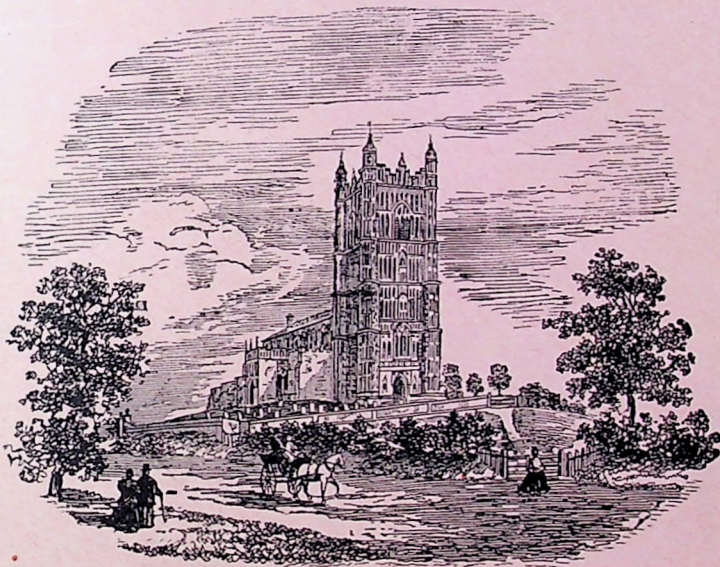
CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR JANUARY.

1. Tu. *Circumcision and New Year's Day.* 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer; 8 p.m., Evening Prayer with Sermon, St. John's.
6. Sun. *The Epiphany.* 8 a.m., Holy Communion, Redenhall.
7. Mon. Day Schools re-assemble.
13. Sun. *1st after Epiphany.* Holy Communion, mid-day, St. John's.
25. Fr. *Conversion of St. Paul.* 11.30 a.m., Children's Service, St. John's.
27. Sun. *3rd after Epiphany.* Holy Communion, mid-day, Redenhall.

No. 2.

Danvers
FEBRUARY, 1901.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Our Christmas offertories were given, as usual, to the Dickleburgh Home in connection with the Church of England Society for Waifs and Strays. At St. John's Church there were 69 communicants, and the offertory amounted to £2 0s. 1d.; at Redenhall the communicants numbered 31, and the offertory was £1 7s. 11d. The total collection, £3 8s., was in advance of last year's collection of £2 17s. 3d.

REDENHALL COMPANY OF BELLRINGERS.

The Anniversary of this Company was held on Monday, January 14th. A tablet in the belfry records that a peal was rung in the tower in the year 1838, at the 102nd anniversary. It follows, therefore, that this is the 165th year of the existence of the Company. The present occasion was one of special interest. Mr. Sancroft Holmes has just been appointed President of the Diocesan Association of Bellringers, and to commemorate the event he kindly entertained at dinner at the Yew Tree the members of the Redenhall Company (which is affiliated to the Diocesan Association) and their friends. The Diocesan Association was formed in the year 1877, and its first President was Dean Goulburn. He was succeeded, when he left Norwich, by our friend and neighbour, Dr. Raven, Vicar of Fressingfield, than whom, as Mr. Holmes observed, no one in these parts is better qualified, by his knowledge of the history of Church bells, and by the interest he takes in the subject, to fill the post. Now, our parish has the honour of providing a worthy successor to these worthy Presidents.

There are two objects, as Mr. Holmes reminded his guests, which we have in view as regards our noble peal of bells. We wish to promote *ringing*, and we wish to promote *chiming*. We would have our excellent Company do their best—once a month at least, Mr. Holmes suggested—to bring out in a merry peal the music of our beautiful bells. But we would also have every Sunday the bells regularly chimed for Divine Service. This, as we were reminded at the dinner, is their first and proper use. They are *Church* bells. Their home is in the *Church* tower. *To call to Church* both those who hear and those who ring them is their first work. Looking round upon his guests, Mr. Holmes said he was sorry to observe that there was not a single ringer in that company who belonged to this parish. He added the wish, which was heartily responded to, that the opening year might furnish at least one Redenhall ringer to the Redenhall Company.

In response to the appeal of the Rector and Churchwardens, the parishioners have kindly contributed this year £3 13s. 4d. for the ringers. In consultation with Mr. Charles Candler, who kindly acts as Secretary to the Redenhall Company, they have decided that one-third of this sum should be retained as an acknowledgment of their services for the chimers, and the remainder given to the ringers.

We much hope that this successful Anniversary may give a fresh impulse to the use of our bells, in both of the directions which we have indicated.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

With their February Magazines our readers will be asked to accept copies of a little tract, entitled *The Upward and the Downward Gaze: A New Year's Thought*. Those who were in the Parish Church on the first Sunday of the year, which was the Feast of the Epiphany, will find that they have heard the substance of it before. It is now offered to the parishioners, with the hearty desire and prayer that the upward gaze of faith and hope and the downward gaze of duty and charity may bring them throughout the opening year, all, and more than all, it tells of. Those who do not take the Magazine may obtain copies of the tract on application to the Rector or the District Visitors.

Darby

7

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

1900. BAPTISM.
Dec. 26. Cecil Robert, son of Edward Harry and Minnie Knights.

1900. MARRIAGES.
Dec. 24. William Arthur Moore and Edith Scarffe.
" 26. Harry Reeder and Amelia Jane Lamb.
" " Robert Charles Grice and Agnes Johnston.
" " Harry Bobbitt and Hannah Dunn.

1900. BURIALS.
Dec. 17. John Grimmer, aged 65 years.
" 29. Florence Hilda Baker Prentice, aged 2 years.
1901.
Jan. 3. Richard Nash, aged 92 years.

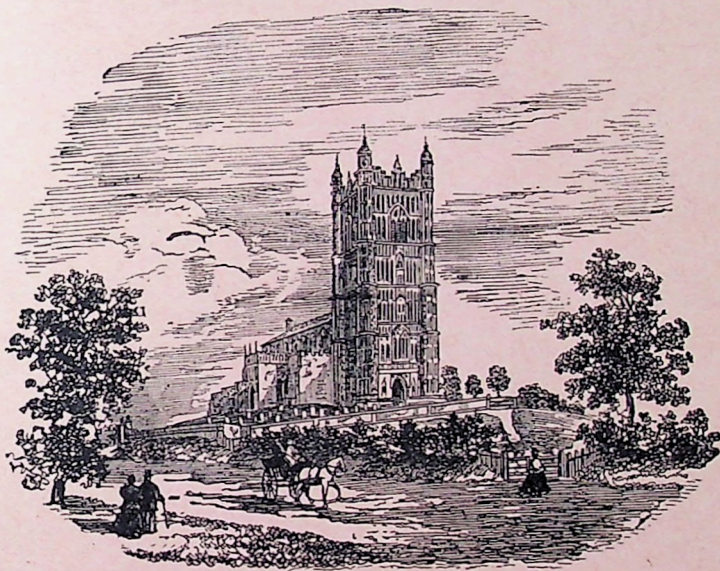
CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR FEBRUARY.

2. Sat. *The Purification.* 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
3. Sun. *Septuagesima.* 3 p.m., Children's Service, St. John's.
6. Wed. C.M.S. Lantern Lecture, Wortwell Schoolroom, 7.30 p.m.
10. Sun. *Sexagesima.* Holy Communion, St. John's, mid-day.
17. Sun. *Quinquagesima.* C.M.S. Annual Sermons in both Churches.
Preacher: Rev. C. Bennett, Missionary of the Society at Hong Kong.
18. Mon. 8 p.m., Annual Meeting of C.M.S., Corn Hall, Harleston. Speaker: Rev. C. Bennett.
20. Wed. *Ash Wednesday.* 11.30 a.m., 8 p.m., Divine Service, St. John's.
24. Sun. *1st in Lent. St. Matthias.* Holy Communion, 8 a.m., St. John's; mid-day, Redenhall.
27. Wed. *Ember Day.*

No. 3.

Danger 9
4
MARCH, 1901.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

QUEEN VICTORIA, Of Blessed and Glorious Memory.

We much regret that our February number had gone to press before the sad intelligence of the death of our loved and honoured Queen reached us. Our readers will feel with us that so momentous an event should not pass without notice in the pages of our Magazine.

It may well be doubted whether the world ever witnessed a spectacle more august in its solemn grandeur, than the long-drawn funeral pageant with which her mortal remains were conveyed from Osborne where she died, to their final resting-place, beside her loved and lamented husband, the late Prince Consort, in the Mausoleum at Frogmore. Certain it is that of no Sovereign could it ever more truly have been said that by her death she "bowed the hearts" of the people of her vast Empire, "as the heart of one man," in deep and genuine sorrow and respect.

It is impossible to add anything in words to the tribute that from all parts of her kingdom and her empire has been paid to her memory and her worth. Something was said on the subject in both our Churches on the Sunday after her death. Never perhaps since it was built has our ancient Parish Church held so large a congregation as that which assembled within its walls on Saturday, February 2nd, to take part in the solemn Memorial Service, on the day of her funeral. Not a few who would fain have joined us were unable to find even standing room. The tolling of our tenor bell, the flag half-mast high on our steeple, the ringing of a muffled peal both on the Sunday and the Saturday, were no empty signs of the real grief that filled our hearts.

God grant that this great event may not pass away without lasting fruit in us and in all the subjects of our late gracious Queen! May we hear His Voice speaking to us in it!

His was the Hand that bestowed the gift upon us; the gift of so good a Queen, of so long a reign, of so vast an empire, of so wonderful a progress and advance; the gift with its great privileges, its great opportunities, its great responsibilities. His was the Hand that took the gift from us; took it, in tender compassion to our Queen, with so little pain, and with almost nothing of the lingering sadness of slow decay; took it in mercy to us, in the bright example of domestic purity and happiness, of devotion to duty, of simple faith in God, which our Queen has left for us to imitate.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord."

Dawley

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CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR MARCH.

3. Sun. *2nd in Lent.* Children's Service, St. John's, 3 p.m.
7. Th. 2.45 p.m., Visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to Norwich. Public Meeting in Agricultural Hall. New Century Fund, City of Norwich.
- " " 8 p.m., Service, St. John's. Preacher: Rev. W. M. Smith, Rector of St. Cross.
10. Sun. *3rd in Lent.* Holy Communion, St. John's, mid-day.
13. Wed. 8 p.m., Service, St. John's. Preacher: Rev. W. M. Smith.
21. Th. 8 p.m., Service, St. John's. Preacher: Rev. W. M. Smith.
25. Mon. *The Annunciation.* 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 11.30 a.m., Children's Service, St. John's.
27. Wed. 8 p.m., Service, St. John's. Preacher: Rev. W. M. Smith.
31. *Sunday next before Easter.* Holy Communion, Redenhall, mid-day.

A course of Lenten Meditations on the Lord's Prayer will be given on Thursdays, February 28th, March 7th; on Wednesday, March 13th; Thursday, March 21st, and Wednesday, March 27th, by our friend and neighbour, the Rev. W. M. Smith. We earnestly hope that many will avail themselves of this devotional and continuous teaching.

The visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury on Thursday, March 7th, is for the purpose of inaugurating a *New Century Fund*, which our Bishop is setting on foot for the purpose of promoting Church work in the Diocese, especially in connection with (a) Foreign Missions, (b) Church Schools, (c) Increased spiritual provision where the population is increasing. The Bishop earnestly asks all who can to attend.

DOVE TRUST ESTATE.

	£ s. d.	1900.		£ s. d.
1900.			1900.	
Jan. By balance in Bank...	0 12 7		Norwich Union Fire	
Feb. G. Nichols, rent due			Premium for 1899...	0 1 10
Mar., 1899 £17 10 0			July. Treasurer Redenhall	
Less Brick-			Schools ...	25 0 0
layer ... 0 7 7			Dec. Charity Commissioners'	
—17 2 5			third instalment on	
Mar. G. Nichols, rent due			account of Loan ...	9 0 0
Lady-day, 1900			Norwich Union Fire	
£17 10 0			Premium, 1900 ...	0 1 10
Less P.T. at 8d.			Balance in Bank ...	0 1 0
£1 0 4				
—16 9 8				
£34 4 8				£34 4 8

Examined and found correct, (Signed) J. SANCROFT HOLMES, Trustees.
(Signed) JOHN PIPE. T. T. PEROWNE,
8th February, 1901.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISM.

1901.
Feb. 3. Stanley Arthur, son of Arthur and Clara Young.

MARRIAGE.

1900.
Oct. 18. (Omitted by mistake.) Ernest Cook and Mary Ann Francis.

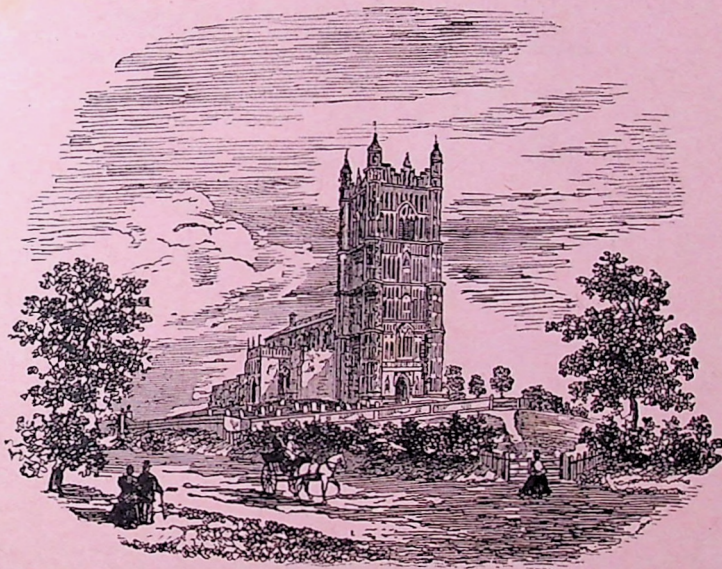
BURIALS.

1901.
Jan. 17. Ada Anne Ellis, aged 33 years.
Feb. 9. Rose Mary Warden, aged 14 years.

No. 4.

APRIL, 1901.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



PRICE ONE PENNY.

14

T. T. PEROWNE, Rector.
J. SANCROFT HOLMES, } Churchwardens.
JOHN PIPE, }

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR APRIL.

1. Mon.
2. Tues.
3. Wed.
4. Th.
5. *Good Friday.* Redenhall: 10.30 a.m., Morning Prayer with Sermon; 3 p.m., Litany with Address. St. John's: 10.30 a.m., Morning Prayer with Sermon; 7 p.m., Evening Prayer with Instruction on Holy Communion.
6. Sat. *Easter Eve.* 10 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
7. *Easter Day.* Holy Communion: 8 a.m., St. John's; 10.30 a.m., Redenhall.
8. *Monday in Easter Week.* 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
9. *Tuesday in Easter Week.* " " " " "
14. Sun. *First after Easter.* Holy Communion, mid-day, St. John's.
25. Th. *St. Mark.* 11.30 a.m., Children's Service, St. John's.
28. Sun. *Third after Easter.* Holy Communion, mid-day, Redenhall.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

1900. BAPTISMS.
Oct. 31. Sybil Jane, daughter of Francis and Margaret Jane Southgate.
1901.
Feb. 24. Lilian Evelyn, daughter of William Elijah and Amelia Bolton Davey.
" 3. Thomas Kenneth, son of John Edward and Augusta Flegg.
Mar. 3. Edith Maud, daughter of James and Laura Frost.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

REDENHALL WITH HARLESTON AND WORTWELL ASSOCIATION.

Collector, MRS. EVERSON.

The Annual Sermons on behalf of the Society were preached in both our churches on Sunday, February 17th, and the Annual Meeting was held in the Corn Hall, Harleston, on the following evening. The Rev. C. Bennett, Missionary of the Society at Hong Kong, was the special preacher, and he also addressed the Meeting, giving very interesting and vivid descriptions of missionary life and work in China.

The following list of contributions for the year ending 31st March, 1901 (the financial year ends on 28th February), shows a considerable falling off, as compared with the previous year. This, however, is largely due to the fact that it was found impossible to hold Mrs. Everson's Sale of Work, which for some years past has added considerably to our total of contributions.

We also print the subscription list of our Juvenile Association. The total in this case, we are happy to announce, is the largest that has been received since 1895. The

Dancey 15

money so raised is sent direct to Bishop Moule for his Mid-China Mission, to be devoted to the support of a patient in his hospital.

1900.			£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
Nov. 30.	Intercession Day (Half Collection)	...	0	2	10	Goodrum, Miss	0	2	6
1901.						Gedney, Mrs.	0	2	0
Feb. 5.	Lantern Lecture at Wortwell	0	11	11 ³ / ₄	Goddard, Rev. G. H. G.	0	2	6
" 17.	Sermons	5	13	1 ³ / ₄	Haynes, Mrs.	0	1	0
" 18.	Meeting at Corn Hall	...	1	8	0	Hammond, Mrs.	0	2	0
Annual Subscriptions—						Hobson Miss	0	2	0
Candler, Mr. J.	1	1	0	Jex, Mrs.	0	2	0
Curl Brothers	0	5	0	Knights, Mrs. H.	0	2	0
Cracknell, Miss	0	5	0	Miles, Mrs. Geo.	0	1	0
Durrant, Mrs.	0	10	0	Norman, Mrs.	0	1	0
Everson, Mr.	1	1	0	Poll, Mr.	0	1	0
In Memoriam	0	12	0	Perfitt, Mrs.	0	1	0
Lyus, Miss	0	10	0	Robinson, Miss M.	0	1	0
Perowne, Archdeacon	3	3	0	Rayner, Mrs., senr.	0	1	0
Pipe, Mr. J.	0	5	0	Rayner, Mrs. A.	0	1	0
Robinson, Mrs. Reynolds	0	5	0	Roberts, Mrs.	0	2	0
Small sums	0	4	6	Rouse, Mr.	0	1	0
Allured, Mrs.	0	1	0	Reeve, Mrs.	0	1	0
A Gift	0	1	6	Stebbing, Mr. and Mrs.	0	2	0
A Gift	0	1	0	Self, Mrs. George	0	2	0
Anon.	0	1	6	Southgate, Mrs.	0	1	0
Aldous, Mrs.	0	1	0	Vincent, Mrs.	0	1	0
Bond, Mrs. R.	0	2	6	Whitely, Miss	0	2	0
Brown, Mrs.	0	1	0	Youngman, Mrs.	0	2	6
Borrett, Mrs. R.	0	1	0				£19	3	5 ¹ / ₂
Buck, Mrs.	0	1	0	Boxes—					
Bradley, Mrs.	0	1	0	Brook, Mrs.	0	1	11 ³ / ₄
Brock, Mrs. O.	0	1	0	Clark, Rose	0	2	7 ¹ / ₂
Chappell, Mrs.	0	2	0	Everson, Mrs.	0	3	6
Crisp, Miss Louisa	0	2	6	" Class	0	13	6 ¹ / ₂
Cocking, Mr.	0	1	0	Goodrum, Miss	0	5	8 ¹ / ₄
Coker, Mrs.	0	1	0	Girls' School, Redenhall	0	5	11 ¹ / ₂
Churchyard, Mr.	0	2	6	Lynch, Annie	0	4	0
Durrant, Mrs. G.	0	2	0	Palmer, Mrs.	0	1	0
Dowling, Mrs.	0	1	0	Pendlebury, Mrs.	0	2	7
Estecourt, Mrs.	0	1	0	Prentice, Miss	0	7	1
Engledow, Mrs.	0	1	0	Rectory	0	8	10
Fuller, Mrs. T. P.	0	1	0				£2	16	9 ¹ / ₂

JUVENILE ASSOCIATION.

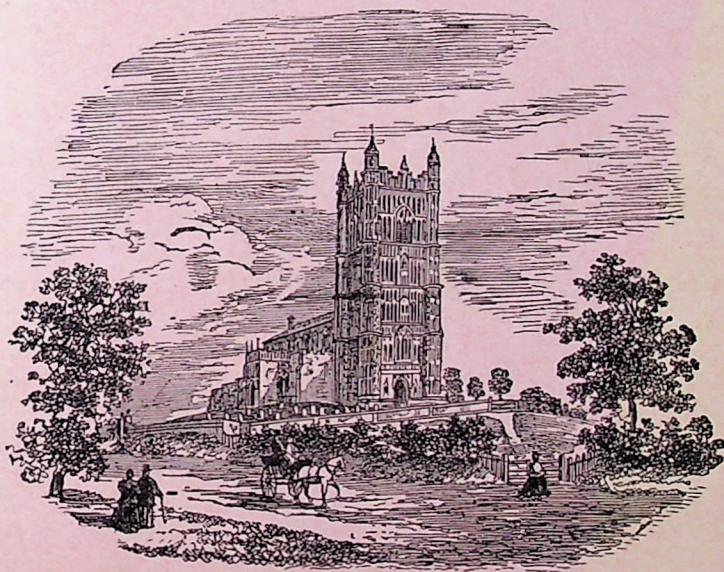
Collector, MISS NUTHALL.

			£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
Bradley, Alice	0	7	1 ¹ / ₂	Nuthall, V.	0	1	9
Boys' Bible Class	0	1	6	Redenhall Bible Class	0	3	9 ¹ / ₄
Balls, George	0	2	1 ¹ / ₄	Rayner, Marion...	0	4	2 ¹ / ₂
Baillie's Miss, Pupils	0	6	8	Small sums	0	1	1
Children's Service	3	1	10						
Chappell, Miss E.	0	3	1 ¹ / ₂				£7	7	6 ¹ / ₂
Hall's, Mr., Pupils	2	14	4 ¹ / ₂						

No. 5.

MAY 1901.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



PRICE ONE PENNY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

1901.

BAPTISMS.

- Mar. 31. Marion Louisa, daughter of Robert Charles and Florence Mabel Dowling.
 April 17. Frederick Ernest, son of Dennis and Emma Edwards.

MARRIAGE.

- April 8. Walter Notley and Jessie Reeve.

BURIALS.

- April 6. Emily Henniker, aged 87 years.
 „ 12. Anna Gissing, aged 75 years.
 „ 13. George Gowing, aged 74 years.

EASTER DAY.

We are thankful to record a bright and happy Easter Festival. Both churches were beautifully decorated. The congregations were good. There were eighty-five communicants at St. John's, 8 a.m., and eighty-seven at Redenhall, at midday. The offertories, which were given by request of the Bishop to the Queen Victoria Clergy Sustentation Fund, amounted to £2 6s. 5d. at St. John's and £3 8s. 1d. at Redenhall. Total, £5 14s. 6d.

We are thankful also that the attendance at the special week-day services in Lent and at all the services on Good Friday showed improvement.

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR MAY.

1. W. *St. Philip and St. James.* 8 a.m., Holy Communion, St. John's.
5. S. *Fourth after Easter.* 3 p.m., Children's Service, St. John's.
12. S. *Fifth after Easter.* Holy Communion, St. John's, mid-day.
16. Th. *The Ascension Day.* St. John's, 8 a.m., Holy Communion; Redenhall, 7 p.m., Evening Prayer with Sermon.
26. S. *Whitsunday.* Holy Communion: 8 a.m., St. John's; midday, Redenhall.
27. M. *Monday in Whitsun-week.* 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
28. Tu. *Tuesday in Whitsun-week.* 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.

HARLESTON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

A Cottagers' Show will be held, by kind permission of Mr. Hazard, in the grounds of Caltofts, Harleston, on Thursday, July 18th.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

REDENHALL WITH HARLESTON AND WORTWELL, 1900.

£ s. d.				£ s. d.			
<i>Sermons—</i>				Holmes, Mr. J. S.	3 0 0
Harleston	3 8 3½	Holmes, Mrs.	0 10 0
Redenhall	4 10 5½	Jex, Mrs.	0 2 0
<i>Intercession Day—</i>				Lyus, Mr. G. O....	0 10 0
(Moieties)...	0 2 10	Lyus, Miss	0 10 0
<i>By Subscriptions—</i>				Nuthall, Mr.	0 4 0
Aldous, Miss	0 5 0	Perowne, Ven. Archdeacon	2 2 0
Bradley, Mrs.	0 2 0	Roberts, Mrs.	0 2 0
Bond, Mrs. R. W.	0 1 0	Robinson, Mrs. J. C. R.	0 5 0
Buck, Mrs.	0 1 0	Robinson, Miss. M.	0 2 6
Candler, Mrs. G.	0 10 0	Small sums	0 1 0
Cracknell, Miss...	0 2 6	<i>By Boxes—</i>			
Crisp, Miss L.	0 2 6	A Box	0 2 6
Durrant, Mrs.	0 2 6	Borrett, Mrs. (the late)...	0 3 4½
Durrant, Mrs. G.	0 2 0	Youngman, Miss	0 8 10½
Estcourt, Mrs.	0 1 0	Rectory	0 17 2
Everson, Mrs.	0 2 6				
Gedney, Mrs. F....	0 2 0				
Hazard, Mr. W. H.	1 1 0				
				Total £19 17 0			

Dawley

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LONDON SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE JEWS.
CONTRIBUTIONS IN THE PARISH OF REDENHALL WITH HARLESTON AND WORTWELL,
1900-1901.

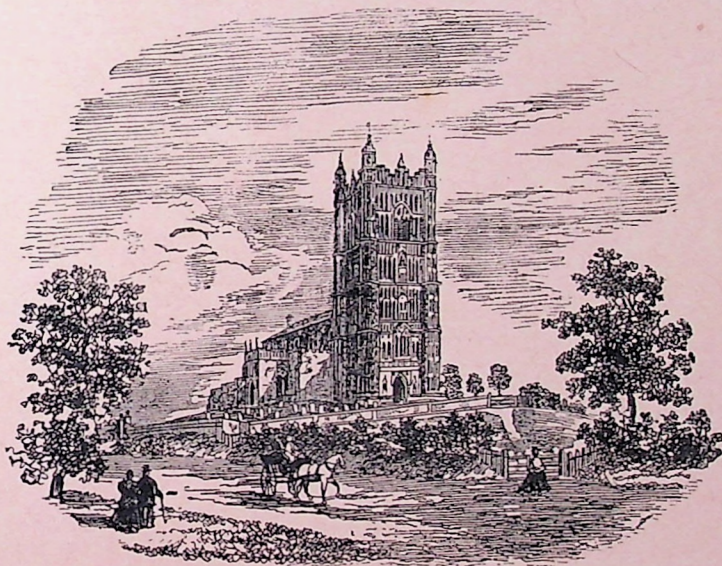
Secretary, THE RECTOR. Collector, MRS. PENDLEBURY.

Secretary, THE RECTORY, COLTON, LIN.				£ s. d.			
Subscriptions—							
Aldis, Mrs.	0 1 0	Miles, Mrs. F.	0 1 0
Baillie, Mrs.	0 1 0	Miles, Mrs. J.	0 1 0
Bradley, Mrs.	0 1 0	Nuthall, Mrs.	0 1 0
Broughton, Mrs.	0 1 0	Osborne, Mr.	0 1 0
Brown, Mrs.	0 1 0	Perowne, Archdeacon	1 1 0
Buck, Mrs.	0 1 0	Pipe, Miss	0 1 0
Buckingham, Mrs.	0 1 0	Pratt, Mrs.	0 1 0
Churchyard, Mr.	0 1 0	Roberts, Mrs.	0 1 0
Cordwell, Mrs.	0 1 0	Robinson, Miss	0 1 0
Cracknell, Miss	0 1 0	Shibley, Mrs.	0 1 0
Crisp, Miss	0 2 0	Stebbings, Mrs.	0 1 0
Dade, Mr.	0 1 0	Waveney House School	0 2 9
Durrant, Mrs.	0 1 0	Wilson, Mrs.	0 1 0
Engledow, Mrs.	0 1 0	Small sums	0 8 9
Everson, Mrs.	0 2 6	Boxes—			
Friend, A	0 1 0	Bank	0 4 0½
Friend, A	0 1 0	Crisp, Miss	0 5 8
Goddard, Rev. G. H.	0 2 6	Rectory	0 7 10
Lyus, Miss	0 2 6				
				£4 5 6½			

Darney
Budy 6
17.9 21
No. 6.

JUNE, 1901.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

1901.

BAPTISMS.

- April 19. Albert Edward, son of John and Emma Bond.
 " 28. Lottie, daughter of Albert Edward and Lottie Saunders.
 May 5. Richard Sidney, son of Albert Edward and Sally Rumsby.
 " " Lily Rosa, daughter of William and Eliza Meadows.
 " " Edith Elizabeth, daughter of William and Eliza Meadows.
 " 20. Kathleen Elizabeth Margaret, daughter of Hugh Clarke Ewing and Catherine May McCulloch.
 " " Minnie, daughter of James and Amelia Dowling.

BURIALS.

- April 27. Harriett Aldous, aged 88 years.
 May 18. Ellen Maria Staff, aged 31 years.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

A Tea was given to the candidates of this Society in our parish, on Saturday, May 25, in the Girls' Schoolroom, and was followed by a sale of work done and flowers collected by them. There was a good attendance, and very pleasant time we had of it. The sum of £2 5s. 5d. was realized, the balance of which, after defraying some necessary expenses, will go to the fund for providing a summer holiday for hard-worked members of the Society.

THE CENSUS.

The following are the results of the census of 1901, so far as our own parish is concerned. The population of Redenhall with Harleston is returned as 2,001, as against 2,008 at the last census; or a decrease of two in the ten years. In Wortwell, however, there has been a decrease of no fewer than eighty-four in the same period, the population now being only 393, as against 477 in 1891. So far as we know, this decrease is due not to a falling off in the number of families living in Wortwell (there are few, if any, empty houses), but to the fact that the families are smaller. In not a few cases, large families of children have grown up and gone out into the world, while their place has not been taken by families of equal or similar size.

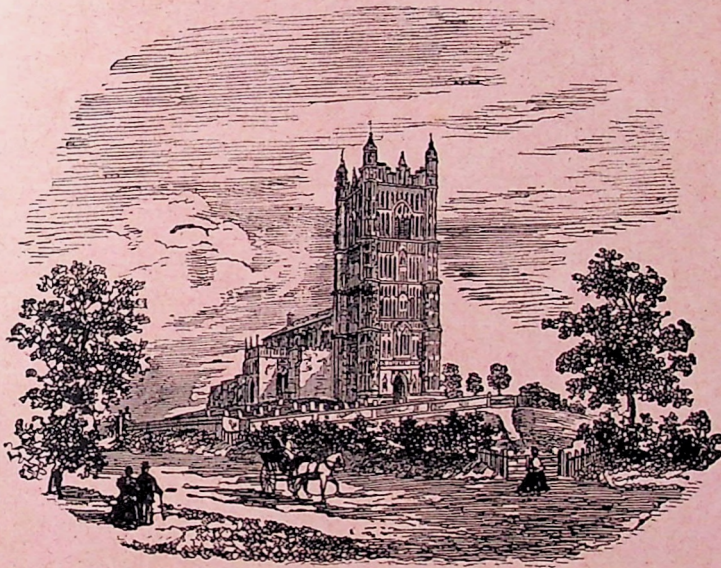
CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR JUNE.

2. S. *Trinity Sunday.* Holy Communion, Parish Church, 8 a.m.
 9. S. *First after Trinity.* Holy Communion, St. John's, midday.
 11. Tu. *St. Barnabas.* Day Schools re-assemble. Children's Service, St. John's, 11.30 a.m.
 16. S. *Second after Trinity.* Annual Sermons on behalf of S.P.G.; this day being the anniversary of the formation of the Society 200 years ago. Holy Communion, St. John's, 8 a.m.
 18. Tu. Visitation of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese for Clergy, Cathedral, Norwich.
 19. W. " " Churchwardens, " "
 24. M. *St. John Baptist.* " 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
 29. Sa. *St. Peter.* 11.15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
 30. S. *Fourth after Trinity.* Holy Communion, Redenhall, midday.

No. 7.

JULY, 1901.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTER.

BURIALS.

- June 1. Robert Boulter, aged 65 years.
 „ 2. Joanna Rush, aged 51 years.

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR JULY.

7. S. *Fifth after Trinity*. 10.30 a.m., Benefit Societies' Hospital Sermon, Redenhall. Preacher: The Rector. 3 p.m., Children's Service, St. John's.
 14. S. *Sixth after Trinity*. Holy Communion, midday, St. John's.
 18. Th. Harleston Horticultural Society's Cottagers' Show, at Caltofts, by permission of Mr. Hazard.
 25. Th. *St. James*. Girls' Friendly Society Festival. 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 11.30 a.m., Children's Service, St. John's.
 28. S. *Eighth after Trinity*. Holy Communion, midday, Redenhall.

N.B.—The Sunday School Festival will be held on Friday, August 2. The Day Schools will break up on that day for the harvest holidays, and will re-assemble on Monday, September 9.

REPORTS OF DIOCESAN INSPECTOR.

REDENHALL GIRLS.

The children in all the Standards passed a good Examination in all subjects, and showed a very good knowledge of the Scripture Subjects. The written work of some of the girls in the Upper Division was good, but most of the written work was wanting in accuracy, and needs attention, and apparently more practice. All the Repetition was very good. The following children answered particularly well:—

STANDARD VI.

Lila Clarke (Prize).
 Kathleen Cook (Certificate).
 Olive Wighton (Certificate).
 Gertrude Barber.
 Rose Webb.
 Edith Goffin.
 Rose Clark.

STANDARD V.

Ethel Taylor (Prize).
 Bertha Evans (Certificate).
 Beatrice Bussey (Certificate).
 Gertrude Vincent.
 Bessie Button.

STANDARD IV.

Laura Denny (Prize).
 Bessie Keeley (Certificate).
 N. Tidnam (Certificate).
 Katie Hives.

STANDARD III.

May Hatton (Prize).
 Lucy Frost (Certificate).
 Elsie Calver (Certificate).
 Ida Lewis.
 Emily Turner.
 Rosa Frost.

STANDARD II.

Gertie Feek (Prize).
 Ada Perfitt (Certificate).
 Edith Aldrich (Certificate).
 Hetty Colman.
 May Peck.
 Ethel Ward.

STANDARD I.

Agnes Gardner (Prize).
 Nellie Todd (Certificate).
 Daisy Southgate (Certificate).
 Ethel Sadler.
 Violet Prentice.
 May Murton.

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REDENHALL INFANTS.

The children in both the 1st and 2nd Classes answered very well and said their Repetition accurately and intelligently.

The following children deserve commendation :—

FIRST CLASS.

Harry Perfitt (Prize).
Davis Mason (Certificate).
James Albert Rumsby (Certificate).
Louie Bugg.
Gracie Bryant.
Percy Eldridge.
Bertie Lamb.

SECOND CLASS.

Frederick Tidnam (Prize).
Wilfred Drake (Certificate).
Roland Sadler (Certificate).
Joseph Browning.
Harry Shanks.
Renold Goshawk.

EVENING SCHOOL.

The following is the report of H.M. Inspector on our Boys' Evening Continuation School for last winter's session.

"The attendances fell after Christmas, but the regular scholars continue to do good work."

We cannot compliment our Harleston lads on a report like this. What it means is, that the School is a good one, that the managers do their part in providing it and the teachers in conducting it, but that many of the scholars do not sufficiently value the advantages offered them, and do not take enough interest in their work, to carry through what they undertake. It is disappointing—a great show of blossom, but little fruit coming of it. It is not the way to prosper and get on in life.

OUR DAY SCHOOLS.

The reports of the Diocesan Inspector given above on the Redenhall Girls' and Infants' Schools are very satisfactory. At the date of our going to press his visits to the Redenhall Boys' School and to the Wortwell School have not been made. We hope to give his reports on these Schools in our next number.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

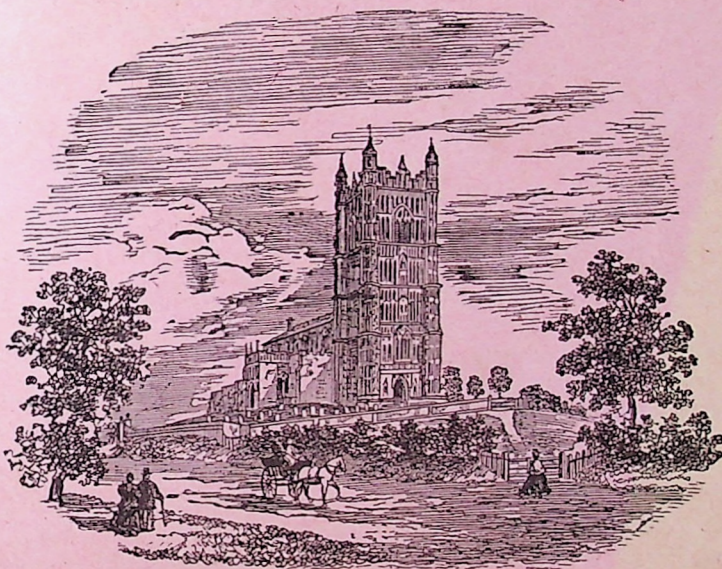
The Annual Sermons in aid of the Society were preached in both our Churches on Sunday, June 16. The preacher at St. John's in the evening was the Rev. A. Pagan, Rector of Alburgh. The collections amounted to £4 5s. 2d. at Redenhall, and £3 5s. 6d. at St. John's, making a total of £7 10s. 8d.

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No. 8.

AUGUST, 1901.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



PRICE ONE PENNY.

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THE LATE MRS. HOPPER.

On the first of last month, there passed away one who for nearly 82 years had been a conspicuous figure in the life of the parish of Starston and its neighbourhood. Mrs. Hopper came of an old East Anglian family, her father being the Rev. John Holmes, of Gawdy Hall, who died in 1831, her mother, Mrs. Anne Holmes, who attained the age of 93 and died in 1877. Born the same year as the Queen, she married in 1847 the Rev. A. M. Hopper, Rector of Starston, by whom she had six children, four living to grow up. Starston Rectory for many years was the scene of pleasant gatherings, and particularly so for the young people of the neighbourhood. Mr. Hopper, as Archdeacon of Norwich, was very popular amongst the clergy of the diocese, as he was amongst his many friends and neighbours, his good sense and sound judgment being highly valued and appreciated; he also rendered valuable services as a magistrate and guardian of the poor. On his death in 1878, Mrs. Hopper moved to Grove Hill, only a few hundred yards and there for 23 years continued the good work she had previously carried out at the Rectory. Devoted to Starston as the parish of her adoption, and to Redenhall as that of her birth, she acquired an intimate knowledge of the history and belongings of nearly every person in the neighbourhood, and took a sincere and genuine interest in their well-being, to the very last hours of her life. Living in a quiet and unostentatious way, she occupied herself in visiting and helping her poorer neighbours, by whom she will be very greatly missed. She took a lively interest in the schools, of which she was one of the managers, and generally helped and assisted in all the many and useful works of the parish and neighbourhood. Blessed with a wonderful constitution, she till quite recently was a remarkable walker, and was constantly to be seen on her daily outing, stepping with a lightness of foot and a quickness of pace which were the envy and admiration of many only half her age. On July 4th, amidst signs of universal sorrow and respect, her remains were carried the short distance to the Church, and momentarily rested under the beautiful lych-gate, a memorial erected by herself to the late Archdeacon, and thence to their final resting-place beside her husband. The funeral service was taken by Archdeacon Perowne, assisted by the Rev. Spencer Fellows, Rural Dean. On Sunday evening last Archdeacon Perowne preached an eloquent sermon to a full congregation, taking for his text Hebrews xiii. 7, "Whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation,," dwelling upon the "reality" and the "faith," characteristic features of Mrs. Hopper's life.

The Rev. Edmund Hopper, the eldest surviving son, is the present rector of Starston. Anthony, her youngest son, died for his country last year in South Africa, having gone there as a volunteer from Ceylon, where he had been engaged for many years as a planter.—J.S.H.

Dawery

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EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

1901. June 22—Edward Albert, son of George and Emmeline Blogg.
 " " 22—Dorothy Jessie, daughter of James Herbert and Kate Leggett.
 " " 22—Joyce Winifred, daughter of Christopher Claydon and Julia Hall.
 " " 22—Lilian Alice, daughter of Samuel Ernest and Mary Jane Aldous.
 " " 22—Cyril Edward, son of Walter and Eliza Pearce.
 " " 22—Beatrice Ivy, daughter of Walter and Eliza Pearce.
 " " 22—Hector Donald, son of George and Elizabeth Reeve.
 " " 22—Arthur Edward, son of James and Emma Vincent Taylor.
 " " 22—Bessie, daughter of James and Emma Vincent Taylor.
 " " 22—Ethel Hilda, daughter of James and Emma Vincent Taylor.
 " " 22—Alfred Leonard, son of James and Emma Vincent Taylor.
 July 7—Mary Julia, daughter of Arthur and Mary Anne Jay.

MARRIAGE.

- July 16—William Cooper and Eliza Norman.

BURIAL.

- June 19—John Woodrow, aged 87 years.

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR AUGUST.

- 2—Friday. Sunday School Festival, at Rectory.
 4—Sunday. *Ninth after Trinity.* There will be no Children's Service.
 11—Sunday. *Tenth after Trinity.* Holy Communion, St. John's, Mid-day.
 24—Saturday. *St. Bartholomew.* 11-15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
 25—Sunday. *Twelfth after Trinity.* Holy Communion, Redenhall, Mid-day.

MOTHERS' UNION.

The Festival of our Parochial Branch of this useful Society was held at the Rectory, on Thursday, June 20th. There was a goodly attendance of 83 members, and a most helpful and interesting address was given by Mrs. Sidney Pelham. Canon Pelham, who had promised to preach the sermon in Church, was prevented to our great disappointment from fulfilling his engagement. His place was taken by the Rector, who chose for his subject, "The Healing of the springs of Family Life."—2 Kings ii. 21.

SOCIETY FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Meeting of the Children's Union of this Society was held at the Rectory on Saturday, July 6th. There was a capital attendance, and excellent Addresses by the Rev. — Baldwin, Clerical Secretary of the Society, and by our old friend, Mr. E. T. Dowson, of Geldeston.

The following is a list of the contributions by cards and boxes, in addition to garments worked by some of the children:—

	£	s.	d.
Nellie, Jessie, and Nora Raynor	1	7	2
Marjorie Allured	11	6	
Hannah Browning	4	3	
Leonard Mann	5	0	
Jack Wilson	3	4½	
Reggie Poll	1	0	
Lombe Durrant	7	4	
Isabella Hall	6	0½	
Edith Mary Johnson	2	4	
Emily Davey	2	0	

£3 10 0

OUR DAY SCHOOLS.

According to promise we follow the Reports of the Diocesan Inspector on the Girls' and Infants' Schools, given in our last number, by his Reports on the Boys' School and the Wortwell School:—

"In the UPPER DIVISION the Boys showed a good knowledge of the Old and New Testament subjects, but, except amongst a few boys in the 6th Standard, the explanation of the Catechism and the Prayer Book was somewhat deficient. Most of the WRITTEN WORK showed a marked improvement on last year.

"The Boys in the LOWER DIVISION answered very fairly, but care is needed about greater accuracy and more general answering. The REPETITION throughout the School was good.

"A list of those who deserve Commendation is appended.

"(Signed) RALPH H. SNEYD,

"Diocesan Inspector."

Standard VI.—Arthur Bush, pr.; Fred Wood, c.; Robert Southgate, c.; R. Blackwood.

Standard V.—Fred Barber, pr.; W. Titlow, c.; Harold Day, c.; Alfred Barnard; Alfred Flegg; Fred Goffin; V. Hatton.

Standard IV.—Jasper Lewis, pr.; Fred Scarff, c.; Frank Page, c.; L. Dashwood; G. Dove; A. Dove; W. Durrant.

Standard III.—A. E. Stannard, pr.; Percy Button, c.; Ernest Brett, c.; Arthur Todd; Albert Cooke.

Standard II.—Fred Denny, pr.; Frank Dade, c.; Percy Stannard, c.; Verna Alderton.

Standard I.—Arthur Samson, pr.; Harold Bradley, c.; Thos. Sayer, c.; Frank Vincent; Geo. Coleman.

WORTWELL.

"I have much pleasure in reporting that the School has again passed a very good Examination in all subjects, and that the Written Work was most creditable. A list is appended of children who deserve special Commendation.

"(Signed) RALPH H. SNEYD,

"Diocesan Inspector."

Standards V. and IV.—Rose Osborne, pr.; Dorothy Lewin, c.; Ellen Greenard, c.; Ethel Rackham; Kate Meen; Harold Rackham; Alice Howlett, c.

Standard III.—Harry Rouse, pr.; John Blogg, pr.; Lucy Leggett, c.; Eva Henery, c.

Standard II.—Lucy Osborne, pr.; Edward Howlett, c.; Violet Aldous, c.; Thomas Foster; John Sharman; George Foster.

Standard I.—Emma Henery, pr.; Stanley Skinner, c.; Bessie Whiting, c.; Frank Canham, c.; George Smith; Percy Markwell.

Infants.—Herbert Whiting, pr.; Milicent Aldous, c.; Ethel Taylor, c.; Fred Greenard; Annie Blogg.

On Monday, July 15th, Mrs. Sancroft Holmes very kindly distributed the Prizes and Certificates to the children who had gained them. After expressing the pleasure which it gave her to visit the Schools for that purpose, and to hear so good a report of their progress in Religious Knowledge, Mrs. Holmes left with the children a little word, which she trusted they would remember, on the great importance and happiness of keeping God's Holy Day holy, and using it for the high purposes for which it was given us.

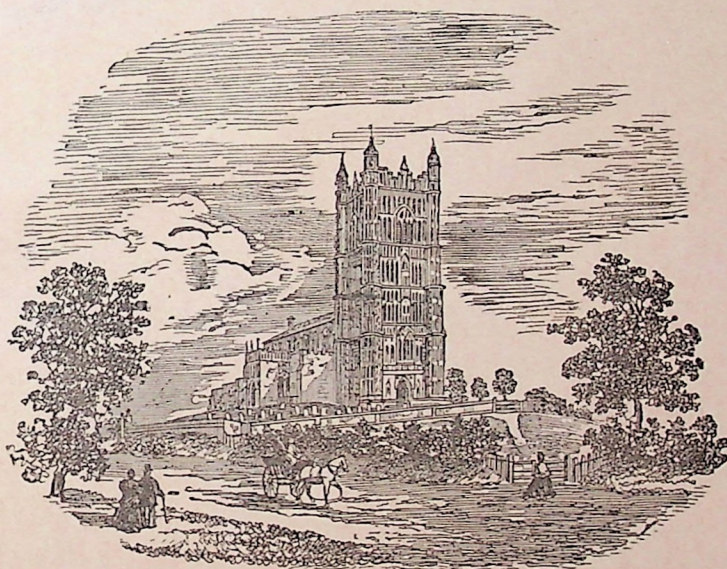
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No. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



PRICE ONE PENNY.

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CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.

- 1 Sun. *Thirteenth after Trinity.* There will not be a Children's Service at St. John's.
- 8 Sun. *Fourteenth after Trinity.* Holy Communion, St. John's, Mid-day.
- 9 Mon. Day Schools re-assemble after harvest holidays.
- 10 Tues. Show of Waveney Valley Agricultural Association at Harleston.
- 18 Wed. *Ember Day.*
- 20 Fri. *Ember Day.*
- 21 Sat. *St. Matthew.* 11-15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.
- 22 Sun. *Sixteenth after Trinity.* Harvest Thanksgiving Festival.
- 29 Sun. *Seventeenth after Trinity.* *St. Michael and All Angels.* Holy Communion, 8 a.m., St. John's; Mid-day, Redenhall.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

- July 7—Leonard Charles, son of Ernest and Mary Annie Cook.
- Aug. 11—Arthur, son of Herbert and Alice Websdale.
- 11—Iris Mary, daughter of Walter and Mary Ann Plummer.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

The Annual Festival of the Harleston Branch was held on Thursday, July 25th. At the 8 a.m. Service at St. John's, there were 26 Communicants. At the 3 p.m. Service there was a large attendance of Members and Associates. The Address was given by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, who, without formally announcing it as his text, took as the summary of his Address the words, "Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised."—Proverbs xxxi. 30. The large party was entertained at tea at Gawdy Hall; by kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Sancroft Holmes. A very helpful Address was given by Miss Whitley, the deputation speaker, and a very pleasant evening was spent. The offertories at the two Services, amounting to £2 14s. 4d., were sent to the G.F.S. Queen Victoria Memorial Fund, part of which will be given to the National Memorial Fund, and the remainder to the Society's Fund for making grants to Incurable members.

In this connection it is interesting to mention that two working members have again this summer been brought down to Harleston this year, by the contributions of our Branch, for a much-needed holiday, and have spent a very happy time amongst us.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

Our Festival this year was held as usual at the Rectory on Friday, Aug. 2nd. The weather was all that could be desired, and we are thankful to record a Festival in every way successful.

Dancy 23 REDENHALL WITH HARLESTON.

CHURCH SUBSCRIPTIONS, 1901.

DR.					CR.
	£	s.	d.		£ s. d.
Balance from Special Offertories	0	8	10	July 14th, 1900, Gas Company	4 17 6
March 25th, 1901, Offertory from Arch-				Oct. 19th, 1900, Gas Company	2 12 7
deacon Perowne	10	0	0	Jan. 9th, 1901, Gas Company	3 15 3
March 25th, 1900, Offertory from Arch-				April 9th, 1901, Gas Company	5 16 8
deacon Perowne	9	18	6	" " Coke for St. John's	
Subscriptions from Parishioners	70	19	6	Church	10 10 0
Balance	30	6	7	" " Coke for Redenhall	
				Church	8 7 8
				July 14th, 1900, Mr. Woodrow, Sweep	0 5 0
				July 20th, 1900, Mr. Evans, Work at	
				St. John's	0 16 9
				Aug. 10th, 1900, Insurance	4 8 10
				Feb. 5th, 1901, Mr. W. Webb	0 11 3
				Feb. 6th, 1901, Mr. A. Rayner.....	2 16 6
				Feb. 6th, 1901, Mrs. A. Rayner.....	0 17 6
				March 2nd, 1901—	
				Mr. Whiting, Killing Moles	0 5 0
				Mr. Symonds, Wood	0 2 2
				Mrs. Chappell	0 9 11
				Mr. J. A. Everson	2 5 0
				Mr. F. A. Gedney	1 11 8½
				Mr. Muskett	0 7 4½
				Messrs. Nuthall and Co.	0 5 10
				Subscriptions promised last year	
				(not paid)	0 10 0
				Mr. Rayson, Tuning Organ	4 10 0
				Cheque Book	0 1 0
				Labour for drain at Churchyard ...	5 6 2
				Pipes for drain at Churchyard	2 8 9
				Allured, Organist at St. John's ...	5 0 0
				Potter, blowing Organ at St.	
				John's	1 0 0
				Mr. Borrett, Collecting	1 0 0
				Mr. Evans, Clerk at St. John's ...	3 10 0
				Mr. Evans, Attending to Furnace	1 10 0
				Mr. Evans, Cleaning Churchyard	0 15 0
				Mr. Dowling, Clerk	16 0 0
				Mr. Dowling, Attending Furnace	
				(Redenhall)	2 0 0
				Mr. Dowling, Extra for Cleaning	
				Churches	0 10 0
				Miss Gambrill, Organist	25 0 0
				Mr. Aldous, Blowing Organ	
				(Redenhall)	1 10 0

£121 13 5

£121 13 5

EASTER, 1901.

THE RECTOR AND CHURCHWARDENS OF REDENHALL WITH HARLESTON AND HAMLET OF WORTWELL.

Income Account.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Aldous, Mr. W.,	0	5	0	Hall, Mr. C. C.	0	10	0
Aldous, Miss	1	1	0	Hammond, Mrs.; Cracknell, Miss	0	5	0
Allured, G. A.	0	3	0	Hall, Mr. H.	0	2	0
Aldis, Mr. T.	0	1	0	Hobson, Miss	0	2	0
Buckingham, Mr. H.	0	5	0	Jex, Mrs.	1	1	0
Broughton, Mr. E. J.	0	10	0	Jackson, Mr. S.	1	0	0
Baillie, Miss	0	10	0	Knight, Mr. R.	0	2	6
Buck, Mr. C. R.	0	2	6	Keely, Mr. G.	0	2	6
Brock, Mr. O.	0	5	0	Lyus, Mr. Geo.	4	0	0
Brown, Miss	0	3	0	Lyus, Miss	1	0	0
Browning, Mr.	0	1	0	Miles, Mr. J. R.	0	10	0
Bradley, Mr. A.	0	5	0	Mothersol, Mr. H.	0	10	0
Balls, Mrs.	0	2	0	Mann, Mr. P.	0	5	0
Barclay and Co., Ltd.	2	2	0	Nuthall, Mr.	1	1	0
Baillie, Mr. W. K.	0	2	6	Norman, Mr. G.	0	1	0
Borrett, Mr. F.	0	10	0	Norman, Mrs.	0	2	0
Baillie, Mr. F.	0	5	0	Poll, Mr. W. H.	0	7	6
Buckingham, Mr. M. H., Junr.	0	2	0	Perowne, Ven. Archdeacon	10	0	0
Coker, Mr. J.	0	1	0	Pipe, Mr. J.	4	0	0
Churchyard, Mr. A. E.	0	10	0	Perfitt, Mr. J. L.	0	2	6
Chappell, Mrs. E.	1	1	0	Provincial Bank	0	10	0
Curl, Messrs.	1	1	0	Prime, Mr. F.	0	1	0
Colls, Mrs.	0	2	0	Prentice, Mrs.	0	2	6
Crisp, Miss Louisa	1	1	0	Robinson, Mr. G.	0	3	0
Crisp, Miss Anna	0	6	0	Robinson, Miss	0	3	0
Cann, Mrs. T.	0	10	0	Robinson, Miss M.	0	3	0
Caudwell, Mr. W.	0	5	0	Rayner, Mr. A. F.	0	5	0
Candler, Mr. G.	1	1	0	Rayner, Mrs.	0	1	0
Cann, Miss	0	7	6	Roberts, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Donnison, Miss	0	10	0	Robinson, Mr. R.	1	1	0
Durrant, Mr. G.	1	0	0	Reeve, Mr. G.	0	2	0
Dowling, Mr.	0	5	0	Stebbing, Mr. G.	0	5	0
Durrant, Mrs. G.	1	1	0	Smith, Mr. W. R.	0	10	0
Everson, Mr. J. A.	3	3	0	Smith, Mr. Saml.	0	7	6
Engleow, Mrs.	0	5	0	Southgate, Mr. F.	0	2	6
Fuller, Mr. T. P.	0	5	0	Warnes, Mr. G.	0	5	0
Gedny, Mr. F. A.	1	1	0	Whitear, Miss	5	0	0
Gambrill, Miss	0	5	0	Woods, Mr. C.	0	10	0
Gill, Mr. R.	0	10	0	Wills, Mr. F.	0	2	6
Goodrum, Miss	0	5	0	Woodhouse, Mr. L.	0	5	0
Garth, Col.	1	10	0	Youngman, Mr. G. W.	0	10	0
Gilman, Mr. C.	0	0	6	Youngs, Mrs.	1	0	0
Green, Mrs.	0	2	6	Yallop, Mr. H. J.	0	5	0
Grimmer, Mrs. A. H.	0	5	0				
Holmes, Mr. J. S.	10	0	0				
					£70	19	6

REDENHALL RINGERS' FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Contributions received	3	14	6	Collection	0	6	0
				Ringers	2	5	0
				Chimers	1	3	6
					£3	14	6

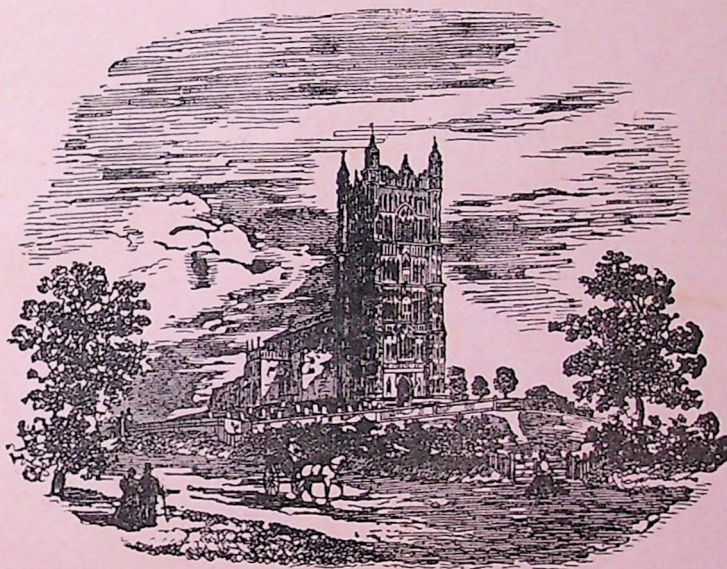
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No. 10.

OCTOBER, 1901.

THE
REDENHALL, HARLESTON
AND
WORTWELL
PARISH MAGAZINE.



— — — — —
PRICE ONE PENNY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISM.

Sept. 18—Dorothy Jane, daughter of Charles and Martha Gowing.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 19—Russell Riches and Edith Victoria Woodrow.

24—Edward William Borrett and Beatrice Maud Flegg.

26—Richard Stanley James Slipper and Helena Adine Nuthall.

BURIALS.

Aug. 20—John Sidney Valiant, aged 3 days.

Sept. 4—William Wright, aged 86 years.

16—Mary Alsager Jacobs, aged 88 years.

EVENING CONTINUATION SCHOOL.

This School will be opened for the coming winter session on Monday, September 30th, and will be held on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday Evenings in the Boys' School at Harleston. The fee for attendance is 1d. weekly.

The Managers have made all necessary arrangements with Board of Education and with the Norfolk County Council, and they earnestly hope that those for whose benefit the School is intended will avail themselves of the opportunity which it affords them, both of keeping up and increasing their stock of general knowledge, and of acquiring knowledge of special useful and practical subjects. Our School last year was third out of seventeen Schools in the County, which obtained the County Council Grant for Carpentry. That and other special subjects will be taken up again this year. We hope that the lads and young men of our parish will not only muster in good force at the opening of the School, but will keep up with their attendance throughout the session. Only so can the full benefit of the School be enjoyed.

The following were specially successful in Carpentry last year:—Harry Barber, Albert Brown, Frank Potter, Fred Titlow, and Harry Woodrow.

CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR OCTOBER.

10 Thur. Sunday School Teachers' Meeting at 8 p.m., in Girls' School.

13 Sun. *Nineteenth after Trinity.* Holy Communion, St. John's, mid-day.

18 Fri. *St. Luke.* 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 11-30 a.m., Children's Service, St. John's; 8 p.m., Meeting of Communicants' Guild in Girls' Schoolroom.

27 Sun. *Twenty-first after Trinity.* Holy Communion, Redenhall, mid-day.

28 Mon. *St. Simon and St. Jude.* 11-15 a.m., Morning Prayer, St. John's.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

Our Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held in both our Churches on Sunday, September 22nd. One chief lesson dwelt upon in the sermons was the duty of giving public and open expression of our thankfulness to Almighty God, not only for the good Harvest, but for "all His goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men." This, it was urged, is one great reason why we should be regular in our attendance at His House, because there we "assemble and meet together, to render thanks for the great benefits that we have received at His hands, and to set forth His most worthy praise."

The thank-offerings amounted to £6 3s. 11d. in the Parish Church, and £5 4s. 4d. at St. John's, making a total of £11 8s. 3d. Of this sum £4 4s. was sent to Lowestoft Convalescent Home, and the remainder, £7 4s. 3d., to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.

W. Dancy

